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Monroe Morning World

And NEWS-STAR

THE WEATHER LOUISIANA: Increasing cloudiness, followed by rain in southwest portion, some heavy showers in the rest of the state. Light to moderate northeast to southwest winds on the coast. ARKANSAS: Increasing cloudiness Sunday, Monday occasional rains. WYOMING: Maximum, 57; minimum, 34. River, 41.7.

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W. E. WILSON FILES KINCAID ANSWERS IN FLOODWAY SUIT

Reply to Secretary Hurley's Allegations Quotes General Jadwin Freely.

ORAL ARGUMENT IS SET FOR TOMORROW AT NOON

Mayor Bernstein, of Monroe, Is Scheduled to Reach Washington Today

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (Special)—Beauf Basin's answer to the secretary of war's brief in the Kincaid floodway case was filed with the Supreme Court today, preparatory to the oral argument which will take place around noon on Monday. W. E. Wilson, of Monroe, filed the papers and personally presented a set to Solicitor General Thatcher.

The brief, which forms the basis of the argument of T. J. Freeman, William C. Dufour and Harry H. Russell, counsel for Kincaid, presents an array of facts and logic against Secretary Hurley's contention that overflow of Beauf Basin lands is not "deliberate," that the government is not intentionally damaging any private property and therefore it is not necessary to pay for floodage rights.

It quotes the testimony of Major General Jadwin, author of the flood control plan before Congress to show that the "fuse plug" plan contemplated a "deliberate" flooding of Beauf Basin.

Asked if this fuse plug section would fail in time of flood, General Jadwin answered:

"Yes, sir, I have no doubt of it at all. We would look at the materials to be sure that the section was such that a break would occur, but in a long length like that we are almost certain to find the material suitable. If we do not, we would have to put something in there with a little sand mixed with it."

The Kincaid brief also charges that army engineers are violating the fifth amendment to the constitution by depriving owners of the use of their land, eliminating its possibilities and depreciating its value through enclosing it in a basin to be designedly flooded.

In the Hurley brief, the solicitor general takes the position that the flood control act of 1928 does not require the acquisition of floodage rights because the chief of engineers has not decided that such rights are needed in carrying out the flood control project.

Counsel for Kincaid argue such an interpretation of the flood control act would deny the courts opportunity to pass on the matter and that Congress had no such intentions.

The secretary of war also contends that there were no facts to justify the lower court's decision that "additional destructive waters" would be directed into Beauf Basin. Kincaid's attorneys answer this with an array of figures to show that if under the adopted project more than twice as much water will pass through Beauf Basin than has ever occurred before.

It is also contended that Kincaid was not entitled to the injunction preventing work on the flood control project in Beauf Basin. Kincaid's counsel have marshaled an impressive list of authorities supporting their position on this point.

The fifth point of Secretary Hurley is that the United States is an indispensable party to the suit and has not consented to be sued. The respondents have authorities to answer this also.

Mayor Arnold Bernstein of Monroe will arrive in Washington tomorrow morning together with Dufour, Freeman and Russell.

W. E. Wilson, representing Kincaid, asked upon Solicitor General Thatcher today and asked that the time allotted for arguments should be extended. The Kincaid case is the first on the Supreme Court's docket and the government will argue for two hours followed by an hour and a half of argument by Kincaid's counsel.

MISSISSIPPI GUARDSMEN SENT TO FLOODED AREA

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 2 (P)—Governor Theodore G. Bilbo this afternoon ordered Adjutant-General J. M. Hairston of the Mississippi National Guard, and four medical and staff officers to proceed to the flooded Tallahatchie basin region to inspect flood and disease conditions there.

The officers left early tonight and are to make their reports tomorrow night if possible.

Troops will be sent to the stricken area, as in the 1927 flood, if the adjutant-general thinks it necessary, Governor Bilbo said.

COMMITS SUICIDE

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Jan. 2 (P)—A few hours after he had arrived here, William Snyder, 50, a real estate broker of Newark, N. J., killed himself last night by jumping from his hotel window. A friend, William Smythe, also of Newark, said Snyder had been depressed over financial reverses and ill health. Coronator Randolph held the death was suicide.

TODAY

Tom-Toms and New Year Good News and Opinions A Loyal Man, Hindenburg See the 1932 Automobiles

By ARTHUR BRISBANE (Copyright, 1931, King Features Synd.)

VARIOUS NOISES THURSDAY night, Friday headachings, quiet, and a little reflection by the wise. The New Year, with activity for those that really work, or about one in one hundred, will not begin until Monday.

CROWDS LOOK AT MOVING pictures of savages beating tom-toms in the darkness of the jungle and say, "Interesting savagery." Later they blow tin horns, pull corks from bottles of poisonous whisky, sit up all night on New Year's eve and call that "civilization."

A new year begins with the excellent news, namely, that the game of infantile paralysis has been isolated, can be studied, subjected to experiments, and the disease perhaps brought under control, as has been done with smallpox, diphtheria and other diseases.

VARIOUS LEADERS TELL what they think, or wish. Inukal, premier of Japan, wishes peace for Japan and China. He believes in bringing "The Chinese and Japanese people closer together" and is bringing them closer, at present.

PRESIDENT HOOVER says the great thing for 1932 is courage, keeping up courage and American methods abroad and at home, with confidence in our institutions, will do "much to promote economic recovery and international friendship."

GERMANY'S FINANCE MINISTER, Dietrich, says Germany will never refuse to pay private debts, which is pleasing to American finance. His qualifying promise, "To do all possible to pay the interest on them and to refund them," is not so pleasing.

THE NEW PRESIDENT of Spain sends "best wishes to the Americans" and says Spain, beginning a new era

(Continued on Eleventh Page)

SOUTHERN PACIFIC WILL SLICE WAGES

About Half Employed Personnel of Lines Agree to 10 Per Cent Cuts

HOUSTON, Tex., Jan. 2 (P)—Ten per cent wage reductions effective immediately have been agreed to by about half the employed personnel of the Southern Pacific Lines in Texas and Louisiana. H. M. Lull, executive vice-president, announced today.

The voluntary cut affects train dispatchers, yardmasters, supervisory foremen in the mechanical department, clerical workers in the general offices, shop crafts, dining car employees and passenger porters.

Representatives of all branches of services involved were "very conversant" with the difficulties facing railroads, in agreeing to the reduction. Mr. Lull said, and were to be "complimented for their loyalty and cooperation."

He said the Southern Pacific during the past year had sought to "carry on its maintenance of way and maintenance of equipment work in such manner as to cause the least possible distress from unemployment," by keeping "all principal shops open continuously on a four and five day per week basis, although with somewhat reduced forces, and also by maintaining work continuously for a large part of its maintenance of way personnel by means of spreading the available work among as many employees as possible."

"Through the establishment of a loan fund to which equal contributions were made by employees and the company, approximately \$95,000 has been loaned to worthy ex-employees during the past year. This fund, administered by a committee representing the management and the employees, was raised as a means of providing relief for employees temporarily released from service."

SIX MAJOR OIL FIRMS SUE FOR BACK TAXES OWED TO MISSISSIPPI

State Tax Collector Files Papers, Charging Attempt to Dodge Excise Levies

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 2 (P)—Charging that six major oil companies operating in the state had attempted to dodge payment of a five-cent excise tax on thousands of gallons of gasoline sold in the state during the past 16 months, State Tax Collector W. J. Miller today filed suit in Hinds County Circuit Court seeking \$173,048.58 in back taxes and damages from the companies.

The companies named in the suit are the Louisiana Oil Company, the Standard Oil Company, the Pan-American Oil Company, the Texas Company, the Shell Petroleum Company and the Gulf Refining Company.

The tax collector charged that the alleged evasions occurred over periods ranging from one year to 16 months.

The Louisiana Oil Company owes \$57,948.48 in back taxes and damages of 25 per cent for non-payment of the five-cent tax on 927,170 gallons of gasoline disbursed by that company from September, 1930, to September, 1931, Miller charged.

The other companies are charged with owing the following amounts to the state treasury:

Texas Company, \$46,087.72 tax and damages on 737,804 gallons.

Pan-American Oil Company, \$23,380.16 on 382,807 gallons.

Standard Oil Company, \$29,719.84 on 475,318 gallons.

Gulf Refining Company, \$8,087.76 on 129,406 gallons.

Shell Petroleum Company, \$7,822.62 on 126,602 gallons.

ACCIDENT IN GRIST MILL FATAL TO MISSISSIPPIAN

JACKSON, Miss., Jan. 2 (P)—An automobile-powered grist mill, designed to save money for the Casey Lane Community, in Banks County, brought death this afternoon to Isaac Lee Tucker, father of eight children, and injured two other persons.

The mill, operated by belt power from an automobile in the Tucker's back yard, flew to pieces when Tucker applied the power for a trial run after overhauling it. A section of the iron flywheel struck Tucker in the head, killing him instantly.

MONROE WATCH IT GROW

Sherrouse Realty Company, Inc., sold to N. G. Abraham lot 8 in Block 19 of Sherrouse Park Addition unit No. 2, to the city of Monroe, consideration \$2,400.

Fred P. Mitchell assigned to J. H. Edwards, the east half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section 5-16-1 east, consideration being \$200.

The above were the first property transfers recorded this year.

PIPE LINE WORKER STABBED IN LEFT TEMPLE; MAY DIE

Stepfather Is Being Held By Police; Injured Man Had Lost Much Blood

VICTIM'S MOTHER SAYS HER HUSBAND WAS DRUNK

Both She and Her Son Are of Large Build; Accused Is Unusually Small

Stabbed deeply in the left temple with a pocket knife, J. W. Roberts, 25, pipe line worker, shortly before midnight last night was taken to St. Francis Sanitarium, where he was in a serious condition at an early hour this morning. Because of the extremely heavy loss of blood physicians could not estimate his chances for recovery.

Soon after the stabbing Sam Horney, 60, step-father of Roberts, living at 2631 DeSard Street was arrested by members of the police department and placed in the city jail. He was booked for being drunk and disorderly and for investigation, with a later charge against him, to be determined by the outcome of the wound inflicted upon Roberts. Police said it is likely that if Roberts recovers the charge will be cutting with intent to kill.

The knife which struck Roberts in the temple severed two arteries and all of the muscles extending across the temple. It was necessary for physicians to take a large number of stitches to close the wound.

After he had been stabbed, Roberts, assisted by his mother, went to a nearby store and telephoned for an ambulance and for the police. Blood was spurting from the wound from the time the stab was inflicted until after Roberts had arrived at the sanitarium.

Mrs. Sam Horney, wife of the man said to have done the stabbing and mother of Roberts, declared that Horney was drunk and cursing and that he stabbed his step-son who later remonstrated with him for his actions. She stated that Horney attempted to slash her son across the throat, but was prevented from doing so when Roberts partly warded off the blow by throwing up his arm.

Mrs. Horney, who has been married to Horney for about a year, said that her husband had tried to kill her on several occasions and had often beaten her. Horney is an unusually

(Continued on Tenth Page)

ARKANSAS MAN, SON OF CONVICT WHO PAID LAST PENALTY, SLAIN

Van Buren Boy Killed in Los Angeles Robbery; Father Was Executed As Killer

VAN BUREN, Ark., Jan. 2 (P)—Sheriff A. D. Maxey was informed tonight that a man shot and killed at Los Angeles December 23 while escaping after a bank robbery has been identified as William Robert Howell, 22, of Van Buren, son of W. H. "Bill" Howell, who was electrocuted in the Arkansas penitentiary August 15, 1930 for a triple slaying.

John Edward Howell, a brother and John Chesnut, were held as participants in the robbery. Sheriff Maxey said.

William Robert Howell was a prisoner at Jacksonville while his father was awaiting death in the Little Rock prison. Through a purse made up by the younger Howell's fellow prisoners, and a furlough granted by the Michigan governor, he was enabled to visit his father shortly before the execution.

The elder Howell was convicted of the murder of Jeff Nicholson, aged inmate of the Crawford County Infirmary and was charged with—but never went to trial—the murder of Superintendent Cliff Deffenbaugh of the infirmary, and his wife.

CITY SCHOOLS TO OPEN SESSION AGAIN MONDAY

The city schools and that of St. Matthew's Parochial system will reopen tomorrow morning for the new year.

The pupils have enjoyed approximately two weeks of vacation and now will return to their studies eagerly counting the weeks ahead until the school year closes in May.

The end of this month marks the close of the first half of the school year.

TWO INJURED

BATON ROUGE, La., Jan. 2 (P)—J. V. Phillips, 33, and Mahlon Hale, 23, of Brookhaven, are in a Baton Rouge hospital tonight being treated for minor injuries received when their automobile turned over four miles west of Greensburg, Saturday morning. Phillips is suffering from several broken ribs, and Hale sustained a broken leg, lacerations about the head, and probable internal injuries. Their conditions are not considered serious.

Young Bank Bandit Tries Escape In Plane; Judge Fellow Passenger

FORT SMITH, Ark., Jan. 2 (P)—Less than 28 hours after he fled by airplane from a bank robbery at McCloud, Okla., 19-year-old O. G. Burch was captured at the airport here as the plane descended with the pilot and a superior court judge as his unsuspecting fellow passengers.

Burch confessed to robbing the First National Bank at McCloud of \$500. Sheriff John B. Williams said. Fleeing to Shawnee, Burch chartered the airplane, paying in advance \$150 for a trip to Nashville, Tenn., "to see my sick mother."

Notified of the plane's approach, Sheriff Williams and a large posse surrounded it as it came to earth and forced the three occupants to emerge with their hands above their heads.

Superior Court Judge LeRoy Cooper of Shawnee and Pilot J. C. Hayes established their identities and learned their companion was wanted for the McCloud robbery. Burch handed over \$350 he admitted was obtained in the robbery.

Burch said he wanted the money to help his mother. He lives at Seminole, Okla., with his wife.

Burch said his mother, Mrs. R. L. Burch, lives at Cookeville, Tenn., near Nashville.

What Is the Answer?

A young girl—face pale and pinched with apparent hunger—threaded her way through the crowds over the cold pavements of Monroe yesterday noon. Her thin coat was insufficient to withstand the blasts of a cutting wind that swept around the corners. She had no stockings and her feet were encased in threadbare "sneakers." By her side trudged a tiny lad in bare feet. With the pair was another girl similarly ill-clad.

They were not begging—but they needed food and warm clothes. They were from the rural sections of the parish, and the older ones of the trio were willing to work—but there was no work to be had.

A strapping workman, accustomed to hard manual labor, came into the editorial offices of the Morning World yesterday afternoon. With him was his wife carrying a tiny baby, born two months ago.

"There are six other children at home," said the man. "I haven't had any work since the bridge job closed down with the high water. We have no food at home. We have been to the Salvation Army and the Red Cross and the Welfare Association—but they cannot help us. We are from Ward Five—beyond West Monroe. We heard there was a Good-fellows Fund, and we came to see about getting some of it for food."

Those are just two incidents which tell of a situation that cannot be ignored by the people of Monroe, families are without food, without clothes. Winter is here with its harsh winds and temperatures that are unkind to ill-clad women and children.

The money already contributed for relief work by popular subscription has proved wholly inadequate to serve the needs of either the cities or the parish. It was never expected that the situation would be otherwise.

The Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Welfare Associations of the two cities have already gone to the limit of their resources in endeavoring to bring relief to suffering human beings. The funds that were contributed, before Christmas have been virtually exhausted. But the obligation to give succor remains.

MUST WOMEN AND CHILDREN BE PERMITTED TO GO HUNGRY AND WITHOUT CLOTHES IN OUACHITA PARISH?

What is the attitude of the people who go to church this morning regarding their fellow-beings who have no clothes to go to public worship, and who have no food to prepare them for the enjoyment of a church service, even if they could go?

What is the attitude of the people who do not go to church—who are able to sit in a cozy room about a gas fire this morning and enjoy the day of rest, in their only concern the prospect of a good "Sunday dinner"?

The very stones of the city—over which shivering, barefooted children trudge in their search for food or work—cry out this morning in protest against an apparent indifference to the sufferings of our neighbors.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

This newspaper calls upon the relief organizations of the two cities and upon the city and parish officials, as well as the public-spirited men and women of the community, to get together without delay and formulate plans to adequately meet this appalling situation.

This newspaper pledges the best of its resources and energies in aiding any program that will unite every welfare and civic agency in the community in this absolutely essential work of relieving human suffering.

The task is no small one. It demands the cooperation of every citizen and every business in the two cities and the parish at large. If it is not done there will rest a stain on Ouachita Parish that a generation will not remove.

WHAT SHALL BE THE ANSWER?

GANDHI'S ARREST BY INDIAN RULERS IS EXPECTED SOON

Negotiations for Peace Conducted at Bombay Have Broken Down

GOVERNMENT READY FOR IMMEDIATE INTERVENTION

Civil Disobedience Campaign May Resume; Would Ban Cotton Export

BOMBAY, India, Jan. 3 (Sunday) (P)—Negotiations for peace in India broke down today and the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi was momentarily expected.

Viceroy Lord Willington rejected the Mahatma's terms for settlement and informed the Nationalist leader that he and the all-India National Congress would be held responsible for any action they might take.

The government will be ready, the viceroy said, in a telegram to Mr. Gandhi, to meet any activity on the part of the Nationalists.

The Mahatma smiled as he read the message. He expected he remarked, to be arrested under a law of 1818 which empowered the government to arrest or deport any agitator without trial.

The nation must respond to the government's challenge, Gandhi said. "It is to be hoped, however, that while people of all classes and creeds will courageously and in all humility go through the fiery ordeal, considering no price too dear and no sufferings too great, they will observe the strictest non-violence in thought, word and deed."

The Mahatma had told the viceroy that he would withhold plunging India into the turmoil of another civil disobedience campaign if the viceroy agreed to an interview with him for the purpose of discussing the recent restrictive ordinances put into effect by the government. This offer was turned down by Lord Willington.

Before word of the viceroy's decision was received here, Subhas Chandra Bose, former Mayor of Calcutta and a member of the Extremist Nationalist faction, was arrested for openly declaring he would start a civil disobedience campaign in Bengal Province as soon as he arrived in Calcutta. He was made captive on a Calcutta bound train and was taken to a destination that was not revealed by the authorities.

Just before he went to bed in his tent last night, Mr. Gandhi received a delegation from the powerful Bombay Cotton Merchants Association. His callers assured him the association would not export a single bale of cotton from India if civil disobedience were renewed.

FRANKLIN'S COTTON CROP SECOND ONLY TO CADDO'S OUTPUT

Standing of Parish, a Small One, Seen As Proof of Claim to Best Alluvial Soil

WINNBOUR, La., Jan. 2 (Special)—Franklin Parish this year proved its claim of possibly possessing the state's most alluvial soil when it produced 52,941 bales of cotton, according to official ginning returns up to December 15th. This placed the parish second in the state in production for 1931, being exceeded in this respect only by Caddo Parish which raised 62,760 bales. St. Landry Parish, which for several years past has exceeded Franklin in yield, fell behind in spite of its greater acreage by practically 10,000 bales. In spite of being a small parish Franklin has always been among the leaders in raising cotton, but this is the first time in a number of years that it has attained a ranking of second in the state in this agricultural pursuit.

The more optimistic residents claim that with the advent of better drainage, the reduction of wooded and cut-over land, and the continued growth of population as evidenced by the last census, it is merely a matter of a few years before Franklin will easily produce the most cotton of any parish in Louisiana, this despite its small size.

MEMPHIS MAN'S VESSEL IS BUFFETED BY STORM

LONG BEACH, Calif., Jan. 2 (P)—Apprehension that Edward Miles of Memphis, Tenn., who is sailing around the world in a 24-foot boat, would be delayed in reaching here from San Francisco, was expressed today as the result of recent heavy storms lashing the Southern California coast.

Miles left the bay city a week ago for Southern California ports. Steamers on the coastal route reported winds of hurricane force had whipped the cruise which Miles planned to follow.

A craft resembling Miles' schooner, Sturdy II, docked here early today and was mistaken for his boat by marine exchange officials.

Six Officers Slain When They Corner Desperate Suspect

RACKETEERS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF NEEDS IN SOLICITING CASH

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 2 (P)—A new racket—solicitation of relief funds through misrepresentation of conditions existing in rural sections—has been uncovered in Arkansas.

The Arkansas advisory committee of the President's organization on unemployment relief today turned over to postal inspectors a packet of letters written by persons in an unnamed county to various parts of the country asking assistance.

The committee said the authors sought to take advantage of the plight in which Arkansas found itself last winter, when 800,000 victims of the 1930 drought were fed by the Red Cross.

Although there is some distress in cities due to unemployment conditions, the committee said rural residents have on hand large stores of food as a result of a bumper crop last year.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., DETECTIVE CHIEF IS AMONG VICTIMS

Posse Trapped Harry Young, Accused of Murder, and Pals; All Escape

FIGHT OCCURS NEAR SITE OF FLEAGLE'S WATERLOO

Deputy Sheriff's Face Nearly Cut in Two By Machine Gun Bullets

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Jan. 2 (P)—Sheriff Marcel Hendrix and five other officers were slain late today when they attempted to capture Harry Young, 25, and several companions in a farm house five miles west of here, and late tonight the killers were believed to have made their escape into the Ozark Mountains.

After a siege of several hours a new force of officers and citizens stormed the house, only to find Young, who was wanted for the slaying of a city marshal at Republic, Mo., two years ago, and his companions had gone. Later it was thought they had the killers surrounded in a corn field nearby, but late advice received here pressed fear that the desperadoes had made their getaway.

A battery of National Guardsmen and nearly 1,000 citizens had joined in the search tonight.

Harry Young and his pals escaped early tonight from their house, after a two-hour battle with more than 75 officers and citizens, and at 7 o'clock were believed to be surrounded in a corn field nearby.

Killed by the desperadoes, who are believed to have been armed with a machine gun, were:

Sheriff Marcel Hendrix, of Deputy Sheriff Wiley Washburn, Detective Chief Tony O'Leary, of Springfield.

City Detective Ollie Crosswhite, of Springfield.

City Detective Disney Meadows, of Springfield.

Police Patrol Driver Charles Houser, of Springfield.

The bodies were found when the posse of officers and citizens rushed the house after firing from it ceased shortly before 7 o'clock.

News of the afternoon slaughter was sent back to police headquarters and the sheriff's office not long after it occurred, by Police Officers Frank Pike and Virgil Johnson, who were wounded but escaped. Police, deputy sheriffs and constables, deputies were sent immediately to the scene.

They were greeted by a hail of lead from across an open field surrounding the house.

The force was strengthened by Battery F, 203rd Field Artillery, Missouri National Guard, ordered out early tonight by Governor Henry S. Claiborne.

The battle went on as darkness descended. Ambulances arrived from Springfield and were held in readiness a few hundred yards from the house until the bodies of the dead could be reached. A few officers tried to worm their way across the field toward the house, but a fresh shower of bullets would drive them back. It was long after dark before the posse penetrated to the house and the barn and found them empty.

Police officials said they were calling a broadcasting station at Kansas City to radio descriptions of the killers.

Harry Young, the ring leader, was wanted for the slaying of Marshal Mark Noe of Republic June 29, 1929. Police this afternoon received a tip he had returned to Greene county after two years in hiding, and they

(Continued on Tenth Page)

It's Leap Year! But the Lady's Side of This Hasn't Been Told

"A certain lassie had a laddie," as who, indeed, wouldn't? But now there's a problem and she's not quite so certain of the nine points of possession. It happened like this (so he says).

The ruddy swain (still his version) had bashfully dropped in at the coffee shop where the lady is employed to talk over cabbages and kings and sealing wax, etc., etc. (still quoting the youth), she sprang the trap, exploded the bomb.

In other words, she "popped the question."

"Oh, just give me a ring," she remarked, whereat the youngster fled, face as flaming as his hair (which, by the way, is of the hue Titian made famous).

A sale of wedding rings—maybe other kinds too—was in progress scarcely a block away.

And this is Leap Year.

UNMASKED BANDIT ROBS WISNER STORE OF \$250

WISNER, Jan. 2 (Special)—An unmasked man walked into the Jiney Jangle store in this city tonight, evidently picking a time when no one but Manager L. H. McKnight and his wife were present and secured \$250 at the point of a gun.

The man had been seen in the store during the day and was a stranger to people of the town. Just before the robbery, he reappeared and with drawn gun demanded the money from the cash register. The manager, unarmed, was forced to obey.

At the moment of the robbery, B. V. Chase entered the store, saw what was transpiring, and rushed next door to secure a gun. So many persons were outside the store that he was unable to shoot at the holdup man who escaped in an automobile.

BELOVED ACTRESS WILL APPEAR IN CLASSIC SHOW

Miss Maude Adams in 'Merchant of Venice' Here
Thursday

The announcement that Maude Adams and Otis Skinner, two of the best known and most beloved players on the American stage, are coming to the Paramount Theater January 7 only, has already created unusual interest on the part of theater-goers. The play selected for these popular stars is Shakespeare's celebrated comedy, "The Merchant of Venice." The co-stars are making a nation-wide tour under the management of Erlanger Productions, Inc.

Miss Adams will appear as Portia, a role which she has never before played, although she has portrayed several other Shakespearean heroines, including Juliet, Rosalind and Viola. Mr. Skinner's Shylock is already well known to American theater-goers. He has impersonated the character several times during his long career, and always with pronounced success.

The return of Maude Adams to the stage after thirteen years retirement to play Portia opposite Otis Skinner's Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" stands unique in the annals of the American theater for the nation-wide interest which it aroused at the time of the premiere in Cleveland and which continues unabated wherever these two beloved figures of the American stage elect to play.

Even before the epoch-making premiere in Cleveland, just as soon as it became certain that Miss Adams would return to the stage, the various press associations followed every angle of news and rumor which emanated from closely guarded rehearsals. And then not only all of the press associations with national-wide responsibilities but individual newspapers were represented by special correspondents who put the story of the ovation and the triumphant return immediately upon the wires. It is safe to say that no item of news connected with the stage in recent American history, if ever before at all, has received so much publicity. "Maude Adams Returns" stood out in the headlines of newspapers down to the weeklies published in towns and villages from Maine to California, while numerous daily journals from one end of the country to the other underscored the news with editorial welcome.

ORLEANS WOMAN DIES
WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 (P)—Mrs. Elizabeth Parkerson of 339 Carondelet street, New Orleans, died here today from poison taken Sunday. She was 34 years old.

MAUDE ADAMS AS PORTIA



This famed actress, off the stage for more than a decade, is returning with a company headed by herself and Otis Skinner in "The Merchant of Venice," which will be seen here at the Paramount Theater on Thursday, Jan. 7. This is an elaborate production and is expected to create a decided sensation in dramatic circles here as in other cities where it has been produced.

AT THE MOVIES

PARAMOUNT THEATER

Rose Hobart, New York stage star of "Death Takes a Holiday" and film player for the past year, was borrowed by Paramount from Universal for the romantic lead in the modernized filmization of Robert Louis Stevenson's dual-personality thriller, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which is presented at the Paramount Theater's feature yesterday and today.

As the fiancée of Dr. Jekyll, she is one of a cast which comprises March in the title role and Miriam Hopkins, as the bad girl who becomes a captive of Hyde, incarnation of evil in the life of Jekyll.

Although in motion pictures for only a short time, Miss Hobart has appeared opposite Charles Farrell in "Lillian," "The Lady Surrenders," with Genevieve Tobin; the lead in "Chances," and has just completed "East of Borneo," featured with Charles Bickford.

Making her debut on the stage at fifteen as the child in "Cappy Ricks," Miss Hobart later had many Broadway roles.

CAPITOL THEATER

Maybe you think of Jim Cagney as a gangster pure and simple because his performance in "The Public En-

emy" was so forceful and unforgettable. Do you remember his bit in "The Millionaire" with Arliss, when he made the insurance agent so amusing and vital? Have you forgotten the sympathetic railroader in "Other Men's Women" or the craven lad in "Sinners' Holiday" who pleads with Ma Delano not to leave him when he is on the spot. All these were Jim Cagney, and his character in "Blonde Crazy," the Warner Brothers production which comes to the Capitol Theater today, is altogether another Jim Cagney. He is a wise-cracking bellhop who watches the tricks of the tricksters who hang about the peacock alley of the hotel, and then decides to fleece them at their own game, and does so, amazingly, gaily. Joan Blondell is co-starred with Cagney as a chambermaid—his partner in four-flushing. You will rave about the latest characterization of J. C.

L. A. STULCE'S FATHER IS SERIOUSLY ILL HERE

"Dad" Stulce, father of L. A. Stulce, educational director at the First Baptist Church, who has been critically ill at the home of his son at 2911 South Grand Street, was not expected to live through the night Saturday.

He has been seriously ill with a complication of diseases when pneumonia developed several days ago and since then his condition has been critical.

Members of the family were at the bedside last night.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ASSOCIATION TO MEET

The Monroe Vocational Guidance Association will meet Monday at 6 p. m. at the Hotel Virginia. Supper will be served in the private dining room of the hotel, T. H. Tyson, Y. M. C. A. secretary stated.

A campaign is now being conducted to increase the membership of the organization. It is intended to reach all persons in the Twin Cities interested in guiding youth into the right vocations. Anyone interested in this work is invited to attend the meeting Monday evening.

LOCAL INSURANCE FIRM FACES SUIT

Petition Seeking Receivership For Gregg & McKenzie Is Filed With Court

A petition asking a receivership for the insurance firm of Gregg and McKenzie, Inc., of Monroe and suing for payment of an alleged debt of \$10,137.02 had been filed in Ouachita Parish District Court yesterday by the Public Indemnity Company of Newark, N. J. The receivership is asked on the contention that through alleged manipulations the insurance firm is seeking to place assets of the company beyond the reach of creditors.

Accompanying the suit and petition for receivership was a petition asking that the defendant be compelled to turn over for use in the court certain records necessary for a full presentation of the facts involved.

The sum sought in the suit is said to be for premiums on policy contracts of insurance and suretyships. According to the plaintiff's allegation the debt has been admitted by the defendant, but the defendant has neglected and refused to make payment.

It is charged that the firm of Gregg and McKenzie is completely under the dominance of C. E. McKenzie and that his acts have met with the acquiescence of the board of directors, if not with their active approval. The petition sets forth that McKenzie in 1931 drew from the corporate treasury \$50,000 in salary alone and that in addition he drew large sums for personal expenses and investments.

It charges that the salary received by McKenzie is grossly excessive, in view of the amount of business done by the organization, and that other salaries and wages paid by the firm have also been excessive.

According to the allegation, operating expenses of the firm for the most part during 1931 have not been paid out of profits or earnings of the firm, but for the most part have been drawn out of the capital, which is steadily being impaired.

Claim is made that an attempt is being made to place a considerable amount of property, such as automobiles and furniture and fixtures, beyond the reach of creditors by organizing under the name of Gregg and McKenzie Insurance Agency, Inc., under the contention that these properties are owned by members of the corporation.

Defendant is asked to show cause on January 6 why a receivership should not be declared.

INTERCHURCH COUNCIL OF YOUTH TO HOLD MEET

A meeting of the Inter-Church Youth Council will be held Monday night at 7:30 at the First Methodist Church, with the young people of that church acting as hosts.

Committees for the year will be announced. Arrangements for the parish-wide young people's conference to be held the last week in February will be discussed. The conference is being sponsored by the Inter-Church Youth Council and committees to make preparations for the occasion will be named.

Miss Frances Griffin, who has always been an active church worker, is president of the council.

WILL RETURN TO TEXAS

After spending the Christmas holidays here with her sisters, Misses Eugenia and Emily Jones, 2718 Gordon Avenue, Mrs. Grace T. Bonnette, formerly of Monroe, will leave today to return to her work in Weatherford, Texas. Mrs. Bonnette, a registered graduate nurse, is engaged in public health work. Since May she has been devoting her time particularly to drought relief work in the vicinity of Weatherford.

Aged Colored Woman, Claiming Full Century of Life, Dies at Home Here

Fannie Hunt, claiming to have reached the century mark in age, and presumably the oldest colored resident of this city, died Saturday morning at her home on Alexander Lane, near Bernstein Park.

"Aunt Fannie," as she was familiarly called by her friends, was born near Vernon in Jackson Parish "Jes fo' de stars fell en during slavery times," she declared. Also she proudly recited that her "white folks sot her free long befo' de war" when ante-bellum days were under discussion in her presence.

She moved to Monroe after "peace" was declared and has resided here continuously ever since.

She was proud of the fact that she "nussed all Mrs. Conner's children and Miss Judge Shoalts (Schulze) children and Miss Lizzie Culpepper's children." (The daughter of the judge). As late as Christmas day she declared she hoped to be "spared" "to nuss" some of "Miss Lizzie's chilluns chilluns."

"Aunt Fannie" was a member of St. James Baptist Church for the past 50 years. Her funeral is to be held this morning with interment in the colored cemetery near the grave of her husband, Silas Hunt who died 30 years ago.

From Houseboat in River and Fish Peddling to Riches, Is Man's History

From a humble fish peddler, coming to America from foreign shores, to one of the substantial business men of Monroe, in the space of less than 50 years, is the record of E. Fudickar. On New Year's day he celebrated his 75th anniversary in suitable manner at the home of his son, Paul Fudickar at 504 Forsythe Avenue.

Mr. Fudickar's first appearance in Monroe was in the early eighties when, as a young man who had come from Germany to make his fortune in the New World, he arrived here. Many old timers still recall his coming. He traveled and made his home on a houseboat on the river. Fishing was his means of a livelihood and naturally it provided only a modest source of living.

Success crowned the efforts of Fudickar and he developed quite an extensive business in this line. Later he bought out, with his profits, a modest general mercantile business on South Grand Street located nearly opposite the present quarters of the Natural Gas Company. He succeeded the father of former Judge Charles Schulze who had established the business. Charles Schulze, a young man at the time, clerked for about five years for Mr. Fudickar.

The business thrived and later several expansions were made and later on, Mr. Fudickar was financially in a position to purchase a fine modern house that Monroe had ever possessed. It was located near the present site of the Monroe Steam Laundry on

INDIANA YOUTH IS CARED FOR BY MONROE POLICE

Ill from exposure and homesick after six months of wandering, Duval Critzer, 16-year-old lad of Evansville, Ind., last night was being provided with a bed and attention at police headquarters. He was given a bed in the room formerly used by the Monroe Welfare Association, after he had appealed for help.

L. V. Tarver, superintendent of police, said he would like to receive offers to provide a home for the boy or assistance in purchasing his fare back home. The boy is small for his age, weighing only about 90 pounds. He is of good appearance, despite his hardships.

WILL INSTALL BOARD
The board of stewards of the First Methodist Church of Monroe, will be installed at the church today at the 11 o'clock service. There are 34 members of this board. The pastor, Rev. W. C. Scott, is also to initiate a series of "fireside sermons." The service will extend over a period of six weeks. The theme for tonight's sermon is to be "A Successful Marriage." On January 10, the theme is to be "Causes of Failure—Before Marriage." January 17, "Causes of Failure—After Marriage." Other themes will be announced in their sequence. The services are to be at 7:30 p. m. with a song service and selections rendered by an enlarged choir, directed by J. W. Meek.

MISS KEY OFFERS RIVER FORECAST

Predicts Stage of 42 to 42.3 Here Between January 5 and 10

Miss Kate Key, government weather recorder, yesterday received a report from the weather bureau at New Orleans in which it was predicted that the Ouachita River at Monroe would reach a stage of 42 to 42.3 feet between January 5 and 10. This will be the crest, it was predicted, unless rainfall is unusually heavy.


Yesterday morning the river had risen an additional two-tenths of a foot as compared with the previous morning, standing at 41.7, or 1.7 feet

above official flood stage. Tonight at midnight it stood at 41.8 feet. Water continued to creep farther southward along North Seventh Street in West Monroe. Houses lying north of the paving were surrounded by water and water had reached some of those located along the paved street.

One of the few heavy frosts of the season visited the Twin Cities early yesterday morning as the temperature dropped to an official reading of 34 degrees, which was near the low level for this fall and winter. It was unofficially reported that extremely thin ice was seen in some places.

THEY TOOK THEIR TIME

A burglar who entered the Jewish Synagogue, 406 Jackson Street, escaped with a clock, Dr. F. K. Hirsch, rabbi, reported to police yesterday. So far as could be learned, the clock was the only article that was taken. Dr. Hirsch was of the opinion that the building was entered on New Year's Day.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 7th

The First Big Road Show of The Season

Presenting Two Great Stars in Person

MAUDE ADAMS and OTIS SKINNER

WM. SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

"The Merchant of Venice"

Under the management of


ERLANGER PRODUCTIONS, INC.

An Outstanding Treat in Any Season

Seat Sale Opens Monday, Jan. 4, 10 A. M.

Scale of Prices

All Box Seats . . . \$3.00	Bal. Mezzanine . . \$2.50
Orchestra . . . \$3.00	
8 Rows Mezzanine \$3.00	Entire Balcony . . \$2.00



LAST TIMES TODAY!

The Supreme Thrill of the Year

FREDRIC MARCH

In the famous title role

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

—with—

Miriam Hopkins

Rose Hobart

—YOU SHOULD SEE IT—


Added Units

HASTY MARRIAGE

SONG NOVELTY

Get Ready for a

Shower of Joy!



He was in the fight building but the wrong undressing room! A big doughnut dunker outwitting his pursuers in the girl's gymnasium.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

He was in hot water with a bevy of beauties taking a sun bath!

Gorgeous Girls! Loads of Laughs! Scintillating Song Hits!

EDDIE CANTOR

in

'PALMY DAYS'

with

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

—MORE JOY—

"CURIOSITY" "ANY RAGS" NEWS

3 GALA DAYS—STARTING MONDAY

25c Till 5 p. m. **Paramount THEATRE** 40c After 5 p. m.

TODAY

A CYCLONE OF LAUGHS AND AN AVALANCHE OF BLONDES!

HE LIKED RED-HEADS, LOVED BRUNETTES AND WAS CUR-A-A-Z-Y FOR BLONDES!

JAMES CAGNEY

—IN—

"BLONDE CRAZY"

—WITH—

JOAN BLONDELL

—MORE FUN—

"FOOTLIGHTS"—A Musical Comedy

"CAPITOL NEWS"

15c Until 1 p. m. **CAPITOL** 25c after 1 p. m.

(As Walter Wenchel would say it)

"Oh-Kaay! Santa Claus!

We have to date more than

1200

Christmas Club Members!

For you, Mr. and Mrs. Look-ahead—That's fine! And for you—Mr. and Mrs. Join-later—The fun's all over and we are all back to earth again.

Come On! Let's Go!"

Central Savings Bank & Trust Co.

A club for every purse and purpose

USED FURNITURE

GOOD AS NEW

You Can Buy on Credit

Making A Clean Sweep of All REPOSSED FURNITURE

Consisting of Bedroom Suites
Living Room Suites—Dining Room
Suites—Breakfast Suites and Rugs

We have gone through our immense warehouse and store, and collected every suite and every single piece of furniture that we have repossessed during the past year. This group of furniture has been refinished and hardly any of it can be told from brand new, and at the sale prices we can assure you the furniture is the greatest values offered in Monroe in years. By all means, supply your needs now. The prices are simply our means of ridding the store of this immense stock to make room for new furniture now arriving.

SALE STARTS MONDAY

Bedroom Suites

—\$29 To \$69—

3 Pc. Living Room Suites

—\$25 To \$75—

Dining Room Suites

\$39 To \$75

RUGS 27x54 \$1.00 to \$3.50
9x12 \$5.00 to \$17.50

Breakfast Suites \$5.50 Up to \$15.00

Good Gas Ranges \$12.50 To \$22.50

MONROE HARDWARE CO.

Furniture and Hardware
Corner St. John and Harrison Streets



WITH THE CHILDREN

Published Every Sunday



CHILDREN

Edited by Eve C. Bradford



A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God. On this world about us He has inscribed His thought, in those marvellous hieroglyphs which sense and science have been these many thousand years seeking to understand. The universe itself is a great Autograph of the Almighty.

THEODORE PARKER.

BLACKIE'S CHRISTMAS

Christmas Eve night brother and I played and played. Finally mother said children, you must go to bed now because Santa's coming tonight. Go but we sure did hate to go to bed. We couldn't go to sleep. So we started to playing with the pillows. Mother came in and said if we didn't get quiet and go to sleep that she was going to tell Santa not to leave us anything. Then she went out and closed the door. We just layed there big eyed.

About that time our three kittens started to crawling up the screen meowing to get in. But we knew mother wouldn't let them sleep with us. Brother said, sister get up and slip little "Blackie" in through the window. I said aww its to cold, you do it. So brother started to crawl out. He got his feet tangled up in the sheet and fell out. He slipped over and opened the screen and Blackie scrambled in to us. We were afraid mother was going to

catch us with him. So we tried to keep his tail in our face. We decided to put some pajamas on him. Because we knew the darling thing was cold. I crept out of bed and got a pair of my doll's rompers. We put his front feet through the arms and his back ones through the legs, but we couldn't make him keep his tail down, so I cut a hole in the back of the rompers. Then we had a time getting them on him. He sure did look cute with just his little black paws and head showing and his tail going back and forth. We heard mother coming, so we covered up head and ears. We nearly laughed out loud when mother told dad we were sound asleep. We hated to put Blackie back out in the cold. You see he is our baby kitten and we love him the best. So we decided if we let him sleep with us that maybe Santa would leave him something. So we all snuggled up and went to sleep.

Christmas morning we woke up before daylight and we couldn't find Blackie, so we eased out of bed and opened the door real quiet and peeped in. We saw that everything looked so pretty, we turned on the light. And our stockings were brimming over with nice things.

Blackie was asleep in front of the heater. There was a yellow ribbon around his neck, with a tiny silver bell on it. Santa put it on him and Blackie purrs and purrs trying to tell us about it.

So then we told mother all about taking him to bed. She didn't scold us because she wanted us to be happy on Christmas.

By VICTORIA McNEESE.

NEW YEAR

New Year has come, Christmas has gone. We all love New Year. At New Year's night at twelve they go and jingle the bells. At New Year's we have a holiday, we do not have to go to school, and learn the golden rule.

HELEN PREWITT

CHRISTMAS DAY

Christmas Day will soon be here. Filled with gladness and cheer, With dolls and candies and lots of toys Only for good little girls and boys. We hate to wait until Christmas Day So we can get our toys to play. Christmas bells will then be ringing, And joyful children singing.

By LOIS MARIE KNIGHT,

Clarks School.

A MISHAP

Jack and James went to the brook, James got a nibble on his hook. He caught a trout, That made him shout, But alas, he caught his hook, And was pulled into the brook.

By RICHARD GREENE,

Clarks School.

MY DOLL

My mother brought me a doll from New Orleans. Now I am going to tell you something about it. She has a little pair of glasses and a party dress. She has a play suit. She has a pair of shoes and socks that are pink and a pair of white shoes and socks.

MARY STUART KELLOGG,

Second-B.

MY WAGON

I have a little wagon That's worth a lot to me, My mother thinks it's lots of trash But it isn't her's you see.

My brother's little wagon, Is painted red and green, He thinks it is the prettiest That he has ever seen.

I have a dog named Meg, That always gets the eggs, It will never, never pay To have hens to lay. If you have a dog like Meg, That always beats you to the eggs, So I try to keep her tied Just to save her little hide.

J. P. FOSTER,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

DOLLY

Christmas morning when I awoke I got up and my doll's head was broke. I looked at my Mother, she smiled and said, "Where is it, broken, on its neck or head?"

Why on its head you might see I went to lay my dolly on the bed. Santa drove up and said: Give me the doll and I will give you another.

I said thank you, old Santa, And he drove on away to spend the rest of the Christmas Day.

WILLIE MAE GREEN,

Fourth Grade.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Christmas is coming with a cheer, All the world is bright and clear. Soon the old year will be dying, And the New Year will be flying. Some toys from Santa we'll be buying, All the dolls will be crying, And the seraphines flying. If you want Christmas, happy and gay Just take your toys and go to play.

MILDRED BALLARD,

Clarks School.

I know an old man that is very shy, And he will not come as long as he can see an eye. So silently he creeps in that you will not know he is about, Till the next morning—then you will find out.

BILL HEDRICK,

4A Grade, Wisner, La.

SOMETHING FUNNY THAT HAPPENED

One day mother was busy sewing and she did not want anybody to bother her. Someone knocked at the door and it was an agent. My sister was little then, and she didn't know any better. Mother told her to go to the door and tell the agent that she wasn't at home. So my sister went to the door and said: "Mother told me to tell you she wasn't at home." So the man went away mad after she told him that.

DORIS LEE RYLAND,

4-A Grade, Barkdull-Faulk School.

HELP THE POOR

One day I was going to town and I met an old man and he asked me to give him a dime to get him a baby. I gave him the dime and he walked on. Then another man came and asked me to give him a dime and I said: "I just gave a man one and that was the only dime I had." The next day one of my friends gave me a dime to go to the show. I said: "You keep the dime and give it to a poor man." I walked on and I looked around and I saw him giving it to a man and I turned around and said: "Thank you for giving him the dime."

EARL RUSHING,

4-A Grade Barkdull Faulk School.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA

Down in Australia mother is baking cake, Brother's gone a hunting, sister's swimming in the lake; Baby's in the cradle, she's been laying there all day. Waiting for her sister to come to her to play.

In the barn the hen is cackling In the stove the coals are cracking In the kitchen the turkey is cooking, Into the pot Mother is looking.

By SHIRLEY WHITE,

Clarks School.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is coming, And Santa Claus, too, He's big and jolly, And just like you, His nose is a cherry, And his beard like snow, His eyes are like berries, And his mouth like a rose, He comes with a noise, And a bag full of toys, And that's the thing to do For good girls and boys.

BEVERLY PEEVY,

Third A Grade, Georgia Tucker School.

Santa Claus is a good old fellow He brings us hard nuts and apples so Santa Claus, we have lots of joys, Playing with your Christmas toys.

MAGGIE COOPER,

4A Grade, Wisner, La.

ORIGIN OF THE BIRDS

A long time ago the Indians said that God once touched our earth and in every spot a tree grew up with leaves and flowers. But when Autumn came the pretty green leaves changed to gold and red. Soon they fell to the ground, they tell us, God was unwilling to see them die so he changed every leaf into a bird. The birds began to sing and the sweetest music from all the trees rang out. God made Robins from the red and brown oak trees. The yellow birds from the yellow willow trees, and once each Cardinal was a maple-leaf.

The larks and sparrows were once dead leaves. That's the beginning of the birds. That is why the birds stay in trees, because they were once a leaf.

THELMA LAJEANNE WEATHERLY,

Alto School, 4th Grade.

GOING TO SCHOOL

I go to school, And have a rule, And do that rule very well. I think it is a very good rule to have.

JUNIOR BIENJAME,

Fourth Grade.

I have a pretty cat, But he ate up my white rats, I reckon he ate them to get fat, But I do not hate my cat for that.

CEDRICK PARDUE,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun, La.

I have a little cat, He is very, very, fat, For every rat's nest he will plunder.

MELVIN THOMPSON,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

I love my dog, all red and white, Who never, never, tries to bite, She feeds her puppies every day, And watches while they are at play.

ROSS GOSLIN,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

My friend and I live in a great forest. We are pine trees who mean money to the farmers. The way the tarheels do, is to cut great notches in our trunks. Then they put large kettles to catch our blood as it runs out. They then cook it for market. In this way we are getting weaker and weaker, each day. There are many old pines who are so weak they can hardly stand. I hope some day I shall die, so I won't suffer so much.

LOUIS JOHNSON,

5B Grade, Sherrouse School.

MY KITTEN



My kitten is yellow He is a bad old fellow. He hates to get in the tub, Whenever he has to be scrubbed.

DOROTHY WHITE,

3B Grade.

HELP THE POOR!

The Barkdull Faulk School is not going to have any parties because of the hard times. We are going to take the money and give it to the poor and buy them toys for Christmas.

There are some people starving on account of hard times, and I looked around and I saw him giving it to a man and I turned around and said: "Thank you for giving him the dime."

LAZELLE KITCHENS,

4-A Grade Barkdull Faulk School.

A BIG SNOWMAN

Last winter when we had a big snow I made a big snowman in our front yard. We had big blue buttons for eyes and cotton painted red for nose and mouth. His arms were made of long sticks, on his head was an old brown hat.

I wish it would snow again so I could have lots of fun.

FRANCES REITZELL,

Sixth B. Grade, Barkdull Faulk School.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Happy New Year's night, And everything is bright, On New Year's night, On New Year's day, We have a great play, "What a funny play on such a day!" Santa has gone but he will come back And bring a pack on his back, And all the toys will be packed.

IRENE SPENCER,

Section A, Grade 4.

NEW YEAR

New Year is here Half of the year, old Santa has gone away From our home. New Year is cheery And every one says "What a funny play on such a day!" Santa has gone but he will come back And bring a pack on his back, And all the toys will be packed.

IRENE SPENCER,

Section A, Grade 4.

HOW TO KEEP HEALTHY

I brush my teeth each morn and night That is the way to keep them white. I eat at least one apple a day, Just to keep the doctor away.

By WILBUR CHRISTMAN,

Clarks School.

MY DOG PETE



I have a dog whose name is Pete; He's full of fleas from head to feet. After a splash in his bath tub, Filled with nice warm suds, He wags his tail with "Thank you now."

The words he says are "Bow-wow-wow."

MIRIAM DARNELL,

Columbus was born in Genoa. Columbus told Queen Isabella to give him some money. Queen Isabella told Columbus that she didn't have any money. She said that she would get some men to go with Columbus. She said to the prisoners if they would go with Columbus they could be free. Queen Isabella gave Columbus the money for three ships. Columbus sailed on the voyage. He discovered the land October 12, 1492. Columbus had a little son. His name was Diego.

JIMMIE KALLI,

Fourth A.

BASEBALL!

One day last summer San Francisco and Phonix were playing baseball. And it was the last game of the season.

San Francisco was at bat in the last of the ninth with two outs, and the bases full. Phonix was leading 6-4.

And San Francisco's heavy hitter was at bat. He was known as Home Run Barker. Two strikes were called on him and then it happened. Home Run Barker was rounding first when the crowd stopped roaring. Out in center field the fielder jumped high into the air and his gloved hand came in contact with the white object. Barker stepped on his way to second dumbled.

Phonix had won the game and championship.

CHARLES COPELAND

THE POOR PEOPLE

Once there was a man and his wife and a baby out on a railroad track asking for something to eat, for the baby was hungry. My mother took a can of milk and some vegetables and some potatoes, rice, bread and a slice of cake for them, and they said that they were going to Mississippi and were going to hop the freight train. Mother asked if they could hop the freight train with the baby and she said: "Yes, I have been hopping it ever since the baby was six weeks old."

LETTIE BELL,

4-A Grade, Barkdull Faulk School.

MY DOG



One time I had a dog. His name was Prince. I liked to play with him. He is a good dog. I feed him milk and bread.

BETTY LEE ENGSTROM,

2A Grade.

CLEAN TEETH

I am the brush, I am the paste, Use us often, And don't let us waste. We'll come in handy And make your teeth look good and dandy.

By CHARLES COOKSEY

I know a kind old man, His name is Santa Claus. He brings us toys, but no boys. He is always dressed in red and white And never comes until it is night.

LEE MASON,

4A Grade, Wisner, La.

I love Santa Claus, Because he's never cross. He brings girls pretty toys, And he brings whips and cowboy things to boys.

He brings things to rich and poor, He comes in the chimney, and goes out the door.

He is a kind old guy, When he comes, we don't have to buy.

He is going to bring me a dollie, And I think I'll call her Mollie. But don't tell anybody her name, Because little Sis will name hers the same.

VERA GREENE,

Third Grade, Riverton, La.

I have a little goat, He wears a pretty coat. All brown and white spotted, One day I walked up town And when I looked around, Behind me, the goat trotted.

HAZEL BOYD,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus is a shop, He keeps it clean with a mop. He has his shop full of toys And when he leaves he says "Hello boys!"

TROY DULANEY,

Mangham High School.

THE FIR TREE

Once there was a little girl. Her father was a wood cutter and had to work on the night of Christmas Eve, to get logs for the fireplace to make it burn cheerfully on Christmas Day. After dark the little girl had to bring her father's supper. She filled a basket with food and started off. After she had gone a good way she turned around and she knew she had lost her way. It was so dark that she could not see. She turned around and started back but she could not find her way. The night became dark and she became frightened. After she had gone a good way she saw a little light. She walked to the light and found it was a beautiful fir tree with lights in her own front yard. And that is how she found her way. That is why they light Christmas trees on Christmas Eve.

LENA SCIARA,

7A Grade, Lida Benton School.

SNOWMAN

One day Mary, Neenie, and I were going to make a snow man. Neenie made his head and Mary got her daddy's hat and cane, I got a pipe and tobacco, some matches also. We all went into the house and got our mothers. They laughed when we showed it to them.

WILLIE EDNA SCHULTZ,

Barkdull Faulk School.

A FOX CHASE

One afternoon just as the sun was going down, I was going to stay the night with my friend. When I was about half way I heard something. I began to run. It was a fox. He chased me all the way. When I got there I told my friend about the chase. She could scarcely believe this, but I told her it was surely true. That night Mary's mother and father went to town and left us there by ourselves. The same fox came in and chased us all in the rooms, but we hid behind the door and he left. Mary's mother and father came in and we told them about the chase.

VIRGIE LEE GRAVES.

THE VALLEY OF THE MOON

The Valley of the Moon is a valley out west where there are lots of volcanoes. My Aunt Ada and the rest of us went to see the volcanoes. We all went up and nearly fell in while we were looking. We could see all the lava that had cooled and some pieces were as big as a house and the funniest thing I ever had known. There were little white flowers growing all around the volcanoes.

NORDAHL N. CALBURN,

4-A Grade, Barkdull Faulk School.

FALL LEAVES

The golden, red and yellow leaves Fall with the evening breeze. The grass is turning yellow And the fruits are growing mellow. The beans are going to sleep And the men are housing the sheep. The golden, red and yellow leaves Fall with the evening breeze.

RICHARD EASON,

6-A Barkdull Faulk School.

THE OLD MAN

There was an old man He was very clean He worked so hard He became very lean.

JEWEL CADER,

Clarks School.

My donkey is a good pet And he used to be always wet, But I built him a shed And now I've fixed him a bed.

HILTON WALTERS,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

I have a little kitty cat He chases and catches the rats. He runs and he kicks And he often plays with sticks.

ANITA STAPLES,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

I have a horse, I call him Bill. He gives us rides up and down the hill. One day he threw me into the ditch. I whipped him, now he will not pitch.

DORIS TURNER,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

The twenty-fifth day of December, Is a day we all will remember. For Santa Claus has just been here Bringing with him Christmas cheer.

JERRY LOWERY,

Fifth Grade, Calhoun School.

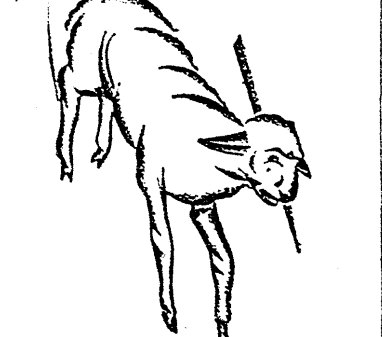
HEALTH

You should eat good things. Drink a glass of milk. Then you will be healthy and strong. You will also live long.

AILEEN PERRY,

Fourth A.

MY CALF



I had a little calf, I fed him on hay. I turned him out And he ran away.

LUTHER SELLERS.

Sweet bell how you do ring How little children do sing We will have a holiday On New Year's day. And learn the golden rule Bell's are so very, very sweet They give us all a treat.

By JULIA JUDD,

Mangham High School,

Fourth Grade A.

He is coming tonight Even if the ground isn't white. A little fat fellow that rides

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE MORNING WORLD

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The Monroe Morning World is an independent newspaper. It prints the news impartially. It supports what it believes to be right. It opposes what it believes to be wrong, without regard to party politics.

READJUSTMENT, BUT NOT CATASTROPHE
There are a great many people in America who seem to have completely lost faith in the future of the country. They apparently believe that all leadership is lost, politically and economically; that America has been deprived of its inventive genius, its initiative and courage; that all consumers in the United States are supplied with everything they will need for all time to come, and that consequently there is no hope for development in the future. All those of little faith might get some tonic stimulation from reading an address given a few days ago before the Boston Chamber of Commerce by Will H. Hays, president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America. Touching on this spirit of defeatism Mr. Hays said: "America can never face a permanent unemployment problem or loss of basic wealth until opportunity and ambition dissolve partnership. As an example of how in the past we have created resources where none existed, to help stoke the banked fires of initiative and enterprise, I direct your attention to the motion picture industry. Subtract the wealth created by the motion picture, radio and the automobile from America's income and you must look to your balance sheet. Yet these vast industrial empires have been added to our national estate in virtually twenty years. Opportunity in democracy is never a monopoly of the few—or the exclusive friend of any particular generation.

"And there are still enough new ideas over the hills ahead, waiting to be cultivated, to furnish jobs and opportunity to six millions or to sixty millions. Ideas so stupendous that even contemporary open-mindedness can no more estimate their earning and employment power than our grandfathers could reconcile experience with the telegraph or telephone."

Anybody who will stop for a moment to think will recognize the truth and significance of these statements of the former postmaster general. It cannot be that in two brief years American genius and American enterprise have been completely dried up. The forces which perfected our great industrial enterprises are still at work. America is not surfeited with new things. Many things are coming within the next few years, just as the radio, the motion picture, the automobile and the airplane came during the last generation, and they will be just as much in demand from the American people as were these achievements of the present era.

We are now going through a process of readjustment, necessary because we tried to travel too fast and to take the whole world on our shoulders instead of looking after America first. These adjustments will be completed finally, and then we will move forward once more.

CHRISTMAS CIGARS
There really ought to be some kind of monument erected to the Milwaukee man who landed in the hospital because of his insistence on smoking one of the cigars his wife had given him for Christmas.

You saw the story, doubtless; how he walked along the street, puffing manfully, suffering untold pangs but sticking to it, until finally the rankness of the weed overcame him and he fell unconscious, whacking his head against the curb and cutting himself painfully; and how, in the hospital, he explained that he had persevered because his dear wife had bought the cigar and he felt it his husbandly duty to consume it to the bitter (the word is used advisedly) end.

Such marital devotion is indeed rare, in these flighty times. If there be a medal of honor for deserving husbands, this man surely should get it.

LUXURY OF WAR
Japan seems to be on the verge of discovering that modern warfare, even when it is conducted against a hopelessly inferior opponent, is apt to be an extremely expensive luxury.

To drop the gold standard is to admit pressing financial difficulties. That Japan's financial difficulties are directly connected with her militaristic spree in Manchuria can hardly be denied. The moral is rather obvious.

From a military standpoint, Japan has hardly any opposition in Manchuria. She is "winning the war" on the battlefields in the fine style. At home, however, she seems to be losing it.

Boom: A time when the public is so engrossed in business it isn't noticed that tax inventors are running wild.

It seems nothing Japan does is unexpected, just so she announces in advance that it isn't her intention.

Science Serves the Farm
(Editorial from The Atlanta Journal)
Many readers who are still on the morning side of fifty can remember when virtually the entire South was infected with the cattle-fever tick, a heavy handicap to the development of dairying and allied industries. Today this parasite is confined to relatively small areas of only four Southern States, of which Louisiana is one) and there steady progress in its eradication is being made. Georgia is altogether free. No achievement of the last few decades is more encouraging as proof of what persistent educational effort can do to overcome obstacles and to promote progress in agricultural interests.

When the campaign to free the country from cattle tick was first launched, it encountered a deal of bitter and often violent opposition, owing partly, no doubt, to official mismanagement, but chiefly to misunderstanding among those who were to be helped. The task seemed, at times, impossible; for years the work went forward at a discouragingly slow pace. But by little and little results became apparent, and wherever a county was reclaimed, it stood as a persuasive witness to others. There are still nooks and corners, though not in the South, where the plans to eradicate this cattle pest are resisted; but for the most part the long labor of science against ignorance has been crowned with success, the result being a gain of hundreds of millions of dollars in farm values.

Other endeavors to conquer parasites which hamper live stock industries are now in progress. Touching these, the current annual report of the Federal Secretary of Agriculture says: "On the Pacific coast liverfluke control work, begun on a small scale three years ago, has been extended in California and introduced into sections of Oregon, Nevada and Arizona. Before the work began ranchers in California suffered severe losses, and sheep raising practically ceased in several areas. Demonstrations by department workers encouraged stock owners to use the system advised for controlling liver-fluke disease, which consists in the destruction of snails on pastures by the application of copper sulphate and the medicinal treatment of affected animals. Losses were rapidly checked. Where the recommendations were strictly followed, the disease disappeared. Sheep raising was made a dependable enterprise, and sheep a stable security for bank loans. Liver-fluke control has resulted also in material savings in feed and in a more economical production of lambs.

"In the Middle West the department's system of preventing the infestation of hogs with parasites has been widely used. Reports show that success in producing hogs varies almost directly with the degree of attention given to sanitation. The cost of swine production was reduced in some instances by approximately one-third. The program of combating parasitic diseases in live stock and poultry is directed largely along two lines: Research on the life cycles of parasites as a basis for control and preventive measures, and the investigations of remedies. These investigations have revealed essential facts concerning numerous other important parasites, such as kidney worms, nodular worms, and lung-worms of swine, and various species of roundworms and tapeworms of poultry."

This is but one of many provinces in which science is serving the farmer and is adding to the wealth of our soil. The continuous study of plant diseases results in discoveries that save millions annually. Georgia is indebted to her College of Agriculture and its kindred institutions for many invaluable services of this nature. Too often we forget that the man in the laboratory or on the experiment station plat is finding out and devising things which are fundamental to the success of the apparently more practical worker. Knowledge is truly power, and those devoted to its pursuit are among the most useful servants of the commonwealth.

In Defense of 1931
(Editor from The Memphis Commercial Appeal)
History will set down the year 1931 as low ebb of the world's fluctuating tide of fortune. The year is to be characterized in history as "the year of the great depression." There was not only an economic depression, but there was worse. There was a mental depression which pervaded all the peoples of all the nations.

That mental depression was due, of course, to seemingly hopeless economic conditions. Whereas, before the World War, economic stability—or want of it—was dependent in every nation upon fundamentals, after the World War an internationalistic policy grew up which worked on every nation's economics from the top downward instead of from the bottom upward. Reparations, war debts, international banking transactions and the like came to have more influence upon the affairs of nations after the war than they had ever had before. In fact, they grew to be the most important factors in domestic economics in every nation which had been mixed up with the war.

Sir George Paish, foremost British authority on fiscal matters, said to the United States when he was adviser to the British chancellor of the exchequer and the British treasury, in 1914, that this country would have great prosperity during the war and for a few years afterward, but that the trouble would come later. And yet, the average man is inclined to blame everything on the poor, "unmotivated" year of 1931.

The year of 1931 will be forever discredited in the economic annals of the world and the nation because of the depression. But the year 1931 is not "personally" responsible. It inherited its bad name and did not live long enough to overcome its blemished reputation. It was the climatic year of the great depression, to be sure, but it was not the motivation of it. Whatever 1931 suffered was inherited from 1930. Certainly, it did not increase its "talents," but it did the best it could. The parent of 1931 was not a healthy parent. Nineteen hundred and thirty was not the most wholesome of years, nor can that year be blamed entirely for its failure in parenthood. The year of 1930 inherited the infamous "Wall Street crash," which was the apparently immediate cause of all the economic troubles of the United States. It is easy and logical to say that the Wall Street crash did not bring about, as a fundamental cause, the woes which world business has suffered. It is even more logical to absolve Mr. Hoover and his administration. Mr. Hoover was a victim of his era. The depression for which 1931 will be chiefly remembered has a long family tree. Short-sighted economists cannot see its branchings. Short-sighted politicians do not care to look for them.

How any nation, save France, could have ever looked forward to an era of constructive prosperity which should last for generations after the tremendous wastage of 1914-1918, is a mystery to all save French economists. And it may yet be a mystery to them. With billions of dollars shot into the air, exploding upon impact, with hundreds of millions more dissipated in warlike ways, how could sound economists have expected real and material values to have remained the same?

Evidently, the most glib economists of all were those of the great business country, the economically impeccable United States. For in the United States values were inflated for nearly a decade. Everything was all right and was going to be a good deal better in spite of facts and high water.

Is it any wonder that the United States is in the depths of despond? The bigger they are the harder they fall. And the fall has been from a far height.

Mr. Hoover's moratorium plan, which was somewhat effective but not as effective as it might have been because of France's haggling position, might be set forth by poor observers as the high issue of 1931. But if so, it must be forgotten that the moratorium plan is a part of the depression problem.

Had Congress not met early last month the pleasant visit of Premier Laval of France to the White House might have been cited as among the year's important incidents. He almost reinstated France into the good graces of the American public. But Congress met and attacked the President's policies—and behind every attack was the specter of France.

Japan in Manchuria might have claimed first place in the record of the year's events save for the fact that Japan is far away and "polite but firm" notes from Washington are as little effective as mandates from the League of Nations Council. Anyhow, troubles at home overshadow troubles 5,000 miles away.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-one was a "scapegoat" year. It was not by all means responsible for its bad name.

Howe About Everything
By E. W. Howe
It is very expensive being a victim. The loss of your money is bad enough, but in addition there is humiliation because you were such a fool as to be victimized by cheap man or measure.
Every man must have at least a square deal in order to get along somewhere near as well as nature intended. And getting a square deal is man's first duty in all his transactions, from food, age, birth, housing and jobs, to women and youth. Every one trying to get the best of it is operating in the field of dishonesty; a fair division in everything is best for everybody.
There are certain things on which the world agrees, and has agreed thousands of years. (By agreement I mean no more than that a considerable majority of the people, including all of the best men and women have found certain simple principles steadily true.) These are that civilization is better than savagery, education better than ignorance, sobriety better than drunkenness, fairness better than unfairness, success more desirable than failure, industry better than idleness, honesty better than dishonesty, gentility more to be recommended than rudeness. There never was a home, school, church, tribe or nation not teaching these principles. Therefore when we say the world agrees on nothing, we are showing the mean disposition so generally condemned in mules and monkeys; we are supplying fresh evidence to support the old charge that all men are liars, and naturally mean.

A bootlegger I met the other day was one of the strangest men I have ever seen. He looked like an old dog that had been in a fight every day since prohibition was adopted. I am certain there were knife marks about his face, and apparently some one had shot at and hit him. I do not know how often he had been in hospitals, once he confessed to several experiences in prisons. "I bought nothing from him," he said, "but I have been wined and dined; there may be wines that are harmless, but I have never lived abroad; mainly I have lived in countries where hard liquor is manufactured in spite of the yells of Good Templars and the shots of prohibition agents. I know none of it is fit to drink."

Edmund Burke said all men find a certain satisfaction in the misfortunes of others. . . . It is also true that all men find a certain satisfaction in condemning the prosperous and well behaved; we even believe a sort of virtue. Both are mean dispositions. . . . No other of our institutions are operated more fairly or efficiently than the railroads, yet because of the general notion that they are prosperous, they have been persecuted until these necessary enterprises are facing bankruptcy. A jury lately gave a large verdict against a bankrupt railroad. The verdict was plainly illegal, unfair, in violation of the sworn testimony of witnesses. Similar exhibitions have been occurring regularly many years. It is one of the meanest, unwise things we do, but we consider it virtue. . . . I have no interest whatever in railroads; I only know they are on the verge of ruin, because of persecution by courts and the people.

We have so much trouble these days convicting a murderer that I sometimes think, when guilt is unmistakable, we should hang the criminal's lawyer with him.
I often marvel at the excellent memory of men with whom I have controversy. I lately argued with a man who claimed an old shotgun I have long believed I came into possession of honestly. I could only remember that one had disputed my ownership of the weapon, which I keep under my bed in case of burglars, but this man said I borrowed it from him to shoot a varmint. He further declared he remembers the incident as well as though it had occurred yesterday; that I came over to his house after the gun; that he later asked me if I had killed the varmint, and I replied I had missed it; that I said I would return the gun next day, whereupon he said there was no need to hurry etc. "I am surprised you cannot remember it," he further said, "it is all so clear to me."

I not only remember nothing of the kind; but deny any such incidents occurred. I never borrowed the gun; I bought it. I have had no occasion to shoot at either varmint or burglar since owning it.
Wishing to be just, I have talked to some of my friends about the controversy, and one of them said: "Hahn't you noticed before the number of facts a man will remember when the facts are on his side? It is the commonest thing there is."

We are all astonished when two men lose their tempers at the same time, and go at each other with blows or scratches. We are still more astonished when two nations engage in war, and exchange bullets and shells.
The disposition of men to fight is born in them; they get training in it every hour of their lives. Note a busy crowd anywhere. Every man, woman and child is a soldier looking for the enemy. The gentlest woman is hurrying to combat with clerks in stores; the gentlest child to battle with teachers in school; the roughest man and the finest gentleman fight with those they are seeking.
Fortunately our combativeness is usually suppressed; only occasionally is there a blow or a shot. The general trend of our teaching and civilization should always be toward less combativeness, not more. We must fight, but let it be with

Natural things cannot be remade; we must intelligently study natural laws, and make up with them, as we make up with fire by means of caution and insurance. This should be the aim of all teaching, yet it is taught almost not at all; show me, if you can, teaching of any kind, which does not somewhere defy natural laws. If we use such intelligence as we have to no better advantage than this, how can we hope for advancement?
I do not believe anyone has ever said so before, but what the world needs most is a frank acceptance of materialism, instead of the hatred we exhibit toward it. The first mistake of men was denying material facts.

You may say there is nothing in my argument. Well, puncture it, being careful to be honest and truthful in assembling your evidence.
In fifty or sixty years none of the fine womanly women and girls we see so much admire will be left; women will be policemen, stateswomen, tax collectors, or otherwise have lost the gentleness and beauty at the foundation of our gallantry.

For better or worse women are rapidly changing; charges are being wanted in print now, and submitted to by readers who believe there is reason for the charges utterly unknown fifty years ago.

There is a new deal, and almost universally men are gambling about the manner in which women are dealing.

I heard a man say lately that the extravagance which brought about the present hard times and American disgrace was seventh-tenths the extravagance of women. The same man pointed out in his own community several valuable commercial institutions wrecked by the extravagance of wives and daughters.

There are millions of fairly capable and honest men who are staggering under loads imposed by their women folks, and who could be restored to public usefulness and helpfulness by economy on the part of wives and daughters.

Why does not President Hoover, in his eagerness to help with commissions, appoint one composed of the old-fashioned women now remaining to appeal to their reckless and unthinking sisters?
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Washington Daybook
WASHINGTON.—That classic of Congressional lore—the mad but useless ride of then Vice-President Dawes from his hotel to the Senate chamber to cast his vote for the confirmation of Charles B. Warren for attorney general—may become "old stuff" in the coming Congress.
Dawes, resting peacefully in his hotel suite, could have broken the tie vote had he been in the Senate chamber at the time. His absence, however, spoiled everything.
In prose and poetry "Hell on Earth" delinquency has been preserved. It has probably provoked as many laughs as any other thing which has ever happened on the hill.
But the chances are that "boners" of this nature will occur on the hill this winter which will equal or even surpass that of Dawes.
The margin between the two parties will be so close—both the Senate and the House—that unless both Democrats and Republicans are on their toes every minute, there'll be groans aplenty.

Good Sprinklers Needed
Four men will shoulder the biggest part of the responsibility in the two chambers—two in each. They are the men officially designated as whips.
It is up to these men to see that party lines are fixed on all roll calls. They must be in one something of a prophet, a diplomat, a quick thinker, and a man who by no means least a good sprinter.
They do just what their name implies—whip their political brethren into line. They must see that pairs repartee, politeness; with extra cleverness in our work.

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Another book to his credit is "De Re Metallica" on which Mrs. Hoover collaborated. This book, probably his most ambitious undertaking, was written for friends with no idea of general circulation.
"De Re Metallica" today has increased greatly in value. It sells today at a "book collector's price."

Not Fond of Writing
The President's most recent book is "American Individualism." This too, is a compilation of addresses which he has made from time to time. Friends urged him to publish the addresses in book form.

Mr. Hoover can't be said to be fond of writing. He does not write for the sheer joy of creating, but rather because he regards it the best way of self expression.

He is careful and painstaking, however, in everything he composes. The length of time spent usually depends on the importance of the occasion. His message to the coming congress has been uppermost in his mind for many months.

It probably will be the most important thing he has yet written.

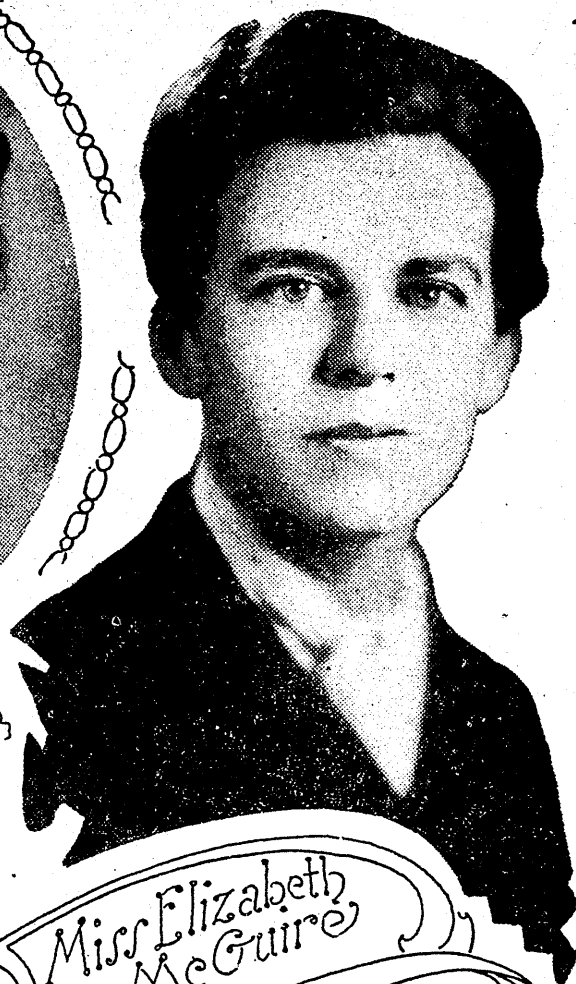
What Today Means to You
By MARY BLAKE
"CAPRICORN"
If January 3rd is your birthday, the best hours for you on this date are from 9 a. m. to 10:20 a. m., from 7 p. m. to 8:40 p. m. The danger periods are from 11:30 a. m. to 12:45 p. m. and from 10 p. m. to 11:30 p. m.
Research into astrological portents in force January 3rd enables one to expect a day free from personal annoyances, family bickerings, or lover's quarrels. The mind will be too relaxed for serious thinking of reading and it should indeed be a day of rest.
The child born on this January 3 will have a great deal of natural ability, but will need to develop its self-confidence. It will be faithful and trustworthy in the performance of anything directed by others, but hesitant in its own undertakings. It will have a sympathetic and loving disposition.
Born on January 3 you allow the world to browbeat you, because you are too much of a pacifist to fight for your place in the sun. You are too placid for discontent or resentment, and accept whatever role into which circumstances push you without a murmur. The selfish-minded take advantage of your unselfishness and gentleness, and profit by your willing service and good-natured ways. If there is some one to fuss over or pet, you are happy. Your sympathies are extended to every suffering human or creature, and your heart bleeds for those whom you cannot help.
You are idealistic and imaginative, and not very practical in a business sense. You are as honest as the day is long, and are always ready to take the poorer side of a bargain for fear of cheating some one else. Your own interests come last, instead of first, as they often should for your own protection. Your generous impulses often run away with you, and you often, without thinking, let yourself in for something beyond your strength or means.
From experience you will learn not to be too confiding, but not until a vicious tongue has caused you trouble. You are intelligent, but no scholar, and a great amount of your knowledge will be obtained other than from books.
Successful People Born January 3
1. Lucretia Mott, woman suffragist.
2. James R. Doolittle, senator.
3. Charles H. Hackley, capitalist.
4. Marion Davies, film actress.
5. Anna May Wong, film actress.
6. Henry Holt, publisher.
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RETURN FROM MEET
Rev. Henry Rieck, educational director of the Monroe First Methodist Church, and Miss Elizabeth Langford, Louisiana State worker in the young people's department of the Methodist Church, returned here last night from Nashville, Tenn., where they attended a south-wide conference of leaders in young Methodist people's work.
WILL ADDRESS CLASS
William G. Phelps, instructor at Centenary College, Shreveport, will address the Men's Bible Class of the First Methodist Church here this morning at 10 o'clock. It was announced last night by Jack Hayes and Claude Harrison, who are in charge of arrangements for speakers at the class.

SOCIETY

EVE C. BRADFORD, Editor.



Mrs. Neal T. Evans



Miss Elizabeth McGuire



Miss Anna Rosalee Herring



Mrs. Walter O. Moss

Interesting Visitors Are Entertained

Charming affairs of an informal nature were planned during the week in honor of several lovely visitors in the city, Mrs. Arthur Dryburgh and daughter, Miss Gene Dryburgh of Chicago, and Mrs. Verna Watts and Mrs. Harold McGeorge and Miss Sara Beth Farmer, of Memphis, Tenn.

Among the affairs which brought old friends together over the tea and coffee cups were Mrs. A. L. Harrington's dinner party at her home on Riverside, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Vaughan's dinner party at their home, Mrs. J. J. Potts' luncheon at the Lotus Club, Mrs. Morris Haas' bridge party, and Mrs. Jessie Sadler's morning coffee on New Year's day. Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hodges entertained with a buffet supper and Mrs. C. D. Oakley with a luncheon. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Cummings' "at home" last night completed the week's festivities.

Mrs. Dryburgh, Mrs. Watts and Mrs. McGeorge spent their girlhood days in this city where they were reigning belles and great social favorites. They motored back to their homes this morning accompanied by Mr. Dryburgh, Miss Dryburgh and Miss Farmer accompanied as far as Memphis Mr. John Barr Foster and Mr. George Weeks, who are driving overland to St. Louis, where they are students at Principia College.

News Items of Personal Interest

Mr. Mike John, Jr., completed a happy holiday visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike John, Jr., and returned to L. S. U. today to resume his studies.

Miss Sarah Talbert was the charming hostess at an intermission party at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Boatner Lamkin, last night in honor of Miss Noelle Currie, the lovely house guest of Miss Johnnie Cox during the holidays. A buffet supper was served the guests, who motored to the Virginia hotel, where the last dancing party of the Yuletide season claimed the entire college set.

Miss Shirley Haas, lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Aubrey Haas, left last night for Lindenwood College, Mo., to resume her studies following a two weeks' visit with her parents. She will be a member of a house party for a few days in the home of a classmate in Kirkwood, Mo., enroute.

Mrs. Currie, a former resident of this city, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. H. T. Benton and daughter, Miss Ellen Virginia Benton, motored up from New Orleans to spend a few days with Mrs. Currie's daughter, Miss Noelle Currie, who returned today to the Junior College of Oklahoma.

Friends will witness the departure of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Dawkins, Jr., and two splendid children, for their home in Asheville, N. C., with exceeding regret. Mr. Dawkins has accepted a position as telegraph and news editor of the Asheville Times, a position similar to the one held with the News-Star Publishing Company, and left this morning to assume his new position. Mrs. Dawkins and children will follow at an early date.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Keller and daughter, Jo Amelia, of Shreveport, spent the week-end with Mrs. Keller's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Caspi, where Jo Amelia celebrated her first birthday anniversary. Mr. Jacques Caspari, student at Centenary College, accompanied them to Shreveport today following a Yuletide visit here with his parents.

Miss Sybil Thompson has recovered sufficiently from an operation performed on Christmas day, to be removed from Dr. Mosely's Clinic to the home of her parents, Mr. and

Club Women Look Back Over Year's Work and Are Quite Satisfied With Progress Made

With the word "Finis" written across the last page of the year, women's clubs of this city are already busily engaged with plans for the new year although they are looking back, with much satisfaction, on projects completed or well started during the old.

A partial list of achievements shows that Child Welfare has been the prime concern of a number of organizations in Monroe.

Because this year followed on the heels of the White House conference on child health and protection and because Louisiana had a follow-up to this national event, child welfare was a topic of more than common interest. Virtually every women's club in the city sent representatives to the state follow-up sessions which were held in Baton Rouge.

Perhaps 1932's most important work will be the carrying out of recommendations made in the Children's Charter and adopted in a number of resolutions passed at the Louisiana follow-up conference. This work is of statewide moment and so broad in scope that women's organizations are many of them planning to concentrate on this phase of activity. Work with the unemployed will of course be continued and clubwomen will more and more turn to community service as the best means of expressing their work.

Charitable work, of course, took a prominent part in the accomplishments of women during the year. The Monroe Welfare Association with its splendid president, Mrs. Jonas Selig and the enthusiastic secretary, Mrs. W. P. McCall, has been one of the most important factors for good the city has ever known. Too much cannot be said in praise of the work accomplished, especially during the past two months when unemployment reached the crisis. The poor and the needy have felt the power of Mrs. McCall's confident eyes as they have faced her across the desk at the Welfare Association where she sits

day after day taking note of stories of jobless men, babies crying for food, shoeless children, sickness and privation. Monroe is fortunate indeed in having such a woman to head this department in a year when extraordinary results are imperative. We visited Mrs. McCall at the new Welfare quarters in the old Meyer building a few days ago and listened to tales that we never dreamed could exist in a city so fair and beautiful as Monroe. The highly colored picture drawn by Mrs. McCall is dim compared to the actual facts. The president, Mrs. Selig, is also a prop for the other workers of the Welfare Association. Her kind, generous heart was molded for the particular kind of work. Perhaps it is because she is a leader, high minded, and very competent in all sorts of ways that she is making such a wonderful success of the Welfare work.

Much activity has centered also on unemployment during the year and there is not a single women's organization which has not cooperated eagerly with all local efforts for alleviating relief. Throughout the state women's clubs have taken the lead in this work and have canned thousands of cans of foodstuffs for needy families. Important also in the list of achievements of the past year is the opening of a Children's Free Clinic in the St. Francis Sanitarium, by the Junior Charity League, Mrs. Gordon Wright, chairman, is most enthusiastic over the work being accomplished. In the midst of these other activities the clubwomen have not lost their interest in peace. Led by members of the Louisiana League for Peace and Freedom and by peace and international relations chairmen of other organizations, clubwomen have signed peace petitions, have held peace programs and have worked unceasingly in arousing public sentiment for world peace.

In the Pictures

Mrs. Neal T. Evans who before her recent marriage was Miss Opal McNeill of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Evans are making their home in Shreveport, King's Highway.

Miss Elizabeth McGuire, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Manning McGuire who is spending the holiday season with her parents in this city.

Mrs. William Moore who before her marriage last week was Miss Mary Cason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Cason of the West Side.

Miss Anna Rosalee Herring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Herring and Miss Miriam McGimsey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. McGimsey, were chosen sponsors by members of Phi Kappa Fraternity for their annual Christmas ball at the Virginia hotel. They carried off the honors with exceeding grace.

Mrs. Walter O. Moss of New Orleans, affectionately remembered here as Miss Clara Guthrie. Mrs. Moss is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Guthrie, Sr., at their plantation home.

SOCIETY CALENDAR

Monday
Meeting of the Review Club with Mrs. E. R. Yancey, 3:30 p. m.
Meeting of the Twentieth Century Junior Book Club with Mrs. Lucian Hughes, 2:30 p. m.
Tuesday
The Methodist Missionary Society will hold its regular business meeting at the church Tuesday, January 5, Presbyterian Auxiliary business meeting 3 p. m.
Circle Eight, Presbyterian Auxiliary will meet at the church at 7:30 p. m. with Mrs. D. E. Evans and Mrs. J. E. Grower hostesses. Miss Frances Butler, leader.
Meeting of the Temple Sisterhood, 3 p. m.
Wednesday
Meeting of the Catholic Ladies' Altar Society with Mrs. W. E. Rear-

don, 2:30 p. m.; election of officers.
Meeting of the Study Club with Mrs. Fillmore Meadows, 2:45 p. m.
Thursday
Meeting of the Stamp Collector's Club at the Camp Fire headquarters, 3 p. m.
Miss Undine Livaudais completed a Yuletide visit in this city with her mother, Mrs. Fannie Livaudais and returned last night to Washington, D. C., where she is the French instructor in the McKinley School. A distinct honor was conferred upon Miss Livaudais recently, when she was elected vice-president of the Louisiana Society in Washington. Miss Livaudais also had the honor of being a member of the receiving party at the Washington Club during the reception for Senator and Mrs. Ransdell.

Junior League Baby Clinic Established at St. Francis Now Functioning Smoothly

The determined crying of children and the equally determined baby talk of a group of white-clad women echoes through the free ward of the St. Francis Sanitarium each Friday morning, heralding to the startled passerby that another Junior Charity League free clinic day, has arrived, and with it dozens of babies, with their mothers, to be thumped, minutely examined, diagnosed, sent merrily on their way with quantities of food, cod liver oil, and milk, not only prescribed but provided by the follow-up committee.

In short, the Junior Charity League is "building better babies." The building process begins before the clinic day, for the mothers must be notified of the free examination for their children, they must be brought to the clinic. And it continues after clinic day when treatments and operations must be made, diets regulated, proper food supplied for those unable to purchase it.

On Fridays between the hours of 8:30 and 10:30 with Dr. E. R. Yancey offering his services free, the clinic is held with Mrs. Gordon Wright, chairman, and her assistants caring for the sick babies in the most capable manner imaginable. It is enough to stir the heart of the hardest, most uncharitable person. Golden-haired babies, frail and wan for the lack of nourishment, heavy-eyed children with twisted bones and small, painted features abound at the Clinic.

Afraid of this unknown benefactor that has come their way, the children cover close to their mothers, eye the Junior League members in their white uniforms with suspicion and emit lusty yells when they are at last taken into the examination room, stripped of their shabby garments and stretched under the thumping fingers of the physician.

Thump, thump, thump—"See if you can get him to stop screaming so I can listen to the heart action—and get a line on his lungs." Perhaps the lungs are weak, the body undernourished, symptoms are alarming. The child is entered at the preventorium, or sanatorium. Over and over the doctor looks at the mother—"Does this child have milk and eggs regularly?" And over and over—"No."

"Cod liver and milk are absolutely necessary." The child stops screaming—cod liver and milk sounds better than bread and water.

Case records kept by Mrs. Wright, chairman, reveal that nearly every one of the children examined are not getting enough milk and fresh fruits and vegetables. When told "is, their parents repeat that they can't afford such "luxuries." But 11 children who are brought to the clinic are provided for if the parents can't do it themselves.

A large number of those examined also need operations, minor ones, but important to the proper development and health of the child and future citizen. These operations are performed free of charge by interested members of the medical profession, at the charity ward.

Mrs. Garnett Hostess At Charming Tea

Mrs. Peggy Garnett entertained with a charming little tea at her home Thursday afternoon with Miss Frances Butler the central figure.

The tea table was developed entirely in shades of pink and blue, centered with a blue bowl of classic shape overflowing with pink Radiance roses and blue Ageratum. Blue Princess tapers in pink crystal candlesticks were placed at the four corners. Mrs. Garnett poured delicious jasmine tea with lemon and served her guests delicious little cakes, bon-bons and salted nuts.

Enjoying the charming atmosphere of Mrs. Garnett's home and the many courtesies extended were: Misses Frances Butler, Mildred Dennis, Margaret Smith, Alice Lineback, Lucille Godwin, Eleanor Faulk, Jessie Gray Worthington, Helen Hawks, Nora Lee Butler, Kate Flanagan, Eleona Brinsmade, Mrs. Aubrey Kent, Mrs. Harold Riggs.

Miss Norma Holden of Baton Rouge, the attractive holiday guest of Miss Elizabeth Drew was the inspiration for several lovely social affairs in her honor. Miss Drew introduced her guest at a charmingly planned tea at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Drew of the West Side.

Younger Group Gives Honor to Sorority Mother

The great love, members of Delta Beta Sigma sorority, hold for their sorority mother, Mrs. S. E. Huey, was manifested Friday night when they entertained at Riverside Country Club in her honor with members of Delta Sigma fraternity also acting as hosts.

Mrs. Huey, wearing a lovely flowered chiffon frock in the pastel shades, stood on the bamboo festooned balcony in the full glare of the searchlights, the cynosure of all eyes, and was introduced by Mr. George Hargus, president of Delta Sigma. Last year's sponsors, Miss Johnnie Cox and Miss Elizabeth Williams, wearing lovely evening frocks, and the new sponsors, Miss India Stubbs and Miss Florence Hilburn, also wearing charming evening frocks, were introduced at the same time. Mrs. Huey received with all her customary graciousness the beautiful flowers presented by Mr. Hargus in behalf of the sorority and fraternity members.

It was a joyous party, with the college students out en masse for the last social affair of the Christmas holidays. The music was exceedingly "peppy" and everyone present enjoyed to the fullest extent the atmosphere of gaiety which prevailed throughout the evening.

A long list of chaperones were present, including many visitors from out-of-town.

Miss Hill Entertains With Dancing Party

Miss Evelyn Hill entertained her friends at a charmingly planned dancing party at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Hill, Tuesday night.

During an intermission refreshments were served, buffet style, to the following: Miss Gladys McGee and Jake Anderson, Miss Dora Hammons and William Heard, Miss Laura Bell Wall and Alphonse Randow, Miss Margaret Grower and B. Granberry, Miss Olive Hodge and Roland Brown, Miss Precilla Hodge and Pete Ingram, Miss Marjorie Bice and Snookum Turner, Miss Sue Kilgore and Wesley Hodge, Miss Thelma Ballard and J. F. Jones, Jr., Miss Louise Cook and John Walton, Miss Ethel Mayes and King Overton, Miss Evelyn Hill and O. B. Morton, Miss Alice Norris and Jules Watts, Miss Tommie Anne Lynne and Ned Easterling, Miss Virginia Talton and Fred Ranshaw. Stags were: Messrs. Howell Heard, Durnell Witt, Dan Burt, John Youngblood, Raymond West, Hooks, Travis Ellis, Rush Pollard, Louis Toombs, Dick Lee, Nelson Bland, Tennille McEnery, Frank Smith, Oliver Heard.

(Continued on Twelfth Page)

EDITED
BY
GEORGE V. LOFTON

SPORTS of the WORLD

FIRST NEWS
EXPERT VIEWS
ON ALL SPORTS

ARMY AND NAVY EXPECTED TO SIGN 'PEACE PACT' WITHIN NEXT 10 DAYS

Tulane Team Hailed as One of Finest in Rose Bowl History as Squad Departs

WAVE TO BE GIVEN ROYAL RECEPTION IN NEW ORLEANS

Southern California Fans Credit Greenies With Out-playing Trojans

PASADENA, Calif., Jan. 2 (AP)—With the plaudits of their rivals, which echoed more strongly than even those of 50,000 spectators, saw them go down to a glorious defeat, 35 green-shirted heroes of Tulane football history left tonight for New Orleans on a special train.

At eight o'clock (P.S.T.) they bade adieu to the roses of Pasadena and the bowl where Southern California best back their gallant bid for football fame, 21 to 12, in the New Year's day classic of the gridiron, wound through the orange groves and slipped down a mountain pass, homeward bound for New Orleans.

Today, as they rested at their hotel here and received scores of well wishers, they saw and read in the aftermath of their battle in the Rose Bowl yesterday nothing but praise for the game they played with the far-famed band of Trojan men.

It was not so much the victory of Southern California that claimed the attention of writers as it was the great team that Bernie Bierman and his assistants brought west—a team which the majority hailed as one of the finest that ever fought in the Rose Bowl.

One of these chroniclers, a booster for Southern California, had this to say:

"It is possibly true that our Trojans were lucky to have won at all because during the major part of the surprising game they were on the run and battling to hold their own. Tulane's line was outchugging Southern California head over heels. Tulane's backs were showing us how a football is supposed to be carried and Tulane's fight was demonstrating that a fierce disposition can go a long way in a football argument."

"Natives of the West Coast have saluted previous Dixie teams for having fought but we never gave them enough credit for having something else to go along with it. Tulane had that something else in large quantities. It lacked ability and used it."

"You can put this down to your hatband, that but for Pinkert, the Trojans wouldn't have had a shadow of a chance yesterday. He was half the ball club."

And so ran the tenor of posthumous discussions from every corner of the football board.

Erny Pinkert, twice Southern California's all-American blocking half-back, brought all his skill into play to punch two holes in the onrushing tide of green and score twice, giving his team its margin of victory.

Most of the players on both sides came out of the game unscathed except for a bruise or two and for twenty-three men, thirteen from Southern California, and ten from Tulane, it marked the end of their college football careers.

WELCOME PLANNED

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 2 (AP)—Tulane's football team may have had to Southern California 21-12 in the Rose Bowl New Year's day, but New Orleans plans to make the Green Wave feel like victors when they return home Tuesday afternoon.

Acting Mayor A. Miles Pratt was made chairman of a general welcoming committee formed today at a meeting of business and civic leaders, who announced the Tulane homecoming would have all the "trimmings" planned in event of victory.

The team will be driven through decorated streets in open automobiles while airplanes circle the downtown section and Tulane's band will lead a parade of Green Wave cheerleaders with all whistles in the city and harbor sounding a salute for the returning gridgers.

PART OF RIVERSIDE COURSE UNDER WATER

While flood waters hereabout have driven several families from their homes, golfers of Riverside Country Club also are practically homeless, as far as the links are concerned.

Six holes are playable at the country club. Golfers have been able to negotiate the first three holes but from then on the trouble starts. Three holes are under water.

Regardless of the fact that golfers are playing under handicaps, several each day have taken advantage of the fine playing weather. A dozen or so players were out yesterday and even more are expected to play the abbreviated course today.

Professional Emmett Lyons, of Aurora, left here Christmas Eve for his home. Lyons spent a month here and it rarely failed to rain during a day of his stay here.

GETS CAGE ASSISTANT

COLUMBIA, Mo., Jan. 2 (AP)—Walter (Jack) Crangle, baseball and assistant football coach at the University of Missouri, will act as assistant to George Edwards, cage mentor, this season.

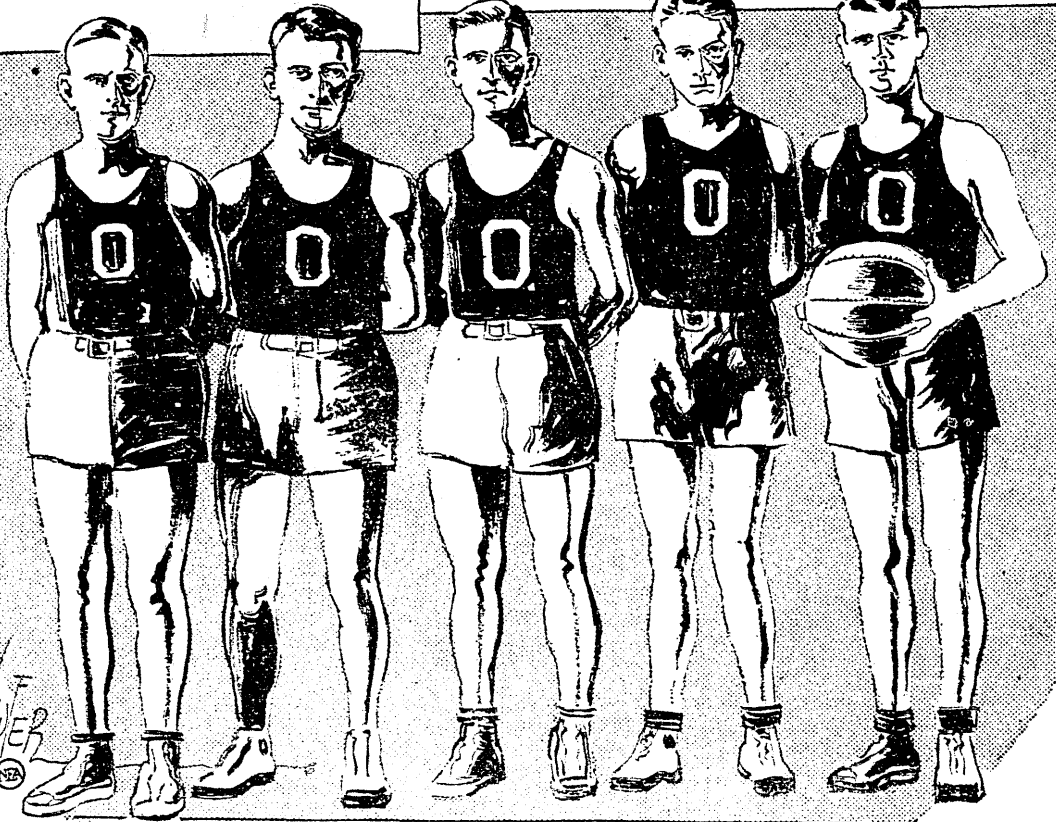
BRUSHING UP SPORTS . . . By Laufer

THE COOPER BOYS

FIVE BROTHERS REPRESENT THE OSWEGO (KAN.) HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

LEFT TO RIGHT—FRANCIS, 16—MILTON, 19—ROBERT, 17—BILLY, 14—JACK, 15

TWO MORE BROTHERS AND FOUR SISTERS USUALLY ARE IN THE AUDIENCE WHEN THE COOPERS PERFORM



Three of Four Major Golf Titles in U. S. Go to Newcomers During 1931

By Bobby Jones

However lean the year 1931 may have been in some respect, it seems to me that we of the golfing fraternity have little cause to complain of the show which the game provided us or with the progress which it has made during the past twelve months. Each one of our four national titles new rests in capable and worthy hands and in all but one instance the wearer of the crown is new to championship company.

It was particularly gratifying to observe the play of several little-known youngsters in our Amateur Championship and the success of Tom Creavy, himself a lad of little renown in the P. G. A. Championship. Creavy, of course, was known to the close followers of the game before his victory at Providence, but certainly prior to that time he had been a stranger to the headlines. The golf which he played thoroughly deserved to win. He demonstrated a sound technique, pleasing style, and fine competitive temperament. There is little question that his name will have to be added to our collection of professional stars.

Moreland Looks Good

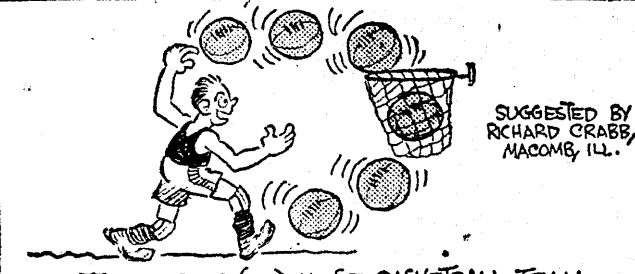
The Amateur Championship at Beverly was chock full of youngsters, particularly after the qualifying rounds and the eighteen hole matches were over. Of course, I liked best Gus Moreland, of Dallas, Texas. Billy Howell of Richmond, Virginia, and little Paul Jackson, of Kansas City. Although Moreland was beaten in the first round, I think he showed as much ability as anyone in the tournament, for he did not have a really bad patch either in practice or in the competition proper. His two qualifying rounds were each 74 on a very difficult course and he was going at a rate of 73 or 74 when he was eliminated. Had he not had the misfortune to bump into a hot round he might have gone on for any distance.

Howell's play was extremely creditable, although he did have some ragged patches. But he plays every shot well and is a splendid little fighter.

I think almost everyone was delighted that Francis Ouimet regained the Amateur Championship after a lapse of so many years. The same has had no figure more popular or more deserving of popularity than Ouimet. For the past eighteen years he has been a consistently high-class performer and always a model of good sportsmanship.

Burk's Best Performance

I think that the finest golf of the year, all things considered, was played by Billy Burke. Beginning with the 72-hole medal play elimination test for the Ryder Cup at Columbus and ending with the second playoff with Von Elm at Toledo over two weeks later, Billy played golf the like of which has seldom been seen. Under the intense strain of big-time competition during all that while, Burke's game never wavered, and throughout the entire period, playing golf every day, he was close to par or beating that figure in every start. I do not



THE MACOMB (ILL.) MOOSE BASKETBALL TEAM SCORED 14 POINTS IN ONE MINUTE AND 20 SECONDS AGAINST THE BARDOLPH'S MERCHANTS—1931



DURHAM, YELDELL LEAD TECH ELEVEN

Winnfield and Monroe Players Named Captains of 1932 Bulldog Team

RUSTON, Jan. 2 (Special)—J. B. Durham of Winnfield and Berry Yeldell of Monroe have been elected by lettermen of the 1931 Louisiana Tech football team as captains for the Bulldog squad in 1932.

Durham, fleet quarterback, received the highest honor in being nominated as captain, while Yeldell, mainstay of the Bulldog line last fall at the pivot position, was voted alternate captain. Both captains are juniors now but will enter their next football season as seniors.

While the captain-elect for '32 is regarded as one of the most promising field toters to carry on the work of Gilbert, Baker, and the other backfield men of the famous undefeated Tech team of last season who have completed their allotted trio of varsity college seasons, he is also a splendid defensive back and a braving field general. In working with Gilbert last fall Durham had the advantage of a season of study for the place he will occupy most of the coming grid year.

Berry Yeldell, carrying more poundage than any member of the '31 eleven, has suitably been honored as alternate captain of the team. Yeldell's feats in the middle of the Bulldog forwards is said to be on a par with the brilliant work of his brother, Jim. Tech ace tackle back in '24, '25 and '26.

VANDER POOL REPEATS CAMPAIGN AT HIALEAH

MIAMI, Fla., Jan. 2 (AP)—The fleet feet of Vander Pool, unbeaten in 13 races until he failed recently at Bowie, will echo around Hialeah Park again this season.

The son of Campfire is returning to the scenes of his earliest triumphs. Vander Pool made his debut at Hialeah in the spring of 1930 and marched through his opposition here and during the early Maryland campaign, defeating in his charge the then highly-regarded Equipse.

It was not until the dying days of the recent Maryland campaign that the unbeaten three-year-old had his sensational streak shattered.

DIXIE GRID FRAY OUT

SEWANE, Tenn., Jan. 2 (AP)—Sewanee and Alabama, whose meeting has been a traditional gridiron fray since 1893, will not meet in 1932. This is the second long-time Dixie pigskin classic to be rubbed out. Vanderbilt no longer is on the Sevanee card. These teams had been meeting since 1891, the longest grid fight in the south.

SCOTT SAYS LOOP'S CHANCES BRIGHTER

Judge Branham Invited to Hold Committee's Meeting in Vicksburg

VICKSBURG, Miss., Jan. 2 (AP)—Possibilities that the Cotton States League will continue in existence during the approaching season were reported as brighter by Judge Branham, president of the league, here tonight, when it was indicated that outside financial aid and player existence would likely be obtained by a majority of the circuit's six clubs.

Along with this announcement came word that Judge William G. Branham, of Durham, N. C., chairman of the executive board of the minor leagues had replied favorably to an invitation requesting him to select Vicksburg as the February meeting place for his commission, composed of four other members.

The board convenes for its January session in Louisville, and at that time the bid of Vicksburg for the next meeting will be placed before its members. Chairman Branham informed President Scott in a letter which he received here today.

In outlining future plans for the Cotton States League, President Scott stated that he will make a jaunt into Arkansas at an early date, and will seek to create more interest in professional baseball in Hot Springs and Helena, Ark., often mentioned prospects for his circuit. Mr. Scott will be accompanied on his tour by Louis Garrett, president of the Pine Bluff Baseball Club.

In his letter to Judge Branham, President Scott pointed out the need of further assistance among the minors if they are to continue in operation. The Class B, C and D circuits are fighting with her backs to the wall in search of additional material he said.

Revealing the fact that minor leagues have decreased in number from 54 in 1927, to 16 last year, Mr. Scott expressed the opinion that the salvation of baseball of a lower class than A lies in the hands of the majors, and teams of Class A and A rating. The Cotton States League is rated Class C.

If the Cotton States League goes through as planned by President Scott, an attempt will be made to have Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis pay several member cities a visit this summer. Mr. Scott believes will arouse more interest in the game, as well as give fans in this section of the country an opportunity to see the best known and most colorful figure in baseball.

While the loss of Jackson to the circuit through voluntary withdrawal may have weakened the organization temporarily, President Scott is optimistic over the prospects of locating a new entry to fill the vacancy. He thinks Alexandria, La., the most likely choice, with the Arkansas cities to be given next consideration, and premier attention if efforts are made to increase the membership to eight clubs.

CAPTAINCY DROPPED TO BREAK LONG JINX

ABILENE, Texas, Jan. 2 (AP)—To escape a five-year jinx the McMurray College Indians will play the 1932 football season without a captain.

Ovid Davidson, chosen captain of the 1927 squad, died in shallow water before the season opened and died from a broken neck.

Clyde Park, 1928 captain, broke a leg in the first game. Howard Miller, who led the team in 1929, had a narrow escape in an automobile wreck.

In 1930 Buck Osborn was injured in the first game and could not return to the lineup until midseason.

Captain Bob Fulkerson of the 1931 squad suffered a wrenched knee in the last game of 1930 and was handicapped throughout last fall.

"I don't want to put any of my players at a disadvantage in 1932," Coach R. M. Medley said. "We simply will not elect a captain."

The Majors are reported to have another strong team this season and should give the Safety Firsts plenty of opposition. The two teams played a couple of close contests last year, although the Brown quintet won both.

Millsaps has practically the same team that piled up an impressive record last season. The Majors defeated the late Earle Cardinals twice in 1931.

The Safety Firsts have won ten straight games, defeating Louisiana Tech last week in their first game since Christmas. The team has been working out daily since last Monday and is in excellent condition.

Managers Carey Phillips announced last night that a special ticket campaign is being conducted for the Millsaps games. A ticket purchased in advance will entitle the purchaser to see both games for one admission price.

Both games will start at 7:45 o'clock.

COLLECTS GOLF CLUBS

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 2 (AP)—Eddie Guetel, Kansas City golfer, purchases at least 10 complete sets of clubs yearly. He owns an exact duplicate of Bobby Jones' famous putter, "Calamity Jane."

About the 1932 pennant race, Vance said he couldn't hazard a guess at this time.

SPORTS CHATTER

George V. Lofton

THOSE CHANGES

The coaches and officials of football have had their meetings and those much-discussed rules changes found little favor. The hysteria which was aroused after the death of several football players evidently did not reach these coaches and officials.

It was found that only two of these players who died as a result of injuries were members of major teams. The majority were sand lot gridgers who had not had the proper training nor were they playing under conditions that would be sanctioned in the usual football game.

And so, when the rules committee meets next month, it is unlikely that any drastic changes in the regulations of football will be made. The investigation into the causes of these deaths will be reported at the coaches' meeting next December and by that time, the clamor will have subsided.

However, football is due for other changes. The big college sport has been "on the spot" for several years and it is not likely that its critics will let up in the face of developments during the 1931 season. Here's the way one coach puts it:

"Some college faculties talk ideals as long as the gate receipts come in but they squawk and pass the buck to the coaches and tolerate all sorts of ways and means to have a good team. Some of them have to satisfy a lot of politicians to hold their own jobs."

"Football, as conducted by some temples of learning, now is nothing but a racket—to make money. The poor devils who preach ethics are the ones who are afraid of their jobs and have nothing else to talk about—the ones who have good teams, no matter how recruited, usually have nothing to worry about."

Of course, we don't agree that the game is as bad as that but when a coach makes such a statement, something's up. Some much needed changes are bound to come.

The Southern Conference—or rather some eight or ten schools—took things into their own hands this winter and it is certain that some order will come out of the chaos that has existed as far as eligibility rules are concerned. The program, as outlined by these eight or ten leaders, was adopted and the entire conference will operate on a new system or there will be a new conference.

A GOOD JOB

Football teams of North Louisiana prospered during the past season and in casting about for an outstanding success, we must consider the achievement of Estes Cole, at Rayville.

This young coach, just out of L. S. U., tackled a tough proposition this past season and he made good in a big way. Rayville fans were used to watching winning football teams perform and when Cole took hold in September, after the team had lost some of its brightest stars, his task seemed hopeless.

However, he started building and now as his team is about to enter the final game for the state championship, it is apparent that he had built well. The Hornets go to Glenmora.

BROWN FIVE PLAYS MILLSAPS CAGERS

Majors Come Here for Two Games Next Monday and Tuesday Nights

The basketball team of Millsaps College, of Jackson, Miss., will furnish the opposition for the Brown Paper Mill quintet in two games next week. The games will be played at the Brown Gym on Monday and Tuesday nights.

The Majors are reported to have another strong team this season and should give the Safety Firsts plenty of opposition. The two teams played a couple of close contests last year, although the Brown quintet won both.

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SERVICE TEAMS TO RESUME ATHLETIC RELATIONS IN '32

Cadets and Middles Will Meet On Gridiron Next Year On December 3

NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (AP)—Announcement is expected within the next ten days that the military and naval academies have signed an agreement to resume athletic negotiations beginning with an Army-Navy football game next December 3.

Negotiations have been going on for some time and although a report today that an agreement had been reached was denied at Annapolis and turned premature at West Point, it is believed official confirmation will be forthcoming soon.

Major Philip B. Fleming, graduate manager of athletics at West Point, Lieutenant Commander James Hall, who holds the corresponding post at the Naval Academy, and Captain John W. Wilcox, athletic director at Annapolis, held several conferences in New York this week during the meeting of the Football Coaches and the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

It is understood they reached a tentative agreement which has not yet been ratified by Navy officials. Relations between the two schools were severed in December, 1927, when the Naval Academy returned unsigned the contract for the 1928 football game, announcing it would schedule a team which did not abide by the three-year eligibility rule.

Army's position was that so long as a cadet at the Point was in good standing he should not be barred from its athletic teams and intercollegiate competition.

The terms of the tentative agreement now reached were not revealed but it is believed Navy has reversed its former stand and that athletic negotiations will be resumed with no strings attached. In that connection it may be pointed out that such universities as Yale, Harvard, Pittsburgh and Notre Dame play Army at football and other sports year after year with no question as to the eligibility of cadets who may have competed in varsity sports at some college or university before entering the Military Academy.

A. A. U. Secretary Sees Another Victory for U. S. in '32 Olympics

(NOTE: This is another of a series of stories written for the Associated Press by leaders in American sports, noting 1932 prospects on the basis of 1931 results.)

By Daniel J. Forrester (National Secretary, Amateur Athletic Union)

NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (AP)—For the 1932 Olympic games, Finland, our greatest rival for scoring honors since the war, has developed in 22-year-old Lauri Lehtinen an even greater runner than Paavo Nurmi.

A few years ago this seemed impossible. We all regarded Nurmi as a superman and did not expect to see his equal, at least not in this generation. Now Finland comes along and develops another who they claim will wipe from the record books all of Nurmi's marks. Although a comparative newcomer, he has run 1,500 meters, 3,000 meters, 2 miles, 5,000 meters and 3 miles during the past year in times only a fraction of a second behind the world's records held by Nurmi. During the past season he has scored several victories over the former invincible Paavo.

With such splendid material available as represented by Lehtinen, Nurmi, Virtanen, Iso-Hollo, Lavrva, Purje, Luukko and Ritola, Finland's hopes of making a clean sweep of all the distance running events on the Olympic program, from 1,500 meters to the marathon may be realized.

Despite these Finnish threats, I again expect the United States to score a decisive victory on points in the Olympic track and field competition.

America will send to the mark potential point winners in practically every event on the program. If one of our representatives fails to perform up to his standard, we may reasonably expect one of the other two to fill the gap.

No other country is yet in that position. All of the foreign nations, however, are gradually creeping up on the United States and America's margin of victory grows less each year.

The field events have always been America's mainstay. However, marked improvement is being shown in all parts of the world in the field events, and America's preeminence in this department is fast reaching an end.

Several nations which heretofore have not caused us much concern will be represented at Los Angeles by one or more potential winners. They include Italy, Hungary, Japan, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

DRIVE FOR OLYMPIC FUNDS

NORMAN, Okla., Jan. 2 (AP)—John Jacobs, University of Oklahoma track coach, is in charge of a drive to raise \$5,000 in the state to help finance the 1932 Olympic games in Los Angeles.

RICHARDS WINS FIRST INDOOR PRO NET TILT

NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (AP)—Playing one of his brilliant indoor games, Vincent Richards, former Davis Cup player and national professional singles champion, today won the first national indoor professional tennis match defeating Charlie Wood of Elmsford, N. Y., in three hard fought sets on the hard wood courts of the 71st Regiment Armory.

Richards won in straight sets 6-2, 6-4, 6-4.

Bill Tilden, present holder of the professional title, supervised the match and saw Richards win with a steady fire of cross court shots mixed with a brilliant net game.

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TOMMY ARMOUR INCREASES LEAD IN RICH MIAMI OPEN GOLF TOURNEY

Diminishing Football Receipts Force Curtailment of Spring Sports in South

BASEBALL LEAGUE MAY BE DISBANDED BY DIXIE SCHOOLS

Meeting in Atlanta Next Week Will Decide Future of Diamond Sport

By Dillon Graham
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

ATLANTA, Jan. 2 (AP)—Diminishing football receipts, such as enemy to intercollegiate athletic programs, again threaten to curtail spring sports at many southern schools.

Baseball, the least popular of the four major sports, generally is first hit as this slashing of sport schedules starts. Last year several large schools, including the University of Tennessee, eliminated the diamond game from their sports list, some because of "lack of interest," but most because of slim football money.

Continued slumps at the football box office this year have struck deeply into the minor sports programs at a number of Dixie schools and indications now are that the Dixie baseball league, looked upon as the savior of the diamond game at six schools, will be disbanded this season.

Mercer University of Macon, Ga., one of the largest of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association group, already has announced its withdrawal from the league because "football receipts of last season were not adequate to take care of the big expense baseball incurs."

Georgia, having just completed a successful football year, is ready to carry on in the league but the outlook isn't so bright at some of the other league schools. Florida plans to remain in the league and to establish better baseball facilities than ever before on its Gainesville campus.

Oglethorpe also hopes to continue in the baseball league but will limit its basketball to an intramural program. Auburn and Georgia Tech, the other members, may remain in the league, although talk of shorter schedules has come from these schools.

The baseball league will meet here next week to decide the fate of the league. Reports are that Clemson, South Carolina and Alabama would be interested in joining the circuit to replace any teams desiring to withdraw.

Most southern schools will support basketball teams but will cut down the number of games and road trips. Indications are that track, wrestling, boxing and golf, which generally rely on football to pay the bills, will be handled on a much smaller scale.

Definite announcements of drastic cuts in the minor sports schedule are expected within a short time from several schools.

Pirates' 16-Year-Old Rookies Framed Loss of Job for Diamond Start

By Paul Simmons
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

COLUMBIA, S. C., Jan. 2 (AP)—Brimming self-confidence is a dominant trait of Kirby Higbe, 16-year-old Columbia pitcher, who fought his way up from nowhere to a contract in the majors.

The young right-hander, who never played baseball in school, or anywhere else until a year or so ago, has signed with the Pittsburgh Pirates and will report to the National League club in February.

He got his start with the Columbia 1931 eastern championship American Legion junior team. He gained a berth on this outfit by sheer grit and a bit of strategy that resulted in his being "run off from his job" as a telegraph messenger boy.

His father, L. W. Higbe, Columbia traveling man, explained how "the kid's nerve" landed him on the Legion junior nine and won the major league contract.

"Kid Talk" Kirby told me, "he was going to play in the Legion team, they were going to beat everything down this way, and he would be signed by a big league club."

"I thought it was just 'kid talk,' but that's what happened—just like Kirby said. The same kind of stuff is going to be around the top in the big time circles."

When the slim youngster decided to play on the Legion team, his father did not want him to quit his "regular job" and the team manager did not want him on the nine. Kirby soon changed all that.

"Kicked" Upstairs He "framed up" with his "boss" to fire him from his messenger job. Then he organized his own team in a local National Guard loop.

Great Maryland Basketball Team Returns In Body To Make Another Bid for Southern Conference Title



Here's the Southern conference basketball championship squad of 1931, intact save one reserve, ready to defend their title. Only Bus Pitzer (left in front row) was lost by graduation. Others are front row, left to right: Ed Ronkin, Charlie May, "Shorty" Chalmers; back row, left to right: "Bozzy" Berger, Jack Norris, Bob Wilson and Morris Cohen.

COLLEGE PARK, Md., Jan. 2 (AP)—Southern Conference basketball players and coaches are groping around for a solution to the Maryland problem.

They couldn't find it last year and the Old Liners handily won the conference title, and the answer should be even more perplexing during the coming year for all of the regulars of the great Maryland team are back.

In addition, two of the reserves on the championship squad of eight are ready for the hardwood wars, and Maryland is going to make another bid for sectional and national basketball fame.

Reserve Alone Missing "Shorty" Chalmers and Ed Ronkin, forwards; Jack Norris, center; "Bozzy" Berger and Charlie May, guards; with

contract, was asked what he was going to do in the big leagues. His answer was brief: "I am going up there and do just like I did down here. I am going to make good."

He will receive \$500 when he reports to the Pirates on February 15 and \$300 a month and expenses the first season. After working out with Pittsburgh, he will be farmed to Wichita, Kan., of the Western association for seasoning until the Pirates recall him.

CHAMPIONS PLAY AT ST. AUGUSTINE

Four Former Winners Will Enter National Championship Golf Tourney

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Jan. 2 (Special)—The four former winners of the National Championship of Golf Club Champions, which will be contested on St. Augustine Links here, February 1 to 6, are expected to face the starter when the largest field ever assembled in this competition begins play in the club classic, now in its fifth season.

Perkins, representing the Fox Hills Golf Club, of Staten Island, N. Y., won last year after working his way through a field of champions from clubs in every part of the country, incidentally defeating Robert F. Wingate, of Jacksonville, first holder of the Championship of Golf Club Champions, in the semi-final round.

Wingate achieved his victory in 1928, and has been a contender in each succeeding competition. With C. D. Dunn, Jr., former Rollins College student, who was returned the winner in 1929, Wingate will lead a group of southern amateur stars representing clubs in a half dozen states.

Perkins' fellow title-holder in the northern ranks is Howard A. Tyrone, of Elmira, N. Y., who is now playing in Florida and is expected to make a bid for his second leg on the prize Travis trophy. Tyrone was absent from the contest last year, but is showing the best form of his career this season.

Perkins and Tyrone will be backed by a large contingent from New York, including a record representation from the Metropolitan district. One of the outstanding Empire State contenders is Jack B. Ryerson, of Cooperstown, N. Y., former Yale star and champion of the Coopers-

town Country Club for the last three years. Ryerson has played in five national amateur championships and has two legs on the Ponce de Leon Cup, emblematic of the winter amateur championship of Florida. He has won eight out of fifteen tournaments in which he played in 1931, including the Garden City, Coopers-town and Shawnee Fall invitations, exhibition grounds is finished.

TENNIS BOOMS IN BERLIN BERLIN, Jan. 2 (AP)—Winter accommodations for the capital's tennis enthusiasts will be ample as never before in 1932. Four huge tennis halls will be available when the work of remodeling two of the municipal town and Shawnee Fall invitations, exhibition grounds is finished.

town Country Club for the last three years. Ryerson has played in five national amateur championships and has two legs on the Ponce de Leon Cup, emblematic of the winter amateur championship of Florida. He has won eight out of fifteen tournaments in which he played in 1931, including the Garden City, Coopers-town and Shawnee Fall invitations, exhibition grounds is finished.

Bob Wilson, forward, and Fenchy Cohen, guard of the last year reserves, are back. Only Bus Pitzer, reserve, was lost.

Berger, first all-state, then all-Southern, and finally all-America, and Ed Ronkin, all-Southern, of the Old Line combination last season, appear better than ever, Coach Burton Shipley said.

Fresh Look Good And then Shipley has gained some fine talent in five freshmen tilters of last season who have the height and ability.

This quintet, composed of Spencer Chase and Robert Snyder, forwards; Rufus Vincent, center, and Alton Buscher and Wilbur Wright, guards, averages over six feet in height, and some of the varsity boys

will have to keep stepping to hold their jobs.

Average Six Feet The varsity regulars stack up a little more than six feet in height on an average and their weight ranges from 155 to 183. Chalmers alone is a Marylander, however.

Berger and Wilson are from the District of Columbia; Ronkin from New York, and Norris is a Pennsylvanian. Summing up the situation, Coach Shipley says the combined talent of the varsity and the newcomers from the freshmen of 1931 "gives the best material Maryland has boasted in its basketball history."

Maryland won the conference championship after defeating Kentucky in the finals of the conference tournament in Atlanta last spring.

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RACE RESULTS

Courtesy
Monroe News Bureau
227 Deland St.

Havana Results

FIRST RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Fast Storm (Gilbert) ... 7-5
Indebted (Natalie) ... 1-2
Ugly Muzz (Mitchell) ... 1-2
Sponio RACE—1/4 furlongs: Precious Ann and
Wolla life also ran.
THIRD RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Preferred (Roderick) ... 2-50
Abolition (Roderick) ... 4-5
Mr. Evers (Pernia) ... 6-5
Cherry Max (Clarifier) ... Ruth Marie, Fast
List and Shandy Golf also ran.
THIRD RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Abolition (Roderick) ... 2-50
Donday (McCrossen) ... 1-2
Ponchar (Roderick) ... 4-5
Chilly Gal (Kewatin) ... Dave Miller and
Justus also ran.
FOURTH RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Gibson (Roderick) ... 1-2
Overhead (Erre) ... 1-2
Aronson (Roderick) ... 1-2
Swarm also ran.
FIFTH RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Winnie Jo (Cox) ... 4-5
Thistle Dee (Fisher) ... 4-5
THIRD RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Sun Worship (Roderick) ... 2-50
Little Convent (Roderick) ... 2-50
Eve Sky (Watson) ... 4-5
Justus (Gilbert) ... 4-5
Anopka (Torillo) ... Hypoluxo, Johnny
Cannell, Disapproved, Belgium and Fair
Vagary also ran.

Tropical Park Results

FIRST RACE—About 2 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Bulles (Carter) ... 5-52
Wise Angel (Smock) ... 2-80
Yonkers Flash ... Lady Zint, Concern
and Glory also ran.
SECOND RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Miss Rumpelstiltskin ... 1-2
Sioyay Kay (Horn) ... 2-80
Mont Dorraine (Stout) ... 4-5
Borealis, Big Slam, Jessie Coppage and
Evelyn also ran.
THIRD RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Rumpelstiltskin ... 1-2
Star Royal (Corbett) ... 1-2
Loyal Princess, Miss Jamison, Blue Nile,
Clarinia and Ruby also ran.
FOURTH RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Demeter (Horn) ... 2-80
Star Dance (Stout) ... 4-5
Black Stock (Carter) ... 4-5
Orbit, Mousie, Boulder, Mr. Dick and
Volvener also ran.
FIFTH RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Scatter Brigade (Stell) ... 8-80
Vander Gold (Arthur) ... 4-5
Wander Gold (Arthur) ... 4-5
SIXTH RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Blue Lady (Phillips) ... 2-80
Spanfair (Miller) ... 2-80
Delude, Frank Grossman, Slash and Vol
also ran.
SEVENTH RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Fair Bull (Arthur) ... 3-24
Muff (Stout) ... 3-10
June Moon, Nemo, Pretty Penny, Lord
Concord and Maudslo also ran.

Jefferson Park Results

FIRST RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Dear Nannie (Rose) ... 20-40
Blow Fly (Elston) ... 5-80
Hells Low (Kub) ... Balance All, Becky
E. George Jr. and Big Blue also ran.
SECOND RACE—1/4 furlongs: 1-2 1-4
Shackelford (McCorr) ... 4-40
Slick (Roderick) ... 4-40
Pat, Clara (Rose) ... Highland Chief, Rube
Goldberg (one of their friends), and
St. Paul (where Mr. Fitzgerald came
from). I spelled two and a half
words right, giving me the required
mark of fifty.

The arithmetic test consisted of two questions, the first of which was: If four sailors go into a corner grocery store and buy three cakes of soap, at five cents a cake, what is it? The answer was, tar soap. The other question was: Give the telephone number, residence and business of five successful stevedores. In this test I scored one hundred, or as the examiners called it, a sweep.

In English literature we were required to name the criminal in the three following stories from "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"—"The Speckled Band," "The Engineer's Thumb," and "The Copper Beeches." I got the first two all right, but by the time I came to the third, the gin which was then passed around between every two questions, began to make me sleepy, and I wrote down "Never mind." However, I had won low medal score and the next thing on the program was football.

I shall never forget the first day I reported for football practice. Now, at New Haven, they have a field so big that they call it the Bowl. Our field at Lancaster was so small that they called it the Ash Tray. The Yale team was then being coached by John Paul Jones, a grandfather of Ted Jones. Ted Coy was the captain, but there was a rule that if, on the first day of practice, any candidates appeared who were more beautiful than the captain, he supplanted the last named. Thus it was that I captained Yale in my freshman year.

All the chairs were taken half hour before the big game started. There must have been one hundred and twelve people in the Ash Tray. First the Harvard partisans would give their cry—"Mind over matter, men! Mind over matter!"—and from across the Tray the Yaleans would shout back: "Fight for Old Eli and Root for Elihu, Root!" The rival bands played their battle hymns, Harvard's melodious "Break the News to Mothers," vying with the Yale classic, "Ridi, Paggiacchi!"

I hardly tried in the first half and we failed to score. Harvard was also held scoreless. In our dressing room, between the halves, Coach Jones led into some of the men's mercilessly telling them their faults. "Hoffelinger," he shouted at a big guard, "you didn't clean your nails this morning. As for you, Coy, you quit tickling Thorne in the back of the neck from now on." And so forth. He criticized everybody but me.

Most of the second half went by motion to reduce Ruth's salary. Babe probably will recede from his original position. He is not yet ready to resign, for he is sure that his bag contains some 100 home runs and he wishes to get cash value for them.

After his regular playing days are over, Ruth can pinch hit for a season or so, and then perhaps achieve his ambition to become a manager.

Unless the unexpected happens, the great Babe is not yet near the end of the long baseball trail.

For Service Rendered Friends of Ruth, counter with the statement that Ruth draws the spectators to the baseball game and any athlete, baseball player, boxer, tennis player or what have you, should be paid on the basis of the cash customers he can coax through the turnstiles. In some places they still call the Yankee Stadium "The park that Ruth built."

If the Colonel stands pat on a

Ring Lardner's Memoirs

By Ring Lardner

CHAPTER VIII

To the Editor: All this happened in the summer of my seventeenth year and in the fall I made up my mind to go to college. As told in a previous chapter, I had decided to start in at the University of Michigan, but at the last moment I received a better offer from Yale, and the first day of September found me in Lancaster, where Yale was then located, ready to take my entrance examinations.

Entrance examinations at that time were a great deal more exacting than at the present day. One had to pass with a grade of fifty in at least three

and still there was no score. The crowd had gone home stiff.

(Editor's note: The author probably means "bored stiff.")

(Author's note: The H—ll I do!) Finally the field judge stopped the game to find out what time it was. He was a painter and couldn't work after four-thirty. The players watches all disagreed and the officials ruled that it was four-thirty-nine, which was what his cousin Charley Brickley's watch said. With a minute to play I uncorked the trick I had been holding in reserve all through the game. I neglected to mention that two days prior to the battle we had

sent Harvard a set of our signals and they, knowing every play as it was called, were able to stop it. But now I called a signal which was not in the set we had sent them. It was for Jim Beaman to deflect the ball, peek it up and send it back to the manufacturers with a complaint that it was defective. The mail box was in back of Harvard's goal line and the Harvard team stood aside and allowed him to make the touchdown, never suspecting that the ball was in that neatly wrapped bundle. That is the true story of my big victory over Harvard, 5 to 1.

(Copyright, 1931, Bell Syndicate, Inc.) (The next installment of Lardner's memoirs will appear next Sunday)

major studies. I selected spelling, arithmetic, and English literature. I can still recall the five words we were asked to spell, namely, Scott Fitzgerald, Zelda Fitzgerald, Scotty Fitzgerald (their daughter), Rube Goldberg (one of their friends), and St. Paul (where Mr. Fitzgerald came from). I spelled two and a half words right, giving me the required mark of fifty.

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If the Colonel stands pat on a

BILL MEHLHORN IS 7 STROKES BEHIND LEADER WITH 146

Detroit Pro Adds 71 to His 68 Of Day Before to Pace Large Field

MIAMI, Jan. 2 (AP)—Tommy Armour of Detroit recovered from a bad start today to increase his lead in the \$2,500 Miami open golf tournament with a stellar 68-71-139 for the 36-hole day distance.

Bill Mehlhorn of New York, who captured first money in the 1930 \$15,000 LaGrone open tournament, was the only one who could come near the British open champion as today's play ended. He scored a 73 for the day, repeating an earlier score for the day count 146, seven strokes behind Armour.

Four players were tied in next place with 147s. They were Arnold Bob Gray, Yonkers, N. Y.; John Kinder, Caldwell, N. J.; Eddie Williams, Cleveland, and Henri Cucci, Mill River, Conn.

Lee Chase, Buffalo, retained his lead of the Simon pures in the tournament, with 150 for his two days' play.

Joe Turnesa, Elmsford, N. Y., defending champion, was well back of Armour with a 149.

By virtue of his lead tightening victory, Tommy established his skill further as a favorite to win the opening event of the Florida winter season.

Tommy stroked a magic set of clubs on the way back to the clubhouse, and reported a 33 for the last nine holes, three under par, and tying with his last nine his mark during yesterday's record-breaking 68.

The golfing caravan, playing its first winter tourney along the Florida Gold Coast, will tee off early tomorrow to get in the last 36 holes of the tournament before night.

Len Mattson, of St. Paul, dark horse, led the field for some time today with a 148, but was forced to relinquish his lead as the late finishers came in. Arnold Bob Gray, Yonkers, N. Y., playing his second season in Florida, lowered Mattson's mark in late afternoon and was tied by three others.

The first 64 professionals and the first 20 amateurs were counted qualifiers tonight.

PLAN GOLF DUEL LONDON, Jan. 2 (AP)—Never too old to play 18 holes is the motto of S. T. Lancaster and T. S. Pattison. Lancaster, 83, was challenged by Pattison, 82, to a round of golf and promptly accepted. They plan to play it off next March, when the weather's milder.

right, by discarding your old misfitting teeth that's a pain to you and an "eye sore" to your friends. Don't spend the balance of your days trying to keep a set of "wobbly, whistling" teeth in your mouth. Come on up and let me make you a perfect fitting set, that fills out the lines in your face, so you can look years younger. You can laugh with the rest of the crowd and not be afraid of losing your teeth. When you "put" them in they stay "put." My crowns, inlays, bridges and filling and dentures can't be beaten. An investigation is what I am asking—if I can't please you, it won't cost you a cent. If you are satisfied, O. K."

My New Year's Gift to You! Good Until January 15, Only

Genuine Truebite Gold Pin Teeth set in beautiful life-like and life-time Hecolite \$22.50

The very best Vulcarite with perfect fitting teeth \$12.50

I am giving you and you are saving from \$50 to \$100

I HAVE A FULLY EQUIPPED X-RAY ROOM X-RAY ENTIRE MOUTH—\$7.50

You take no chances! The man doesn't exist who does BETTER WORK or uses FINER MATERIAL than I do. EXTRACTIONS ARE PAINLESS and FREE when other work is done. MATERIAL and WORKMANSHIP THE BEST.

If you can duplicate the cheap set of teeth I make for three times the amount, I'll give them to you.

Out-of-town patients finished in one day. Every piece of work is made in my laboratory by the finest Technician South.

Examinations FREE Extractions painless; with or without gas.

Office Hours: 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. DR. R. T. HARBERSON, Dentist Sun., 8 A. M. to Noon E. C. ROSE, Technician

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THREE BIG LEAGUE MANAGERS CLIMB ONTO QUAKING THRONES THIS YEAR

Rabbit Punch Originating in Australia Now Used in Many Sports, Says Edgren

GRID CASUALTIES CAUSED PARTIALLY BY USE OF HANDS

Boxing and Now Football Suffer From Use of Illegal Blow to Neck

By Robert Edgren

A long time ago some English gentleman thought it would be a bright idea to import rabbits into Australia, there being no rabbits at all in Australia up to that date. That's where the trouble started that is now causing all sorts of discussion and wrangling in the football world, having done the same thing to the boxing world for several years before this.

Australian climate evidently agreed with rabbits more than any other climate in the world. The rabbits multiplied until they overran the country and became such a pest that Australians began having rabbit drives to kill them off. Shooting them by the million took too much ammunition, but someone discovered that a tap behind the ears would kill a rabbit dead and Pharaoh's cat. So they corralled their rabbits and tapped them behind the ears with sticks.

Australia was a great boxing country. Some Australian boxer tried the rabbit killing trick on an opponent, chopping at the back of his neck behind the ears with the edge of the gloved hand. A few chops made the opponent show evidence of being woozy, which made it easy to finish him with a tap on the chin. The new punch was called the "rabbit punch." In no time at all, Australian fighters were rushing over to America with the new invention—that and the kidney punch that was discovered in Australia at about the same time. Old-timers still remember the era during which Australian fighters overran the American rings and flattened nearly everybody who opposed them. But then American fighters began using a rabbit punch, too, with such effect that rules were made against these more or less deadly blows and they were strictly barred.

Still these blows are used, now and then, and the fighters get away with it where referees don't know their business, and there are plenty of referees who don't. Some of the beefy behemoths seen in our rings these past two or three years have been allowed to hold and rabbit punch, on the plea that they don't know how to hit right and it would take years to teach them, and they are great drawing cards at the gate because of their bulk, so it would be a pity to bar them for a mere technicality.

Modify Rabbit Punch

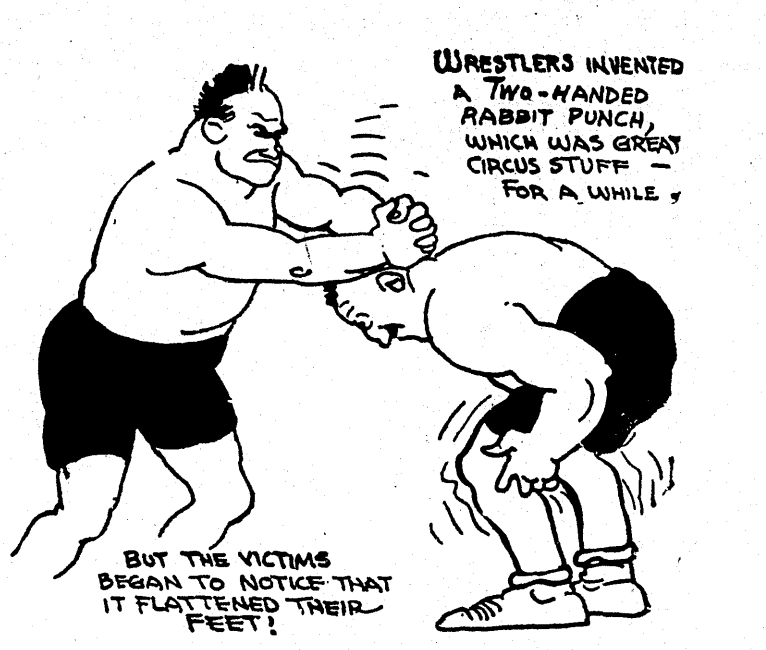
The rabbit punch came back last year in wrestling, and for a time was very popular. First place, nobody seems to care much what happens to a wrestler anyway. The grapplers improved the rabbit punch, locking their hands together and bringing the bunch of fists and wrists down on the opponent's head. The opponent bends forward to look for a toe hold. If you don't think this hurts get somebody to try it on you once, but don't pick some guy who weighs 260 pounds and has hands like hams. No sooner had the double rabbit punch become popular than it was noticed that wrestlers tottered about the streets with unusually severe expressions, and couldn't find their hotels. This little idiosyncrasy might not have made much stir, in the case of wrestlers, but it was also noticed that wrestlers were developing flat feet. Circus wrestlers with flat feet can't do their stuff. They are a drug on the market. They can't dive out of the ring gracefully and they fail to amuse the spectators. Investigation placed responsibility for the flat feet on the constant two-hand pounding on the back of the neck—the grappler rabbit punch. Commissioners rushed to bar it and save the grappling game.

Wears Players Down

By this time the rabbit punch might be forgotten if it hadn't popped up again this past year on several thousand football fields. The object of football is to wear the opposing team down until it can't get out of its tracks, and then score goals. No matter what the fine theorists say, that always has been the object of football. That's one of the reasons why, also this past year, all successful teams have used armies of substitutes and kept them running out on the field to replace everyone who showed signs of slowing up.

Under ordinary conditions it is hard to wear down a good, tough football team. Not many years ago football teams were proud of their record when the same eleven men could play the whole game without a substitution. That was the old-fashioned idea. With so many substitutions of late the ordinary means of wearing men down and slowing them up became obsolete. Then, apparently, someone thought of the rabbit punch, like prizefighting rules, and on defense players can use their hands without much restriction. At first, it was just a jarring slap at the back of the neck, then a cut with the edge of the hand, not emphatic enough to attract the referee's notice. Then an insidious closing of the fingers and

SPORTS THROUGH EDGREN'S EYES



Tennis Head Reports Great Year for Sport During Season of 1931

By Louis J. Carruthers (President, United States Lawn Tennis Association)

NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (AP)—The golden jubilee year in lawn tennis in the United States has closed. The United States Lawn Tennis Association, which fosters and rules the amateur game, was organized in 1881 and has grown and flourished through the passing years. Experience has ripened its judgment and broadened its influence and it now stands as one of the strongest and most influential sports organizations in the world.

Substantially reduced resources will compel real economies in the administration of the game by the national and sectional associations during the coming year. Programs and expenditures will be curtailed although we have accepted Great Britain's challenge for the Wightman Cup and have again challenged for the Davis Cup.

The past year has been filled with interest to followers of the game. The Davis Cup, greatest of all international events, attracted 23 nations. With the exception of Wimbledon, which played against Mexico, an entirely new team of young players (Gregory Mangin, Francis X. Shields, Clifford Sutter and Sidney B. Wood) was selected to represent the United States in the American Zone matches and won with comparative ease from Mexico, Canada and Argentina.

After the American Zone matches, Shields and Wood sailed for England, where they were joined by George Lott and John Van Ryn, and this team, captained by Samuel Hardy, participated in the All-England championships at Wimbledon. Shields and Wood reached the finals in the singles, where Shields defeated his teammate on account of an injury to his knee. The doubles were won by Lott and Van Ryn, and the mixed doubles by Mrs. L. A. Harper and Lott.

With this fine record of achievement, our team traveled to Paris to play Great Britain, the winner in the European Zone. We knew the danger that lay before us, yet we had high hopes of success. Could we but win the interzone match our chance of final victory would be great, for we confidently counted on winning two singles matches and the doubles from France.

Two young Englishmen (H. W. Austin and Ferd Perry), fine representatives of the country that cradled the game, accomplished our defeat. Great credit is due them and the country they represented, and also the French team (Cochet, Borotra and Brugnon) which by the close margin of three to two defeated the British team in the challenge round and retained the cup—Borotra, that great player and sportsman, losing to both Austin and Perry. Great will be the loss to the game if, as has been reported, Borotra will not again take part in Davis Cup matches.

We should be foolish indeed to say that out of this year's experience has come a knowledge which, if applied, will enable us to win back the cup. Many important factors combine each year and it is difficult to determine which are dominant but I venture to say that some of those which, perhaps, had an adverse effect this year will be overcome in 1932. For challenge we will, and win we will again, though no one can say that it will be in the coming year.

Aside from our Davis Cup defeat, the outstanding feature of 1931 was the advent of a new national champion—H. Ellsworth Vines, Jr., of Pasadena, Calif. Vines has every reason to feel proud of his great victory. The climax of an exceptional season. George Lott failed to seize his opportunity, in the final round at Forest Hills.

Mrs. Frederick S. Moody again demonstrated that she has no real rival. Her decisive victory over Mrs. Whitnigall of Great Britain, the former Miss Eileen Bennett, in the national singles championship and over Miss Betty Nuthall and Miss Phyllis Muford, chosen as the No. 1 and No. 2 players on the British Wightman Cup team, demonstrated

FURMAN COACH TAKES TIME TO PICK STAFF

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 2 (AP)—A new coach should never be in a hurry to pick his assistants.

That's the philosophy of Paul "Dizzy" McLeod, newly appointed head football coach at Furman University, who deliberately left the city for the holidays without so much as giving a hint of who he will select to help train the Purple Hurricane.

"I want to take plenty of time to pick my staff," McLeod said. "It is an important thing, and I don't want to take a chance of making a mistake."

Jones and Travers Were Most Successful Match Players, Says Outmet

By Francis Outmet (Present Amateur and Former Open Champion)

The two most successful match players that this country has developed among the amateur golfers have been Jerome D. Travers and Bobby Jones and their methods of procedure have been quite different.

Travers for example played his man and went about the task of beating an opponent by matching strokes. His game was geared in such a way that his own play depended entirely upon what his adversary offered. I have seen Jerry on the way to a title display a brand of golf that seemed poor indeed at times and still when the big test came he was ready to put across a brilliant shot or hole a telling putt that won him the match.

At Garden City as long ago as 1913 Travers was far from his best form and had many a close battle. In the first round, which was an eighteen hole match, he lost the first brilliant hole in his match against Bob Watson, and sensing the danger point, rallied and won out by the seemingly comfortable margin of four up and three to play. He had the rare faculty of being able to play just well enough to win his matches. He could miss a shot here and there but he never missed something that was going to definitely put him out of the running. Travers was a great golfer with as fine a match play temperament as anyone could possibly have.

Jones Plays Against Card

Directly opposite was the system of Bobby Jones. For years Bobby had worked his way to the semi-final round only to fall by the wayside although an analysis of his defeats will clearly show that his opponent invariably ran crazy and won because of a sustained stretch of brilliant play. In 1922 he met Sweetser at the Country Club when the latter was playing superbly. Jess opened up a long lead with a fine 69 in the morning round and won going away by eight up and seven to go. The year following at Flomson, Max Marston did the same thing. From that time on Bobby realized that though the competition was match play it was useless for him to try and match shot for shot with an opponent.

Therefore he changed his system of play in 1924 and from that time developed into a great match player. To reach this standard of excellence he forgot about matching strokes with the other golfer and played against the card. It mattered nothing to him what the opponent did on the way to a green. Bobby's objective was to make the hole in the required number of strokes and succeeding he allowed this to stand up against the efforts of the other. And I would like to state here and now that there is nothing that can disrupt one's more in match play than to be playing against an opponent who is rattling off holes in par figures.

In the first half of the final match with Wethered in the British amateur championship of 1930, both Bobby and Wethered reached the turn in 35 strokes. They stood even. It had all the earmarks of a great battle for Wethered was holding his own without any difficulty. On the last nine Jones still reeling off par after par opened up the commanding lead of five holes. Each hole upon which Roger made a mistake Bobby went to cash in and as I have said it got so on Wethered's nerves

ARMY SERGEANT HACKS DAUGHTER, 15, TO DEATH

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 2 (AP)—Sergeant Charlie Long, stationed at Fort Moultrie, hacked his 12-year-old daughter to death with a butcher knife and hatchet today and wounded his wife and small son in what police said was a drunken rage.

Long then slashed his own throat. Physicians at a hospital here said he was in a serious condition.

Ermogod, 12, was the daughter killed. She died shortly after being taken to the hospital.

Mrs. Long was hacked about the head, arms and shoulders. The small son was cut on the head, but physicians said he would recover.

GONZAGA TO MEET HUSKIES

SEATTLE, Jan. 2 (AP)—After a lapse of 17 years Gonzaga University, Spokane, has gained a place on the University of Washington football schedule. Earl Campbell, graduate manager of Washington, recently signed the Gonzales Bulldogs for the opening game of next season for the Huskies. The last contest between the schools was in 1915 when Washington, then coached by Gil Dobie, defeated Gonzaga, 20 to 7.

FONSECA, GIBSON AND CAREY TAKE OVER HARD TASKS

Managerial Jobs at Chicago, Pittsburgh and Brooklyn Not So Soft

By William Braucher (NEA Service Sports Editor)

NEW YORK, Jan. 2—When it was announced that Lew Fonseca had accepted the job as manager of the Chicago White Sox, his pal, Tom Laird, sports editor of the San Francisco News, sent him appropriate condolences, concluding his message with these words:

"I am sure to buy myself a seismograph."

A seismograph is one of those things the scientists use to detect and record tremors and other mundane vibrations. The invention was said to have originated in Mr. Laird's home town, but this has been generally denied.

The sinister meaning Laird meant to convey was that White Sox managers always must be packed and ready. Lena Blackburne or any of the other half dozen managers the Sox have had in the last few years could and would confirm the advice.

But Lew is not the only man to whom such a kindly warning might be given. Take over in Brooklyn, for instance, or in Pittsburgh. Shouldn't Max Carey of the Robinsins and George Wilson of the unipractical Pirates also have the advantage of one of those mechanical ears-to-the-ground? The answer is yes, in any language.

To put it another way, the jobs of managing the White Sox, Robins and Pirates are just like sitting on a throne which consists of a saddle fastened to the spine of a bucking bronco. You might stretch a point and call Lew, Max and George "The Three Horsemen of 1932."

Wars have a way of breaking out suddenly between the office and the bench in these three baseball plants. Sudden disturbances have unseated such good men as Kild Gleason, "Pants" Rowland, John Evers, Eddie

Collins, Ray Schalk, Lena Blackburne, Donie Bush, Bill McKechnie, Jewel Ems and Wilbert Robinson.

Strangely, the three men named as victims for next season, have felt these shocks before and each time have come up whole. Fonseca has been given the gate here and there in his 11-year baseball career. After a disturbance in 1920 in Frisco, he took up the mighty task of managing an outlaw club at Smithfield, Utah. Later on Lew attained the dignity of being let loose by Cincinnati, so he can stand almost anything.

Carey, whose job will be to try to teach the Flatbush Balmness Boys that second base, when occupied, should not be stolen more than three times in one inning, served the Pirates for 15 years, after which he was handsomely rewarded by being sold to Brooklyn at the waiver price in 1926. He might drop a line to George Gibson and tell him all about that, too.

Now all that Carey has to do is satisfy a Brooklyn clientele that through the years had come to look upon Uncle Robbie as a member of the family. Uncle Robbie could drop Max a line about that Flatbush front office, too.

George Gibson, over at Pittsburgh, like Carey has enjoyed the distinction of being canned by the Pirates once before. After starring for years as a catcher for the Dreyfuss outfit, Gibson was suffered to sever his connections with the team to become coach of the New York Giants back in 1916. Like Fonseca and Carey, he doesn't have to be told, after all.

BADGER FROSH CAGERS TOLD TO IGNORE FANS

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 2 (AP)—Dr. Walter E. Meanwell, basketball coach at the University of Wisconsin, is insuring future varsity players against stage fright.

Under his plan the freshman squad has been divided into four teams which play short games for spectators awaiting the opening whistle at varsity contests.

The four freshmen teams have been named after four Badger stars of Meanwell's first undefeated conference championships—Van Gent, Van Riper, Scoville and Stangel. All four won all-Western honors.

"As the freshmen get used to playing before large crowds, free from interruptions for coaching, they will gradually cut down the margin which the varsity has on them now," Dr. Meanwell said.

GIVE Yourself A Raise! In 1932

At this time, your boss may not be in a position to give you a raise. Then why not give yourself one? It isn't hard to do. Just systematize your financial program. Open a savings account, and make regular weekly deposits of what you can afford. You won't miss it. And before long you will have an income outside of your earnings. You will be well along then toward financial independence. Many moderate-salaried men get ahead this way and become the greater salaried men of tomorrow.

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GUILTY LIPS

By LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

Author of "MAD MARRIAGE"

and "HEART HUNGRY"

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CHAPTER I

The traffic signals flashed from red to green. With a grating roar the big truck shot forward, cleaving a path-way down the center of the crowded thoroughfare. Street car bells jangled and a bright blue roadster swerved sharply. It was 5:30 p.m. on a busy downtown street of Marlboro, that rapidly growing industrial stronghold of the middle west, with its close to a million population, its swarming mills and factories, its interminable odor of coal smoke. Tired men and women were heading homeward after a day of toil. Hurrying. Impatient. The throats of motor vehicles chafed at one another. Pedestrians on the sidewalks elbowed their way rudely.

And then the shrill cry cut the air. It was frightened, high-pitched. It came from the center of the street where the heavy wheels of the huge truck had just passed. A wailing, plaintive note of tremulous terror.

The girl in the gray suit was first to see what had happened. "Oh," she cried, stopping horrified, "Oh, can't somebody help him?" She swung about wildly, caught the arm of the young man who was passing.

"Look!" the girl exclaimed. "There by the car tracks! He'll be killed!"

"What—?" the youth began and then stopped short as his eyes followed her pointing finger. Involuntarily his lips tightened. With an exclamation that was half-smothered he sprang into the street.

Somewhere a man shouted. Others who turned to look swore abruptly. There was the grueling noise of hastily released brakes. The street which a moment before had been a smooth flowing artery of traffic was suddenly disorganized, chaotic.

The girl in gray stood quite still. Her face was very white now. A feminine voice in the little knot of spectators that had gathered on the sidewalk cried hysterically, "He's got it! Look—he's got it!"

As quickly as that the tension snapped. The watchers saw the young man stoop and pick up a tiny, bedraggled bundle that whimpered and wriggled. Though the light in the traffic tower still gleamed emerald obliging motorists waited, clearing the way for the youth, carrying the bundle now, to return to the sidewalk.

He came straight to the girl in gray. The young man was grinning. "Here he is," he said, shifting the load in his arms slightly. "Good as new, too. Not even scratched!"

"Oh, I'm so glad. Isn't he—precious?"

A half dozen of those who had been watching the little drama closed about the couple for a better view.

"Why, it's a dog!" exclaimed a shrill-voiced woman. "Just a puppy. My land! That young man might have got himself killed just—!" The speaker turned away in disgust, her words dying in the distance.

"Is it all right if I pet his head, Miss?" a small boy with a load of newspapers slung across one shoulder wanted to know. "Gee, that was a close call!"

The girl nodded, smiling. She had taken the tiny animal from the arms of the young man. Some of the spectators who lingered eyed the youth curiously; more were looking at the girl. She was such a pretty girl. Slender and not over five feet four inches tall in her trim, high-heeled pumps. The gray suit and small black hat she wore were indistinguishable from the garb of hundreds of others in the army of girl workers but the black hat was pushed back, revealing a broad forehead and dark-fringed, wide-set eyes. The ivory pink of her coloring was flawless and natural-looking. Below the hat brim there was visible just a trace of softly waving taffy-colored hair.

The pup snuggled close to the girl's coat, apparently content. What a woeful, neglected specimen of dog life he was! Frowzy gray-brown fur standing out askew where it was not matted to his underdeveloped body. Ancestry only to be guessed at. Scandalous certainly! Age probably three months.

The puppy raised two eyes of utter trust to the girl's and nuzzled a cool little nose, soft as velvet, beneath her protecting fingers.

"Mr-ph!" it barked in infantile dog language.

"Mr-ph!"

"Why, he looks like Charlie Chaplin. Honestly, doesn't he?" the girl exclaimed laughing.

No mistaking it. There certainly was about the pup something of the unconscious pathos and whimsical clowning of Hollywood's funny man with the derby hat, big shoes and cane.

"Does for a fact," agreed the young man.

At that moment the tiny mongrel was completely captivated. Others had drifted away, the youngster with the newspapers last to go. The youth who had rescued the puppy looked down at him.

"Cute little beggar!" he said. How'd he get away from you? Don't you think you should keep him on a leash?"

"Oh, he isn't mine!"

"Not yours? You mean he isn't your dog?"

The girl shook her head. "I wish he were," she admitted. "I think he's adorable. It was brave of you to go out there and save him. In another minute I know he'd have been killed. I thought for a moment one of those cars was going to hit you!"

The youth shrugged. "Nothing to that," he said. "Say, I kind of like the little beggar myself. Cute way he's got of wrinking up his nose!"

The pup chose that instant to repeat his miniature yelp. "Mr-ph! Mr-ph! A warm tongue like a bit of moist pink flannel licked the girl's finger.

"He's probably trying to say that he's hungry," the girl decided. "I wonder—what do you suppose we should do with him?"

At the sound of that "we" the young man's face brightened. His eyes had been on the girl almost constantly. It was an eager, openly admiring glance.

"That's for you to decide. You saved his life."

"Oh, but you were the one who did that!"

"Well, then, I relinquish my claim. Anyhow the hound's adopted you. Never saw a more contented pooch in my life."

The stream of pedestrians passed about them. These two who had never before seen one another were talking like old acquaintances.

The girl raised her head and the young man set to marveling that eyes so dark hued could be blue. Blue they certainly were. Never until that moment, he decided, had he seen eyes that were really blue. The exquisite small nose, the slightly full lips, carmined to the current vogue, were after thoughts in the inventory. Yes, by George, the girl was a beauty!

She seemed oblivious to this fact. There was not the slightest trace of self-consciousness about her. Oblivious,

too, she felt as to whether the youth before her were tall or short, cross-eyed or wizen-faced.

He straightened, frowning slightly. Couldn't she just for one moment look at him as though she really saw him? It was a jolt to his complaisance. Not for the world would he have admitted consciousness that his well-cut profile resembled a certain motion picture star, that the straight line of his dark brow was a daily gratification, or that his rangy height and broad shoulders set off perfectly the excellent tailoring of his dark suit. None of these things would he have admitted and yet they were all true.

Easily he said, "Look here, let me get a cab. We'll get away from this crowd and then we can decide what to do with the pup."

The smile died in the girl's eyes. She shook her head. "No thank you. I'll manage some way—"

"Oh, but that's not fair! I feel in duty bound to keep tab on that mongrel's future welfare."

She relented faintly. "I'm afraid you'll have to trust me about that. Anyhow I think the first thing to do is to try to find his owner. Tomorrow I'll advertise."

"Advertise? For that—?"

He pointed contemptuously toward the pup. There was disbelief, laughter in his voice.

The girl's chin raised. "Yes," she said, "and until I find his owner he'll have a good home. We'll get along all right." She sought his eyes for an instant, hesitated and then added, "Good night," as she turned and started northward.

She had not gone half a dozen steps when the youth was beside her. He touched her arm.

"Listen," he urged, "there are a lot of things I want



NORMA KENT

to talk to you about. Didn't I meet you one evening at the Marigold? No, that's not it. I mean—er—the Palais Royal? I'm sure I did. I've been wanting to see you again. Don't hurry away like this—"

She had stopped and was watching him as he floundered for the words. Into the wide blue eyes that had seemed so guileless a moment before there flashed a look of swift hostility, followed instantly by a show of cool indifference. The transformation was startling. It was something that never should have been seen on the face of one so young.

But the youth took no notice. "If you won't let me take you to dinner," he went on, "how about tomorrow? Where can I telephone you?" He had pulled a memorandum book and pencil from his vest pocket. "Say," he grinned boyishly, "I don't remember how to spell your name. Mine's Travers—in case you've forgotten. Mark Travers."

"No, Mr. Travers," the words snapped sharply. "Not tonight—or any night. Better go back to the Marigold and find the girl you met there. It wasn't I."

Traffic had halted at the intersection and a taxicab, vividly colored, pulled up near the curb. The girl had turned away, suddenly thought better of it and wheeled toward the street. She signaled the driver and darted out toward the cab. Another moment and she was inside. The street light glowed green again and with a jerk the cab moved forward.

"Where to, lady?" asked the driver.

She gave the address, then leaned back against the leather seat. A frightened whimper from the puppy made her hold the little animal closer. Over her shoulder the girl caught a swift glance at a disconsolate young man, tall and very well tailored, standing on the curb and looking after the disappearing taxicab.

It was a drive of 15 minutes before the vehicle halted and the girl stepped to the sidewalk. A young man wearing a tweed suit came to meet her. He was smiling.

"I was beginning to think I had missed you," he said. "Here, let me take care of that—!" One hand dug into a trousers pocket and came forth with a collection of coins. He had settled the fare and turned about before he noticed the small dog.

The girl caught his glance. "Isn't he cute?" she said eagerly. "Oh, Bob, the poor little fellow was nearly killed! Right out in the middle of Broad Street he was. A truck almost ran over him. Frightened to death, too! But he's over that now. See? Look at that little tail waggle, will you?"

They both laughed.

"So that's what kept you?" Bob Farrell exclaimed. "Well, I think the pup got a lucky break. What are you going to do with him?"

"Keep him—until I can find a better home for him."

"Be sort of a nuisance, won't he?"

"I can manage. Besides, I couldn't leave him there to be killed!"

"No. I suppose not. Well—the situation calls for action."

The action Bob Farrell had in mind went into effect forthwith. There was a quick visit to the corner five and ten store where Farrell purchased the smallest dog collar on the counter and then a leash. It was necessary to punch an additional hole into the collar before it could be fastened around the puppy's neck. Once secure, they returned to the restaurant before which the taxicab had halted.

Five minutes later the girl and young man faced each other across a candlelighted table. The puppy had curled into a comfortable ball at their feet.

"Have a hard day, Norma?"

"No—oo!" Norma Kent considered the question, raised her voice faintly as she answered. "It wasn't especially hard but I'm glad it's over. I'm always glad when a day's done. What have you been doing?"

Farrell grinned. "Oh, rubbed the dust off some filthy old volumes in Kemper and Kemper's law library. I've been looking up references for a suit over some property. Spent most of yesterday at the same job. Better order, hadn't we?"

The waitress handed them a card and departed. Farrell studied the menu. There was nothing whatever about this young man to suggest the youth who had aided Norma in the dog's rescue. Bob Farrell was not so tall as the other, squarely built yet not with excess poundage. His tweed business clothes made no pretense at elegant tailor-



MARK TRAVERS

ing. The suit was as casual, probably as inexpensive as Norma Kent's.

There was friendliness about the young man that to a degree redeemed unsymmetrical features. His eyes were gray, his hair brown—rather light—tossed back from his forehead with a look of perpetual disarray. The line of his chin was forceful, even stubborn perhaps. When he smiled the generously cut lips took a slightly crooked twist. No Apollo, Bob Farrell would be rated by any unprejudiced group to be likeable, good-natured, dependable.

"Well, what's it to be?" he asked after reading the suggestions on the menu.

The restaurant was a modest place, neither large nor given to impressive decoration. Most of the tables were filled. It was an eating place offering a table d'hôte dinner of well-cooked food and half a dozen special dishes nightly. Its clients reappeared with regularity.

Tonight Norma chose the table d'hôte dinner and Farrell seconded her selection. As the waitress turned away after writing the order Norma said:

"How long has it been since we found this place, Bob? I like it more every time we come."

"Why, don't you remember? It was that Saturday last June when it rained and we spent almost the whole afternoon in the second hand book stores up the street. We came in here to get out of the storm."

"Of course. How could I have forgotten?" She smiled at him. The blue eyes were wide and innocent again. In the flattering candlelight Norma Kent presented an attractive picture.

There was no doubt that the youth across the table was aware of this. For nearly a year Bob Farrell and Norma had been spending occasional evenings together, hunting out new dining places, dropping into the big movie palaces to see their favorite stars, sometimes taking long bus rides. During the summer these expeditions had increased. Now in September scarcely a week passed but Norma and Bob spent at least two evenings together. They read the same books, usually liked the same plays. Norma, who spent five and one-half days each week at dictation, typing and the complex duties of a private secretary in the offices of Brooks, Welliver and Brooks, attorneys at law, felt a high respect for Bob Farrell's opinions. Bob was a member of the bar of two years' standing and employed by the legal firm of Kemper and Kemper.

Norma wasn't in love with Bob. Oh, dear no! Whenever she felt a conversation was drifting toward the perilous rocks of romance she brought it back abruptly to practical subjects. That tendency toward the romantic was the flaw in what had otherwise been a perfect friendship from Norma's viewpoint. She was 20 years old and oh, so very sure that love and marriage were to play no part in her own life. For others if they wished. For herself, no thank you!

This is how matters stood that September evening

when Bob Farrell and Norma Kent dined in the little restaurant, the mongrel puppy sleeping contentedly on the floor beneath the table. Bob, during the 12 months' acquaintanceship, had twice asked Norma to marry him and had both times been refused.

He asked for the full story of the dog's rescue. The girl told it, making the barest mention of the stranger who had braved the rush of traffic to bring the pup to safety.

"A man ran out and picked him up," Norma explained. She did not add that the man was youthful, attractive, and that he had wanted to take her to dinner.

Farrell began to talk of other things. He mentioned Norma's roommate, Christine Saunders, and was told that "Chris" was working late that evening. The two girls shared what was known as a "one room apartment" in a section removed by 30 minutes' street car ride from the business district. The "apartment" consisted of a large living room, tiny sleeping alcove and bath on the third floor of what had once been an impressive residence. Norma and Chris were quite comfortable there. Behind a screen in the living room was a shelf bearing a two-burner gas plate on which it was possible to cook an entire meal. The girls always breakfasted at home and quite frequently prepared dinner there. Bob Farrell had sampled Chris Saunders' inspired cooking on the two-burner gas plate. It was through the other girl that Norma had come to know Farrell.

Two minute creases appeared in Norma Kent's forehead as they spoke of her roommate.

"You know, Bob," she confided, "I'm worried about Chris."

"Why? What's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing—only, well—I guess it's just nothing." Though she said no more the troubled look remained in the girl's eyes.

"Don't you worry about Chris," Farrell said heartily. "That girl has a level head if I ever saw one."

The dinner had been appetizing. There had been a roast served with vegetables, hot rolls, and a salad of greens with the dressing seasoned exactly to Norma's taste. Dessert was a mixture of chilled fruit.

They were having the coffee now and Farrell had lighted a cigaret.

He blew a winding wreath of smoke, withdrew the cigaret from his lips and stared moodily at the glowing tip. The silence became awkward. Norma felt she should make conversation.

"Summer's nearly over," she said. "I hate to have it end. We've had so many good times this summer."

"Really mean that?"

"Of course I do. It's been more fun than any summer since I've been in Marlboro and that's—let's see—almost four years."

She thought for a moment the young man was not listening and looked at him in surprise. He had heard, though, because after a brief pause Farrell said, "You've enjoyed the places we've gone, things we've seen. It's—me you don't care much about, isn't it?" He raised his head, was eyeing her intently.

"Bob Farrell, how can you talk like that?"

"Oh, it's true all right. Why not admit it?"

"But I do care about you. You know I do!"

"You don't need to say that. I know you think I'm a darned nuisance. Sorry if I forget—!"

"But, Bob—!"

His gray eyes held hers defiantly. An instant and tenderness, pleading replaced defiance. The tone of his voice changed. "Oh, Norma, if you do like me a little bit why won't you give me a chance to make you happy? I'm—I'm crazy about you! Maybe I don't have much now but I'm going to have some day. And I'd work so hard for you, Norma! Lord, if you'd only say you'll marry me there isn't anything in the world I wouldn't tackle. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you!"

The girl's dismayed voice interrupted. "But I can't, Bob. I don't love you—"

"I'd make you love me. Oh, we could be so happy. You say you care a little bit!"

It was an eloquent appeal. Norma Kent moved uncomfortably. "I'm sorry," she said. "I do like you a lot but don't you see this spoils everything? Why can't we go on as we have been—having good times together, forgetting such serious things as marriage? Why can't we be awfully good friends the way we have been and not have these arguments?"

"You—want it like that, do you?"

"Oh, yes!" the girl assured him eagerly. "Don't you understand, Bob, that I'm awfully fond of you but I don't want to marry anyone? Don't you see how I feel?"

"Yes," said the young man. "I guess I do."

Somewhat after that no matter how Norma tried to turn the conversation along lighter paths it could not be done. The young man did not sulk. He was as attentive as usual but the pleasure had gone from the occasion. A few vivacious rallies and Norma gave up the effort. She was glad there was no movie on the evening's program.

They left the restaurant shortly, jostled their way to a car stop and boarded an outgoing car. Months before it had been agreed that such economies were to be observed when the two were together. The clangor of the car made conversation difficult. Farrell spoke only once or twice and the girl welcomed the silence.

At the door of the apartment she asked if he would come up and suspected his mumbled excuses for declining were impromptu. Norma was still carrying the puppy. Just how she was to manage about the dog was a problem demanding immediate attention.

"Then I'll say good night," she told Farrell, smiling, "and it was an awfully nice dinner. I enjoyed it. It's all right, isn't it, Bob, about our being—good friends?"

"Yes. Until you change your mind."

She felt suddenly that she had been harsh, treated him badly. "Oh, Bob, I do like you. A lot!" Over one shoulder, as she disappeared, she gave the youth a bright glance. It was not intended to be coquettish but it is highly doubtful that it made Robert Farrell any more comfortable as he marched off into the darkness.

Norma climbed the two flights of stairs, fumbled for her key and slipped it into the lock. The door opened, revealing a large square room in which a lamp was burning. There was no one in sight. Norma hastily dropped the puppy in a worn, over-stuffed chair. Then she called out:

"Hello, Chris! Have you been here long?"

Another girl, taller, looking older, appeared in the doorway to the alcove. Her dark hair, smooth and glossy, was drawn back from her face. She had dark eyes, arched brows and a clear complexion. The dress she wore was black, unrelieved by color except for scarlet and white beads about her throat. Chris Saunders, lacking prettiness, had an air of distinction. She possessed what the garment trade calls "style."

(To be continued)

FIRST MARKET SESSION OF '32 WAS REACTIONARY SATURDAY

Closing Hour on Exchange Finds Prices of Many Shares Again Flirting With Lows of Last Year; Bonds Inclined Toward Heaviness Although United States Government Obligations Exhibit Considerable Firmness

By John L. Cooley (Associated Press Financial Writer) NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (P)—The change in the calendar wrought no magic on stocks today. After a very brief period of steadiness at the opening, a quiet market became distinctly reactionary and closed the first session of the new year with average prices again flirting with the 1931 lows.

Because many traders were out of town for a long week-end, brokerage circles were unwilling to pass too hasty a judgment on the market's performance, disappointing though it undoubtedly was. Many stocks traded thinly, but a number of leaders reached new lows for the better part of the day.

Transfers totaled 72,440 shares. The Standard Statistics-Associated Press composite sagged 2.4 points to 62.1 against the December 17 minimum of 61.3.

Bonds were inclined to be heavy, although U. S. government displayed a firm tone. Foreigns were irregular, Argentines rallying briskly.

Considerable liquidation cropped out in sections of the stock list. American Telephone tumbled more than 4 to within a fraction of the recent low. American Can sold at the lowest since 1927, off 2.1 net, while General Motors, Westinghouse and Western Union reached record lows for the present stocks.

U. S. Steel reacted to 36 5/8 but firmed slightly at the close, finishing at 37 1/2. Off 1 1/2 Du Pont 4 and Auburn ended the day 6 points off, although it had been 3 higher.

Rail stocks, on the other hand, were reasonably steady, lagging behind most other groups in the matter of declines. Santa Fe dropped 3 points and Union Pacific lost a rise of similar extent.

Year end bank statements, as expected, are notable for the greater liquidity of the reporting institutions. Cash and holdings of government securities generally reveal substantial gains, while loans and discounts are off.

Foreign exchanges were quiet. Firmness in the British pound, the French franc and the Canadian dollar was somewhat counter to custom, since there is usually a reaction after the completion of December 31 adjustments.

Commodity markets were closed.

MARKETS AT A GLANCE

NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (P)—Stocks, heavy; General Motors at new low. Bonds, irregular; U. S. Government, firm; heavy; oil, steady. Foreign Exchanges, irregular; new low for the better part of the day.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2 (P)—Wheat and corn, holiday.

Cattle, higher.

Hogs, steady.

LIVESTOCK

Chicago Livestock

CHICAGO, Jan. 2 (P)—(USA)—Cattle, 200, compared week ago—general steer and yearling trade 25-30 cents higher; light steers of yearling type got better action than heavy types and price premium in many instances; extreme top 11.50 paid for long yearlings. Bulk 5.50-8.50. Vealers' fees 10 to 15 lower; stockers and feeders mostly firm.

Sheep, 1,000, today's market nominal. For week ending Friday doubles from feeding stations, 3.00 direct; closing bulk follow: Better grade fat lambs, 4.75-6.25; few 6.35; week's top 6.40, a new peak; heavy lambs comparatively scarce, 5.50-6.25; latter price taking 9-10 lbs. weights; fat ewes 2.00-2.50.

Hogs 9,000 including 5,000 direct; generally steady; 140-200 lbs., 4.45-4.60; top 4.60; 210-250 lbs., 4.25-4.40; 260-280 lbs., 4.10-4.20. Medium weights 200-250 lbs., 4.15-4.60; heavy weights 250-350 lbs., 4.00-4.25; packing sons medium and good 275-500 lbs., 3.40-3.65; pigs good and choice 100-130 lbs., 3.00-4.45.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2 (P)—Poultry

alive 1 car, 4 trucks; firm. Fowls 14-17; springs 17; roosters 10; young hen turkeys 22; young ducks 17; small 15; heavy white ducks 18, small 16, price 15.

FINANCES

Foreign Exchange

NEW YORK, Jan. 2 (P)—Foreign exchange irregular. Great Britain in demand 3.40-1.4 cables 3.40-1.2; 60-day bills 3.35-1.2; France demand 3.92-1.16; cables 3.92-1.4; Italy demand 5.07-1.2; cables 5.08. Demands: Belgium 13.91; Germany 23.75; Holland 40.09; Denmark 18.80; Switzerland 19.51-1.2; Spain 6.25-1.2; Portugal 3.17; Greece 1.26-3.4; Poland 11.30; Czechoslovakia 2.96-1.2; Jugoslavia 1.78; Austria 13.99; Rumania 5.9-3.4; Argentina 25.73; Brazil 6.31-1.2; Tokio 34.95; Shanghai 33.37-1.2; Montreal 3.73; Mexico City (silver peso) 40.50.

Stock Averages

(Copyright, 1931, Standard Statistics Co.)

Jan. 2	36.20	29.50	29.20
Previous day	38.60	31.70	30.90
Week ago	40.10	32.40	31.60
Month ago	41.50	33.80	33.00
Year ago	42.80	35.20	34.40

Bond Averages

(Copyright, 1931, Standard Statistics Co.)

Jan. 2	20.20	20.20	20.20
Previous day	20.20	20.20	20.20
Week ago	20.20	20.20	20.20
Month ago	20.20	20.20	20.20
Year ago	20.20	20.20	20.20

GREENVILLE, MISS., BANK CUTS 30 PER CENT MELON

GREENVILLE, Miss., Jan. 2 (P)—The Greenville Bank and Trust Company, one of the city's four banks, declared an annual dividend of thirty per cent at the meeting of the board of directors today.

KELLY RESIDENT DIES

KELLY, Jan. 2 (Special). John A. Eubanks, 55-year-old resident of Kelly, died here yesterday morning at 7 o'clock after being confined to his bed with illness for nearly five years. Death occurred at the home of his son, L. C. Eubanks. Mr. Eubanks had been a resident of Caldwell, Pa., for 70 years, and is survived by five sons and two daughters, besides 17 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. His children are Herdie H. Eubanks, Calvin L. Eubanks, John S. Eubanks, Charles H. Eubanks, Thomas B. Eubanks and Mrs. Mary Thomas, of Kelly, and Mrs. Emma Stearns of Grayson.

RETURNS TO CAROLINA

Anthony Buttliff, local young man, who established a reputation in a literary manner at the University of North Carolina, and who is author of "Playthings" which has been successfully produced in New York, left last night for Chapel Hill, N. C., his present residence after having spent the holidays here.

New York Bonds

Total sales \$ 8,339,000
Previous day 8,247,000
Week ago 8,150,000
Month ago 8,060,000
Year ago 7,970,000

GOVERNMENT BONDS

Liberty 4 1/2% 32-47 100 99 1/2
4th 4 1/2% 32-47 100 99 1/2
Treasury 4 1/2% 32-47 100 99 1/2

CORPORATION BONDS

3 1/2% 45-47 100 92 1/2
4 1/2% 45-47 100 92 1/2

LIBRARY

Allen Corp 5% 45 100 92 1/2
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POLITICS

Rival candidates for governor in the Democratic primary election to be held January 19 will be represented in two political meetings to be held in Monroe on the night of January 7.

Advocating the candidacy of Dudley J. LeBlanc, candidate against whom Gov. Huey P. Long has directed a large part of his attack, Francis Williams, chairman of the Louisiana Public Service Commission, and Shirley G. Wimberly will address citizens of Ouachita Parish and the surrounding territory at a meeting to be held in the auditorium of the Ouachita Parish High School at 7:30 p. m.

At the same time a district rally will be held at Neville High School auditorium by Governor Long and the list of candidates he is supporting for state offices. These candidates will be headed by O. K. Allen, gubernatorial candidate.

Due to the fact that these two factions have spent much of their time in campaign talks in attacking each other, an interesting situation is expected to be created with both groups in the city on the same night. Based on previous attendances at political speeches here, it is expected that the meetings will draw large crowds.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 2 (Special)—The O. K. Allen campaign committee today made the following statement: "In less than three weeks the election in Louisiana will be held and at the time draws nearer we find every reason to be reassured that our early prediction that O. K. Allen and the 'Complete the Work' ticket will be elected by a clear majority over all of their opponents of more than 100,000 votes was a fair estimate. The drawing of commissioners of election for the City of New Orleans and for the country parishes of the state has been indeed very gratifying to us and now that we are assured that our candidates will have proper representation at the polls we have no hesitancy in publicly predicting that the majority will be substantially more than 100,000 votes."

"In the City of New Orleans we find that in a great many of the precincts every commissioner will be Allen and the 'Complete the Work' ticket. In the country parishes of the state we find that our representation will be better than in the city. There are several parishes where every commissioner will be Allen and the 'Complete the Work' ticket, which means that every vote cast for them will be properly counted. We are writing to every commissioner of the state asking them to give a fair and honest count to every vote cast and to see that every opposition vote is counted just as we expect them to see that the votes for the 'Complete the Work' ticket are counted."

THE PEOPLE OF LOUISIANA have given me everything there was to give," he said, "and now I am headed for the Senate. They said they are going to take my seat in the Senate away from me. I'll let them do it before I'll leave without O. K. Allen being elected governor and every thing arranged so I know my work won't be turned up."

At points he spoke today of Mr. Allen said he will pay the highway leading north from Coushatta to the Arkansas line. Congressman John H. Overton also addressed the gatherings.

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PIPE LINE WORKER STABBED IN LEFT TEMPLE; MAY DIE

small, grizzled and stooped man, while his wife is large and her son is above average size.

Police officers took from Horney a medium-sized pearl handled knife, which was smeared with blood. From his coat pocket they took a small pistol and a larger pistol was taken from a drawer in the house.

Horney, his wife and Roberts were almost covered with bloodstains. Horney's head and face were smeared with blood and it was difficult to determine whether or not he had suffered a wound.

The aged man told a story different from that of his wife. He declared he had fed and cared for Roberts and that he had received only abuse for giving him a home. He asserted the fight did not amount to anything and endeavored to persuade officers not to lock him up.

When they insisted upon doing so he broke down for a moment and wept. Mrs. Horney said her son had never lived with her and her husband since their marriage, but that he had come to live with them in the house during the afternoon, she said, and there appeared to be no ill feeling between the men.

While they were sitting around the room, she said, Horney got up and began staggering and cursing. When Roberts attempted to restrain him, she said, he struck a savage blow with the knife.

Keeping to right of street also applies when parking. You cannot park or stand your vehicle on left side of street, except in the case of ONE-WAY street, and the only one-way street we have at present is that portion of Walnut between DeSiard and Jefferson.

Backing into parking space has previously been dealt with, but it again belongs under this subject. You violate the law when you BACK IN because you are NOT keeping to RIGHT in the direction in which your vehicle is moving.

In turning out to pass a vehicle ahead of you remember that you cannot do so on our streets without keeping to the left side of the street and you SHOULD NOT attempt such a movement unless there is no vehicle approaching in opposite direction sufficiently close to render a collision probable, because the side to your left belongs to the approaching vehicle.

Drunken Driving
All of us detect the drunken driver! Even people who are in the habit of indulging in intoxicating drink have been free to express their unalterable opposition to this violation.

The writer believes that a great majority of such violations could be prevented in the use of common sense by the operator who becomes intoxicated. Boozing and just won't mix and there isn't any use of trying to explain to the court that it was a slip-up. No earthly excuse can help you when held before this court on such a charge, and the treatment is indeed harsh. Our advice is to drink while you have the responsibility of the operation of a motor vehicle, but if you must drink, by all means give up the handling of your machine into sober hands!

It demands all of the wits and faculties of a strictly sober person to safely manipulate a motor vehicle at present, let alone a person whose mental or physical faculties have become impaired to the slightest by drink or drug.

Most persons deceive themselves by believing they are not unsafely intoxicated. Remember this: The rule of law is that if a person is drunk but is not justly in the hands of a sober person, he is liable for that person's fender and your intoxication will be discovered. Then it will be too late to help you. Take warning now! Don't drive your car when you are intoxicated! If you can't get a sober person to drive, call a taxi or walk home if you can't remain where you are. Don't worry about getting a ticket for over-parking if you are intoxicated. The might cost you a few dollars while drunken driving means jail. And think of your child, of how you would feel should a drunken driver kill it; to other fellow's child is just as dear to him as yours is to you. Help us make Monroe safe for you and your loved ones by observing the traffic regulations.

Among those victimized by the band were James Hackett of Blue Island, Ill., John J. Lynch, Chicago turfman, Fred Blumer, Monroe, Wis., Brewer, Frank Richey of Evanston, and W. C. Flannigan of Gary, Ind., all of whom paid in the neighborhood of \$75,000 each for release.

Hackett and Lynch posted rewards for apprehension of their abductors and are believed to have assisted materially in the investigation.

ONE KILLED, DRY AGENT WOUNDED IN PROHIBIT

TALLAHASSEE, Fla., Jan. 2 (P)—An unidentified man was killed and A. E. Lambert, federal prohibition agent, was shot and seriously wounded during a raid on a still near here late today.

The shooting took place as Lambert and R. H. Coughlin, another prohibition agent, surprised two white men at the still. The moonshiners opened fire on sight of the agents and a pitched battle ensued.

Courson said one of the moonshiners felled Lambert about the same time Courson shot and killed the other. The surviving moonshiner escaped and Courson brought Lambert to a hospital here.

Sheriff Frank Stoutamer left here immediately to get the body of the slain man and to establish his identity.

MEETING POSTPONED
The meeting of the Y. M. C. A. board, scheduled for Tuesday night, has been postponed, according to announcement by W. H. Tyson, Y. M. C. A. secretary. Member will be notified as soon as a new date has been fixed.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., DETECTIVE CHIEF IS AMONG VICTIMS

(Continued From First Page)

summoned Sheriff Hendrix to assist them in raiding the Young home. Detective Chief Oliver was known for his daring. Three years ago he was slightly wounded when he broke into a house from which "Dobbs" Adams, known as a desperate character, was firing upon a force of officers, and captured him. One policeman was killed while attempting to capture Adams. After his conviction Adams committed suicide in his cell.

Deputy Sheriff Mashburn, who was at the side of Sheriff Hendrix when they opened the door of the farm house about 4 p. m., was found unconscious when the officers captured the place. Both of his eyes had been shot out, his nose blown off and his head nearly cut in two by the spray from a machine gun. He was removed to the Springfield Baptist Hospital, where he died at 8:15 p. m.

The scene of today's sanguinary battle is but a few miles from

FRENZIED PLEAS FOR FLOOD RELIEF

Boats Needed to Take Mississippians From Water-Surrounded Homes

GLENDORA, Miss., Jan. 2 (AP)—With from two to twenty feet of flood water rising around the homes of hundreds of marooned persons in Tallahatchie county, and the main levees pouring water, and settling, frantic calls were sent out today for boats to remove the endangered and for relief funds and food.

The full force of the upper Tallahatchie basin flood was beginning to be felt in Tallahatchie County, bursting minor plantation levees and threatening to blow out the whole Tallahatchie levee system in the Cassidys Bayou bend which stretches from Glendora up around Webb, Sumner and Swan Lake.

Miss Eleanor Ellis, secretary to J. W. Williamson, superintendent of Parchman prison farm, made a trip by boat through the section and said the flood was the greatest hazard the valley has ever known.

She said practically no hopes were held that the levee system would last until tomorrow noon when the highest of the water is expected.

"Most of the workers say the fight is hopeless," said Miss Ellis. "Victory for a few days was apparently in sight, but heavy rains to the north changed all that. There are now 2,000 negro plantation hands, white citizens and convicts working in the

flooded area of Tallahatchie County, but in spite of vast numbers I see no chance of winning. Wholesale breaks by nighting are not impossible."

After two minor breaks today in the Cassidys Bayou levee R. L. Ward, Red Cross director at Sumner, appealed to the Red Cross for immediate funds for relief of more than 10,000 persons he estimated had been made homeless in Tallahatchie, Quitman and Panola Counties.

He asked that doctors and nurses hold themselves in readiness in the unaffected cities in event of epidemics of disease breaking out in the refugee camps.

Mayor Meyer Turner and the town council of Webb issued an urgent appeal for boats to remove the marooned plantation owners, tenants and small farmers from flooded dwellings, particularly several hundred in danger from Cassidys Bayou.

"We must have outside relief," Mr. Turner declared. "Neither the Red Cross as it is now functioning nor civic agencies can successfully handle the situation. We cannot get the planters out in spite of the large number of boats being brought here until the nation comes to our assistance."

Greek Rice, of Clarksdale, one of the first to respond, headed a fleet of 25 motor boats into the bayou area. He reported that water to a dangerous depth had stretched from the Quitman County line down through Tallahatchie to Leflore County and north-east almost to Charleston.

Sandbags for continuous topping of the levees were running short and food for the stranded and hungry was extremely low in the towns which for days have been furnished nothing but canned goods.

"Give us more sandbags for these levees or they will go by morning," workers yelled from the Jones-Fedric plantation.

The Asa and Minims levees protecting upper sections south of Batesville were straining toward the breaking point while along the Cassidys bayou stretch the water was pouring over the sacks.

Five hundred state convicts and plantation negroes rushed to the private dykes of the Jones-Fedric plantation a mile and a half south of here this afternoon when the culvert of a flood gate blew out, threatening to inundate 25,000 acres of land south and southwest of the Tallahatchie river.

An emergency levee of mud sacks which they threw up around the culvert appeared to have averted a threatened rupture in the private levee.

FUNERAL IS HELD

The funeral of Joseph Jacola, who died Friday will be held at the St. Matthew's Church at 3 o'clock this afternoon. Interment is to be made in the local Catholic Cemetery. He leaves his widow and four children who are: Joseph Jacola, Tony Jacola, Mrs. Mary Zagone and Mrs. Josephine Jacola and two grandchildren. Also two nephews.

CHINCHOW FALLS WITHOUT BATTLE

Not a Shot Is Fired as Victorious Japanese Army Enters Manchurian City

Chinchow fell to the Japanese yesterday without a shot being fired. The triumphant Japanese army completed their conquest of Manchuria by entering this last stronghold of China to the accompaniment of cheers from the Chinese population.

Applauding crowds lined the streets, waving flags which apparently had been hastily sewed together that the townspeople might be able to make a diplomatic gesture toward their conquerors.

Before the Japanese column entered the city Chinese troops and civilians taxed the facilities of the Peiping-Mukden railway as they rushed pell-mell to places of safety behind the Great Wall of China.

Wives and children of Chinese government officials at Chinchow were evacuated in open coal cars. They suffered much in the bitter weather.

At Japanese headquarters in Mukden it was indicated there probably would be no need of a further advance by the army to Shanhai-kwan, at the Great Wall and just below the southernmost tip of Manchuria.

In Nanking China's foreign minister, Eugene Chen, announced his government had repeated its order to Marshall Chang Hsueh-Liang that he defend Chinchow at all cost. Apparently this announcement was made before news reached Nanking that the city already had fallen to the enemy.

NEW WHEEL IS PLACED UPON WINDMILL IN PARK

Construction of a 32-foot old Dutch type windmill wheel, to replace a smaller wheel on the windmill at Forsythe Park, will be completed Monday.

Construction and installation of the new wheel is being carried out under direction of W. F. Blanks, superintendent of parks and boulevards.

R. D. Swayze, commissioner of streets and parks, ordered construction of the wheel as part of a program he inaugurated for beautification of Forsythe Park.

Owing to the large diameter of the new wheel, it has been necessary for Mr. Blanks to design a brake to prevent the wheel from attaining excessive speed when strong winds are blowing. The brake is so constructed that it will act as a governor and automatically control speed of the wheel.

World and News-Star Pattern



With the holiday season over our thoughts turn at once to what we will wear from now until early spring. Foremost in importance are what fabrics will be worn. For daytime wear there is no doubt as to the importance of light weight wool either in lace or basket weave effects, with lingerie collar and cuffs as trimming. Afternoon frocks appear in flat crepe, sheer triple crepe or cotton in solid color or "petite" prints carrying many tones of one color. As to color, geranium red is off to a fine start and royal blue, rust brown and beige follow at close range.

Contrasting color is employed with charming effect on this chic daytime frock. Light colored linen, crepe or pique for the collar and cuffs, and dark-toned silk or light weight wool

for the frock form a most flattering combination here. The long narrow panel at center front adds height and slenderness to the wearer. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch fabric, 3-4 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1135

A frock with soft drapery at the neckline is always very flattering to figures that are none too slender. Cluster tucks mark the snugly fitted waistline while the pointed shaping of the skirt descends into a graceful flare for their adornment, or they may be made three quarter length. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch fabric, 1-4 yard of 6 inch lace for the vestee.

These models are very easy to make as each pattern comes to you with simple and exact instructions. Yardage is given for every size.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for EACH pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, THE STYLE NUMBER and SIZE of each pattern ordered.

Send for our FASHION CATALOG. It offers an opportunity to select smart current styles for afternoon frocks, sport models, house dresses, lingerie, pajamas, clothes for the kiddies, and accessory patterns. This catalog is FIFTEEN CENTS when ordered alone. Catalog and pattern together, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Address all mail and orders to Monroe Morning World and News-Star Pattern Department, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.

News Items of Personal Mention

(Continued From Fifth Page)

Mrs. C. C. Thompson, on McKinley Avenue. She will be glad to have her friends call during her convalescence.

Miss Evelyn Albright and Miss Margaret McBride of Bastrop are the week-end guests of Miss MacLine Albright and Miss Lela White.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Street announce the arrival of a daughter, Irma Gean, at their home on the Millhaven Road, on the first of January.

Mr. Travers Oliver, Jr., returned to Washington and Lee University yesterday morning to continue his study of law, following a Christmas vacation visit with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Elbert left yesterday for a two-weeks' visit in Florida.

NEW ORLEANS MURDER VICTIM NOW IDENTIFIED

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 2 (AP)—Half the mystery surrounding the slaying of a well-dressed young man whose body was found in Jefferson Parish New Year's day was solved today when the victim was positively identified as Steve Smith, 24, of New Orleans, whose wife and five-months-old baby live.

The other half of the mystery involving the motive still remained cloudy, although police said frankly they inclined to the view that Smith was slain in some sort of underworld feud connected with the liquor or narcotic traffic.

DEMONSTRATIONS AHEAD

January will be an important month in home demonstration work in Ouachita Parish, according to Mrs. Jewel L. McQuillier, home demonstration agent. Meetings of importance scheduled for this month include a meeting of the Ouachita Parish Home Demonstration Council, January 16 at 2 p. m. at the courthouse; the first of a series of poultry meetings to be conducted by Clyde Ingram, poultry specialist at Louisiana State University, to be held January 19; a kitchen improvement meeting to be conducted by Miss Iris Davenport, state clothing specialist, January 22, and a number of reorganization meetings of community home demonstration clubs to be held on various dates during the early part of the month.

WEST MONROE WELFARE GROUP PICKS OFFICERS

Mrs. J. O. McCormick was re-elected president of the West Monroe Welfare Association at a meeting Friday night at the home of Mrs. C. C. Bell. Mrs. Mary Witt was re-elected secretary and Mrs. C. I. Kirby was elected treasurer.

Mrs. Witt's annual report, rendered at the meeting, showed that the welfare association received \$58 in contributions during the past year. Directors of the association collected and distributed 500 garments, provided transportation for six persons, purchased one basket, issued 135 grocery orders and 25 orders for medicine, and sent six persons to charity hospitals.

The directors' Christmas program was aided by 75 baskets of food, toys, candies, fruits and nuts, provided by the Goodfellows' Fund, 10 baskets of food given by the Sur-Wa. Stores, milk provided by the Monroe Morning World's Free Milk Fund, and donations of food or cash given by Henry Colbert, Simonton Grain Company, Louisiana Power and Light Company, Tyner-Petrus Company, A. D. Green, Henry T. Blackwell, Eureka Store.

STAMP CLUB PREPARES TO USE SPECIAL CACHET

A special cachet to commemorate the visit of Frank Faulkner to this city with his autograph panel, which will arrive by noon January 12, is being prepared by members of the Monroe Stamp Collector's Club. The cachet will be stamped on all air-mail sent from Monroe through the stamp collectors' club.

All persons wishing to send mail with this cachet are asked to turn their letters over to J. W. Cunningham at 1016 North Fifth Street, not later than January 11.

The event has been announced through several stamp collectors' magazines, and collectors from different sections of the country are all ready sending in letters to be mailed back to them bearing the special cachet.

The club plans to give a reception for Mr. Faulkner at the recreational office from 7 until 8 o'clock on the evening of his arrival.

This is the second cachet sponsored by this club. The first was issued December 6, when Jimmie Doolittle visited this city. The cachet for this event is being designed by T. H. Allen.

BODY FOUND

LAKE CHARLES, Jan. 2 (AP)—The body of Clemile Lexaire, about 55, farmer of Brown's Island, in Mermentau river, near Grand Lake below Lake Arthur, was found in 13 feet of water by neighbors late yesterday. The man had been missing since Thursday. It was believed he fell out of a boat and was drowned. There were no marks on the body to indicate foul play. Neighbors dragged the waterway after his boat was found adrift at the mouth of Grand Lake. He had failed to re-turn home Thursday.

We Have Moved

We wish to announce the Sally's Shoe Dept. is no longer connected with the Palais Royal, but now occupies its

New Location
227 DeSiard
St.

Building formerly occupied by Gross Millinery Co.

Open Jan. 15th

With New and Complete line of Sally's Spring Shoes

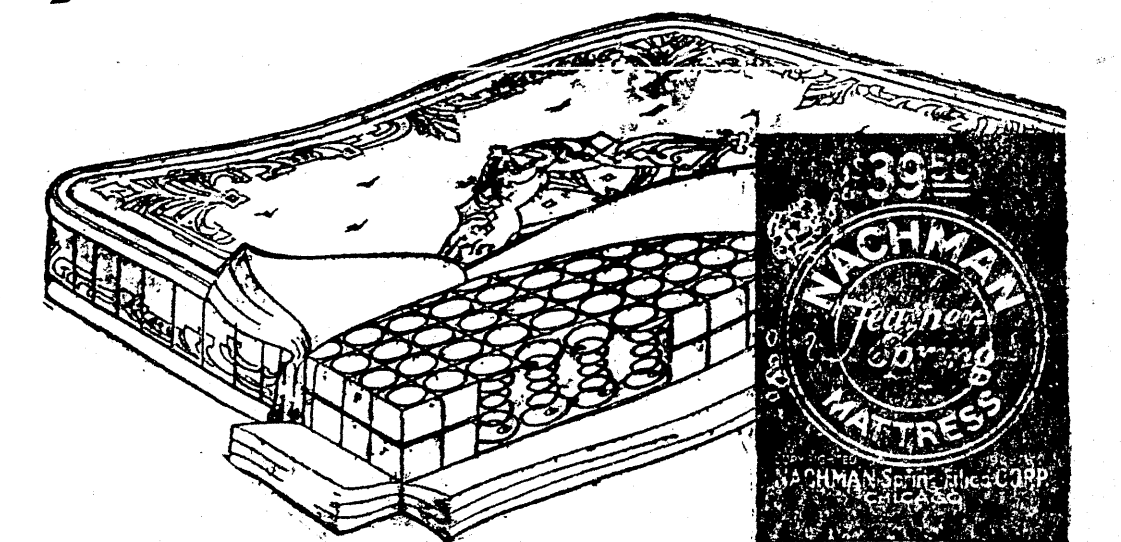
Watch for Opening Announcement

Earl Simmermaker, Mgr.

The Greatest Mattress Value
Monroe Has Ever Seen!

The Genuine NACHMAN Black-Label
Spring Filled Mattress

1/2 PRICE!



\$19.75

\$1.97 DOWN DELIVERS

This Same Mattress Is Sold From Coast to Coast at the Restricted Price of\$39.50

MONROE FURNITURE CO., LTD.
The Nachman Feather-Spring Mattress may also be purchased at these Stores for \$19.75:

- | | |
|--|--|
| CITIZEN'S HDW. & FURN. CO.
Jonesboro, La. | PEOPLES HDW. & LBR. CO.
Mangham, La. |
| DELTA HDW. & FURN. CO.
Tallulah, La. | RICHARD BELL
Lake Providence, La. |
| GLOVER HDW. & FURN. CO.
Rayville, La. | SELIG & BAUGHMAN
Farmerville, La. |
| KAVANAUGH FURNITURE CO.
Ruston, La. | SHERROUSE-MCCOY HDW. CO.
Gilbert, La. |
| KING & JAMES
Columbia, La. | UNITED FURNITURE STORE
Bastrop, La. |
| LaSALLE HDW. & FURN. CO.
Jena, La. | WINNFELD FURNITURE CO.
Winfield, La. |
| PASTERNAKS, INC.
Ferriday, La. | WINNSBORO HDW. & FURN. CO.
Winnsboro, La. |

AGAIN WE HAVE CUT PRICES
That Were Already The Lowest In Monroe

At The Palais Royal
BANKRUPT SALE

Including New Spring Dresses Ordered Before Failure

New Winter Dresses
Bought to Sell for \$5.00 and Cheap at That

All materials, styles and colors are included in this group and dress is worth more than double this sale price.

\$1.85

500 Pairs of Fine DRESS SHOES
Pumps, Straps, Ties in satin and kid, gun metal, oxfords. All style heels.

\$1.88

Just 332 Winter Dresses

Bought to Sell for \$12.50 and Worth More

These dresses are among the best shown in the city. The best materials, the preferred colors are all here in supe styles for only—

\$5.85

Exquisite Full-Fashioned

Hose

Of extra sheer quality in any color you prefer for only—

89c

JUST 175 DRESSES
Including a Large Shipment of New SPRING DRESSES

\$3.85

It would seem foolish to tell you the actual values of these new spring dresses. So we'll simply say they are worth many times the price. Don't delay a moment if you want one.

HANDSOME FUR TRIMMED COATS

Bought to Sell for \$39.50

These coats are hand tailored from the finest coatings to be had and in the most popular colors and are beautifully lined with crepe and were big values at regular price.

\$15

Trimmed With Genuine FURS

"More fur than fabric" you'll say when you see them and what fur, too. Every skin was selected because of its excellence of quality, in fact the furs alone are worth more than the price.

\$25

As a special for tomorrow only, we offer a group of the finest coats ever shown in the city. Your choice only.

Fine Winter Coats
That Sell Everywhere For \$15 and More

Here is a group of high class fur-trimmed coats actually going for a song. If you want one get it now for—

\$7.85

Just 220 Fine Felt Hats
In women's and children's sizes. In all colors and styles, none are priced over—

25c 48c 79c

For Monday Only

Coats

Actual Values \$59.50 All High Type Coats

\$25

As a special for tomorrow only, we offer a group of the finest coats ever shown in the city. Your choice only.

\$1.95

Blouses

In 1 inch and white with long sleeves. Very special at—

JACK FINE'S
Palais Royal

Fiction and
Features

Monroe Morning World

AND NEWS-STAR

Comics and
Magazine

SUNDAY JANUARY 3, 1932

PROGRESS OF FLIGHT

The Wright Brothers

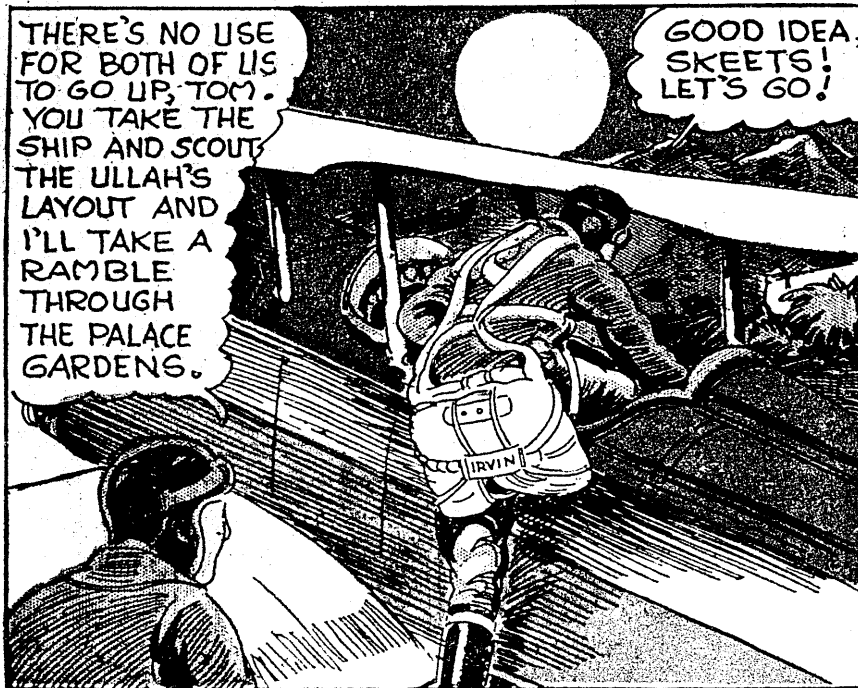
THE WRIGHT BROTHERS FIRST VISIT TO KITTY HAWK WAS PLANNED PRIMARILY AS A VACATION TRIP. THEY LITTLE REALIZED CAMPING AND FLYING GLIDERS WOULD LEAD TO MASTERY OF THE AIR.



TAILSPIN TOMMY

by GLENN CHAFFIN
and HAL FORREST

ALTHOUGH TEMPORARILY BALKED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE TOLUJAVAN THRONE FROM KING INTOL, THE CRAFTY ULLAH IS NOT GOING TO GIVE UP HIS LIFE-LONG AMBITION WITHOUT A STRUGGLE. SO HE HAS SET ASIDE A DAY FOR THE ANNUAL SACRIFICE OF THE KINGDOM'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN TO THE MYTHICAL GOD OF RAIN. PRINCESS NADA IS THE PRIZE BEAUTY OF TEPE-NAC-- AND IT IS RUMORED THAT SHE HAS DISAPPEARED----



THERE'S NO USE FOR BOTH OF US TO GO UP, TOM. YOU TAKE THE SHIP AND SCOUT THE ULLAH'S LAYOUT AND I'LL TAKE A RAMBLE THROUGH THE PALACE GARDENS.

GOOD IDEA, SKEETS! LET'S GO!



THAT OLD ALLIGATOR-- WARRIN' AGAINST PRETTY GALS!



NADA! NADA!

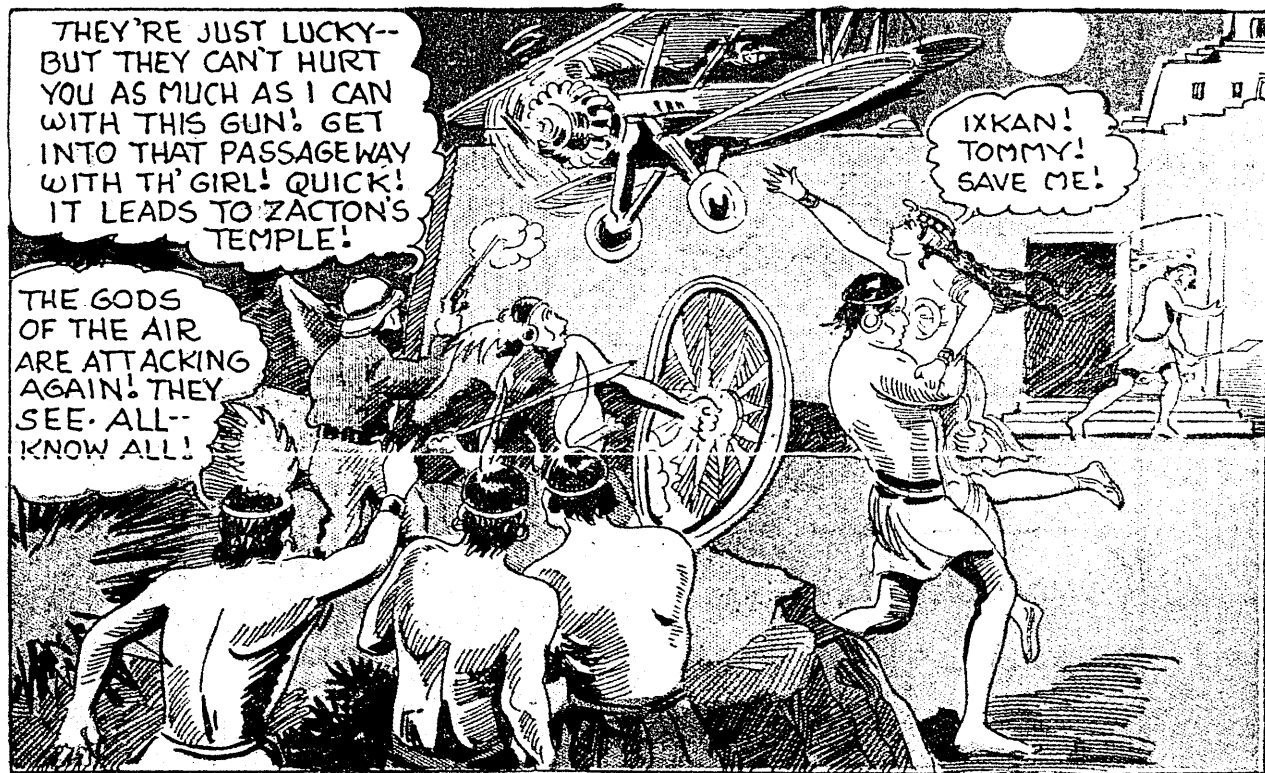
OH, WHY CAN'T I BE LEFT ALONE?



THIS IS GOIN' TO BE EASY. WHEN I SAY GRAB HER YOU GRAB! PUT YOUR HAND OVER HER MOUTH SO SHE WON'T SCREAM!



TOM MUST HAVE SPOTTED SOMETHING HOT. COME ON LEGS!



THEY'RE JUST LUCKY-- BUT THEY CAN'T HURT YOU AS MUCH AS I CAN WITH THIS GUN! GET INTO THAT PASSAGEWAY WITH TH' GIRL! QUICK! IT LEADS TO ZACTON'S TEMPLE!

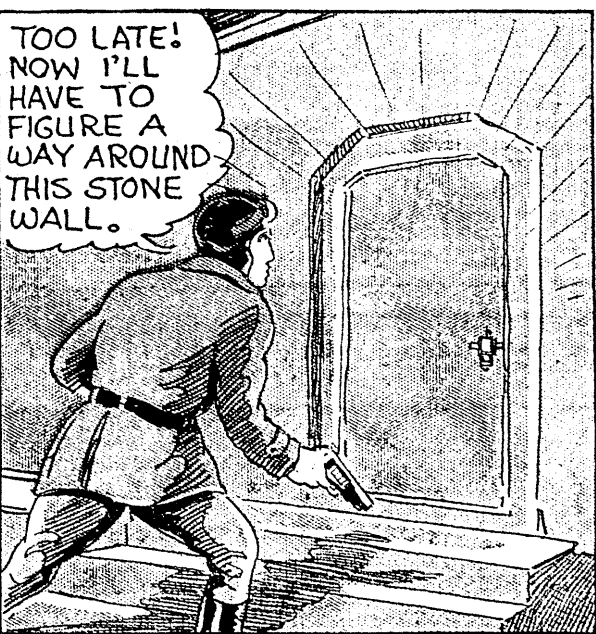
THE GODS OF THE AIR ARE ATTACKING AGAIN! THEY SEE-- ALL-- KNOW ALL!

IXKAN! TOMMY! SAVE ME!



YOU--- SWINE!

FIGHT 'EM OFF, NADA! I'M COMIN'!



TOO LATE! NOW I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE A WAY AROUND THIS STONE WALL.



IT WAS A CLOSE CALL, BUT WE FOUGHT AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS-- AND SUCCEEDED.

NOBLE WORK, (BRULLU). YOU SHALL HAVE ANOTHER GIFT FROM THE TREASURE ROOM.

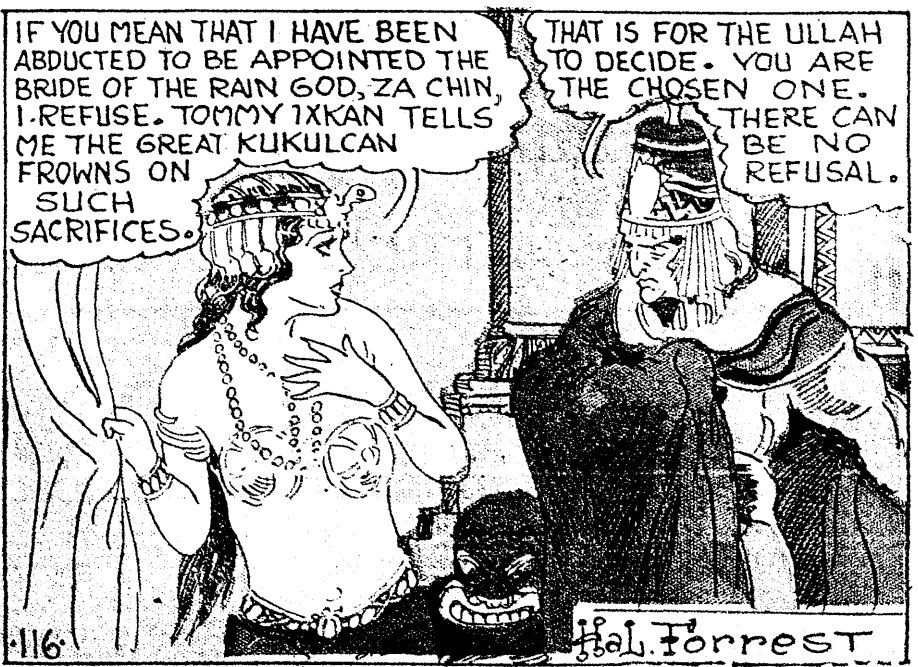


NOBLE! ARMED WARRIORS AGAINST ONE DEFENSELESS GIRL! DO YOU NOT KNOW THAT THIS IS TREASON?

OH, NO IT IS NOT, MY PRINCESS--



IT IS ADMITTED YOU ARE THE FAIREST OF TEPE-NAC'S MAIDENS. YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT BEFORE ME TO RECEIVE A VERY HIGH HONOR--



IF YOU MEAN THAT I HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED TO BE APPOINTED THE BRIDE OF THE RAIN GOD, ZA CHIN, I REFUSE. TOMMY IXKAN TELLS ME THE GREAT KUKULCAN FROWNS ON SUCH SACRIFICES.

THAT IS FOR THE ULLAH TO DECIDE. YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE. THERE CAN BE NO REFUSAL.

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Page Two)

FRENZIE FOR FLOOD

Boats Needed
Mississippians Flood
Surrounded

GLENDORA, Miss. With from two to five water rising around hundreds of marooned habitation county, an pouring water and calls were sent out, remove the endange funds and food.

The full force of hatchie basin flood, be felt in Tallahatchie, minor plantation ching to blow out hatchie levee system Bayou bend whid Glendora up around and Swan Lake.

Miss Eleanor Ellis W. Williamson, s Parchman prison fa boat through the se flood was the greates ley has ever known. She said practical held that the levee, until tomorrow noon est of the water is e

"Most of the worl is hopeless," said tory for a few day in sight, but heavy changed all that. 2,000 negro plantat citizens and convic

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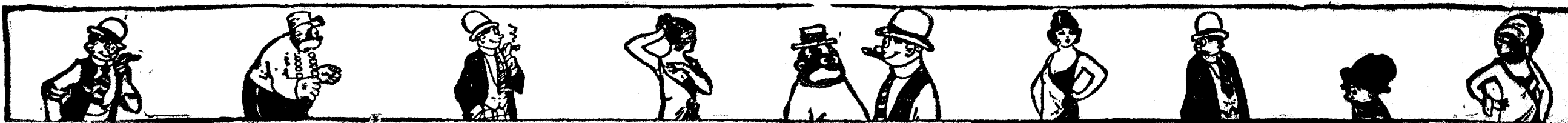
by Frank Willard



KITTY HIGGINS



KAYO
TRADING STAMP.
HE REALLY
WENT OUT TO
SEA TO POSE
FOR THIS—



Shirley's Millions

By Philip Loring

Cupid Travels on Skis—
Or on a Rail Express?

SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1932

Trade Mark Registration Applied For



1 **S**HIRLEY BLACKWOOD (although she doesn't know it) has been left her Grandpapa's millions. John, Judge Scottworth's son and junior partner, has traveled a thousand miles to tell her. And she has left town, leaving no address! "Huh," grunts John, looking out over the city. "Huh—HUH!"

2 **L**AKE HEMLOCK, nestled among the mountains of the north. "My word," exclaims somebody, "Who IS that?" "Your naivete is shocking," answers another. "I think she's a snow goddess from hereabouts—but they say her name is Shirley Blackwood. Wait until the newsreel boys see her!"

3 **A**ND so—John Scottworth, Esq., dropped in at a movie to pass the lonely hours. On the screen flashed a picture of a dream on skis among the snow-laden firs, and—"Pardon my haste, George Washington," says a rushing young barrister, "AND, GATEMAN—HOLD THAT TRAIN!"

(To be Continued)

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Page Two)

FRENZ FOR FLOOD

Boats Needed
Mississippians
Surround

GLENDORA. With from two to water rising around hundreds of marooned hatchie county, pouring water at calls were sent out to remove the endang- funds and food.

The full force of hatchie basin flood be felt in Tallahassee, minor plantations being to blow out hatchie levee syst. Bayou bend whi Glendora up arou and Swan Lake.

Miss Eleanor El W. Williamson, Parchman prison boat through the flood was the grei ley has ever know. She said practice held that the levee until tomorrow no est of the water is "Most of the wo is hopeless," said tory for a few di in sight, but heavy changed all that 2,000 negro plant citizens and convi

Learn

Certified Culberts set of Culberts Studio.

Mrs. F. Rosent

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Change of

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Formerly owned Mrs. Leo Vandeg chased by Mrs. I in future will be

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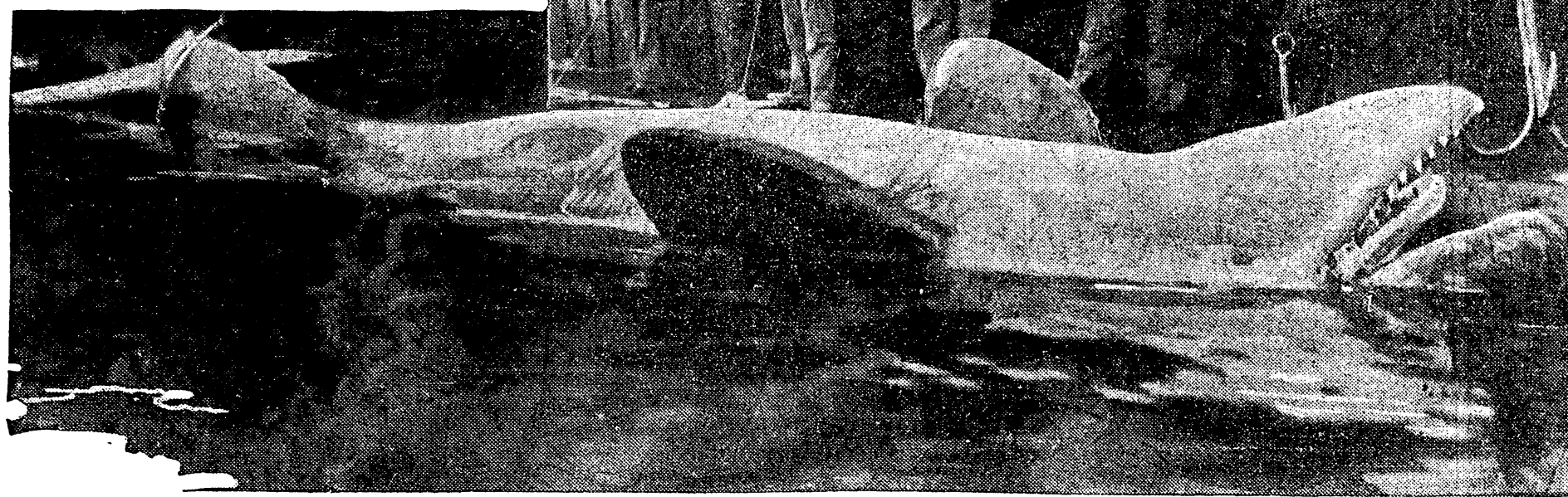
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89

The Christmas Tale of What Happened to Ethelbert, Oscar and Paddlewing

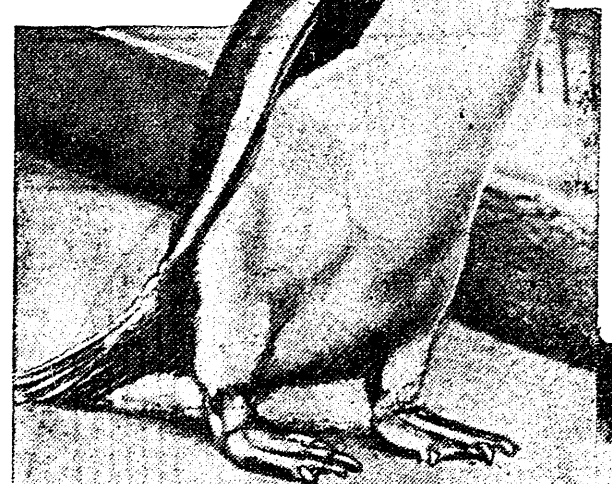
No Yuletide Feasts for Oregon's Petted and Potted Whale, New York's Lonely Penguin and California's Favorite Sea Lion---and the Curious Reasons Why.



"Mourners" Viewing the Body of Ethelbert, Oregon's Pet Whale, After It Had Been Recovered from the Fresh Water Slough Where Its Aquatic Acrobatics Had Delighted Huge Crowds Daily. The Two Slayers of Ethelbert Were Fined \$200 Each.

TOUCHINGLY enough, there will be no Christmas festival this year for Ethelbert the whale, Paddlewing the penguin, and possibly none for Oscar the sea lion. Luscious and elaborate Yuletide meals had been planned for these three, probably the strangest pets ever adopted.

When the brilliant light opera librettist, W. S. Gilbert, wrote, "In the North Sea lived a whale, Big in bone and large in tail, And the ladies loved him so, he little dreamed that forty years later a real live whale would appear in the peaceful waters of Oregon and win the hearts not only of the ladies but also of countless men and kiddies. Yet that is exactly what happened. Most curious of all, the sad end of this baby leviathan, as well as that suffered by New York's Paddlewing, the penguin and possibly by California's Oscar the sea lion, is almost as interesting as the spectacular finish of Gilbert's titan of the deep. As you will remember, the librettist's amusing sea beast was blown to bits when he mistook a British torpedo for a tin and tried to slap it out of the way with



Paddlewing, the Penguin Who Died of a Broken Heart in the New York Aquarium, Frustrating Plans for the Fine Yuletide Feast That Had Been Planned for Him.

his tail. And, Mr. Gilbert wrote, "the whale was seen no more." Oregon's whale, nicknamed Ethelbert and weighing 1,800 pounds, made a sensational appearance only a few weeks ago in the quiet inland waters of a slough off the Columbia River, near Portland. News that this baby leviathan had journeyed up over 100 miles of fresh water and might be seen sporting gaily in the nearby slough sent great crowds of the city's people scurrying to see the sight. Nothing like it had ever been witnessed before and soon the one-fish aquatic circus was attracting many thousands daily.

Popcorn and frankfurter stands appeared along the roads overnight. Excursion boats, rowboats and canoes were hastily launched upon the slough to afford enthusiastic whale fans a closer view of the monster. The first Sunday saw no less than 35,000 persons lined up along the shore to observe the spouting and fin-flashings of the creature admirers had lovingly nicknamed Ethelbert.

Veteran whalers of the neighborhood declared that Ethelbert had the dorsal fin that marks the "killer" whale, but the lissome frolickings and accommodating behavior of the visitor belied their warnings. Despite the ominous words concerning Ethelbert's vicious

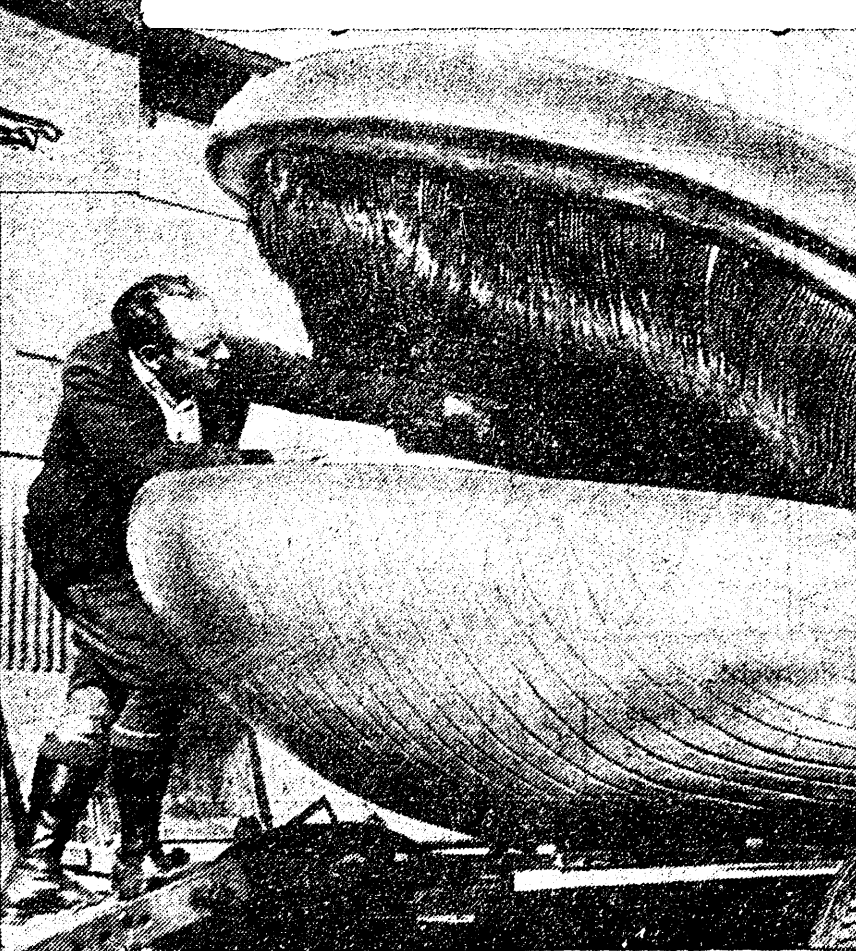


Left, Edward O. Lessard, Whaler of the Old School, and at Right, His Son, Joe Lessard, Who Were Both Heavily Penalized in a Portland, Oregon, Court for "Murdering" Ethelbert, the Whale Who Had Been Entertaining Huge Crowds With a One-Fish Aquatic Circus.

ness, men and boys in canoes and rowboats persisted in venturing near the whale and tried to lure him towards their craft with brightly colored objects trailed in the water. But the genial Ethelbert controlled his temper and appeared to vastly enjoy the game of hide and seek. "Thar he blows!" was the cry that

would go up from thousands of throats each time the whale would appear on the surface of the water, snort impressively and spurt a jet of water high into the air. It was a grand show, but before Ethelbert had been in Oregon for a week, old whalers were suggesting lassoing the big fellow and transporting him alive to a big tank for exhibition. Others said he was eating up all the salmon and other fish. Two men were arrested on the charge of attempting to shoot the whale but this charge was dismissed.

The number of frankfurter and popcorn stands grew each day, the excursion boats did better and better busi-



Some Conception of the Huge Size of Ethelbert, Portland's Playful Whale, Can Be Gained From This Photograph of a Man Thrusting His Arm Into a Captured Leviathan's Mouth. Like Ethelbert, This Whale Belongs to the "Killer" Species of Sea Titan.

ness as people from hundreds of miles away came in motorcars and trains to see Ethelbert. The whale had become a small industry!

But just when the excitement was at its height, news came to Portland that its idol had been murdered. An old whaler, Edward O. Lessard, and his son, Joseph, had harpooned it to death. From every corner of the city a great roar of rage went up. The Lessards were arrested and charged with three offenses, disturbing public peace and morals, killing a fish with illegal tackle and fishing in the Oregon slough with illegal tackle.

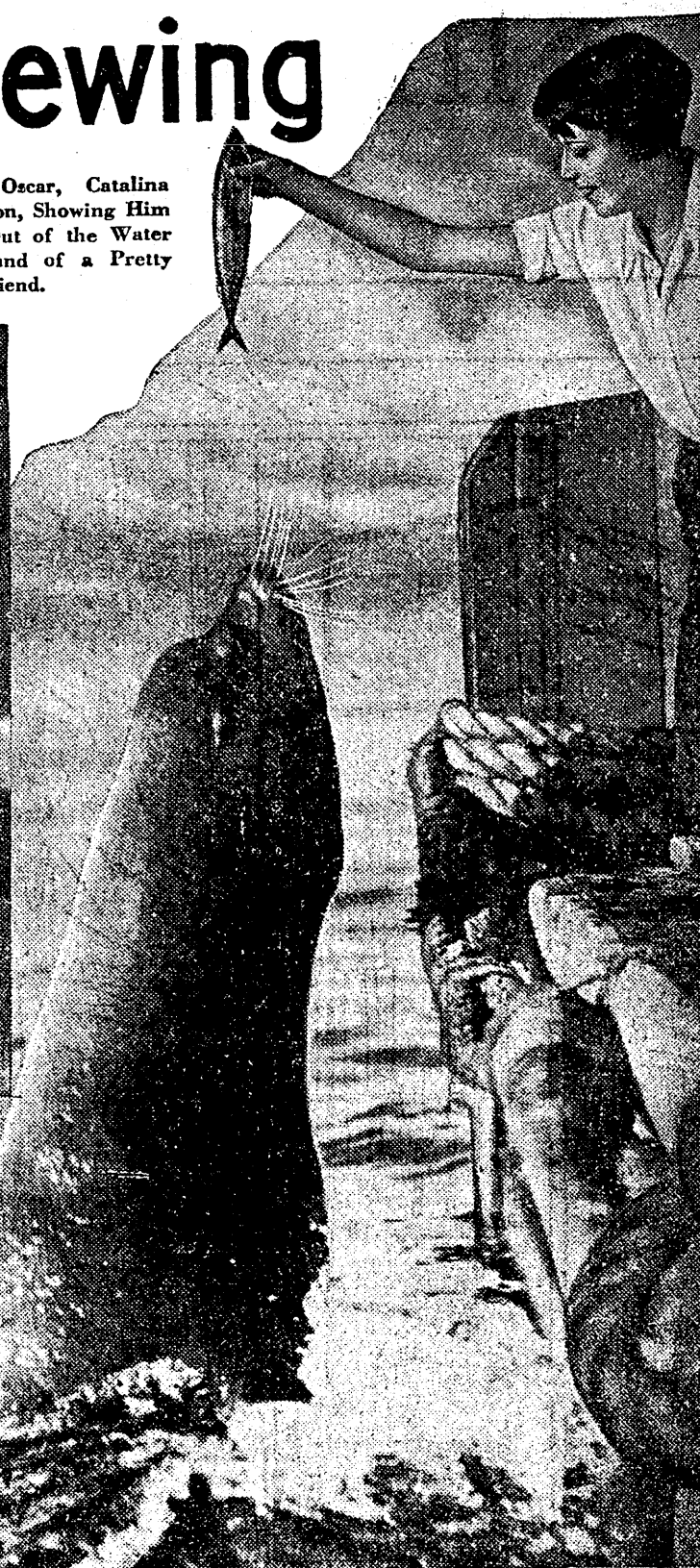
The elder Lessard's defense was that he had killed Ethelbert for scientific purposes. "I wanted to get him and look at him," he said. "I used to kill them, but I never saw one just like him." Mr. Lessard added he intended to exhibit the carcass if that were the only way he could get the money back that he had spent on his tackle and harpooning equipment.

However, this plan was thwarted when the State authorities took over the amphibian's body and exhibited it for the benefit of the school children of Portland. A short while later the whale killers were placed on trial in a crowded courtroom. It was decided that the Lessards were guilty of "killing a fish with a harpoon and spear," and each of them was sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 or go to jail for 100



Lonely Little Paddlewing, the Penguin, Is Here Shown on the Gangplank of His Exhibition Tank in the New York Aquarium. Paddlewing Survived the Entire Galapagos Brood That Was Brought North With Him. Mirrors Placed Around His Tank Failed to Console Him for the Loss of His Comrades.

Snapshot of Clever Oscar, Catalina Island's Famous Sea Lion, Showing Him Leaping Several Feet Out of the Water to eat Out of the Hand of a Pretty Woman Friend.



days, a decision approved by the whale's many thousand mourners.

Four thousand and some miles away in New York City thousands were being moved by word that there would be no Christmas festival for Paddlewing, the most popular exhibit in the New York Aquarium. With four other penguins, Paddlewing had been brought to the New York marine showplace by the Vincent Astor Galapagos Island expedition.

But Paddlewing was a victim of heartbreak, not murder. One by one each of his penguin companions died off in captivity. Left alone in an alien world, little Paddlewing had refused to amuse visitors by waddling about in the unique manner of his species, standing all day long in a corner of his exhibition pool brooding over his lost pals.

Fearing for his health, the Aquarium officials struck upon the ingenious device of arranging mirrors all around Paddlewing's tank so he would be deluded into the belief that there were other penguins in the pool. At first Paddlewing had been fooled, but after a while the inarticulateness and mimicking behavior of the reflected images convinced him that he had been hoaxed. Shortly after this heartbreaking discovery, the last of the penguins rolled over and died. The delicious viands that had been ordered for his Christmas dinner were fish in surrounding tanks.

Oscar the sea lion has long been famous all over Catalina Island for his remarkable tameness. This roaring

creature of the deep each day would come up to the rocky shore and leap several feet out of the water for fish held in the hands of human friends.

At the same time each morning and evening Oscar would timidly approach the rocky shore and patiently wait for his meal. At first only one woman made a habit of feeding Oscar, but in a short time he became so popular that dozens of people would line the seaside and throw delicacies to him.

Children on the island made friends with Oscar and, when disobedient, were made to behave by the threat that they wouldn't be permitted to see or feed the sea lion that day. It was a threat that seldom failed to work. A great feast, including turkey, was on the sea lion's menu for Christmas Day, but for some strange reason Oscar has disappeared. At this writing he is still among the missing. But his fans are hoping that he will put in an appearance around Christmas time so he may enjoy the fine Yuletide dinner prepared for him.

Oscar has vanished before and his friends all hope that his absence this time is only temporary and not the result of indigestion suffered from eating too well and too often. There are many pet sea lions near Catalina but there is, or was, only one Oscar.





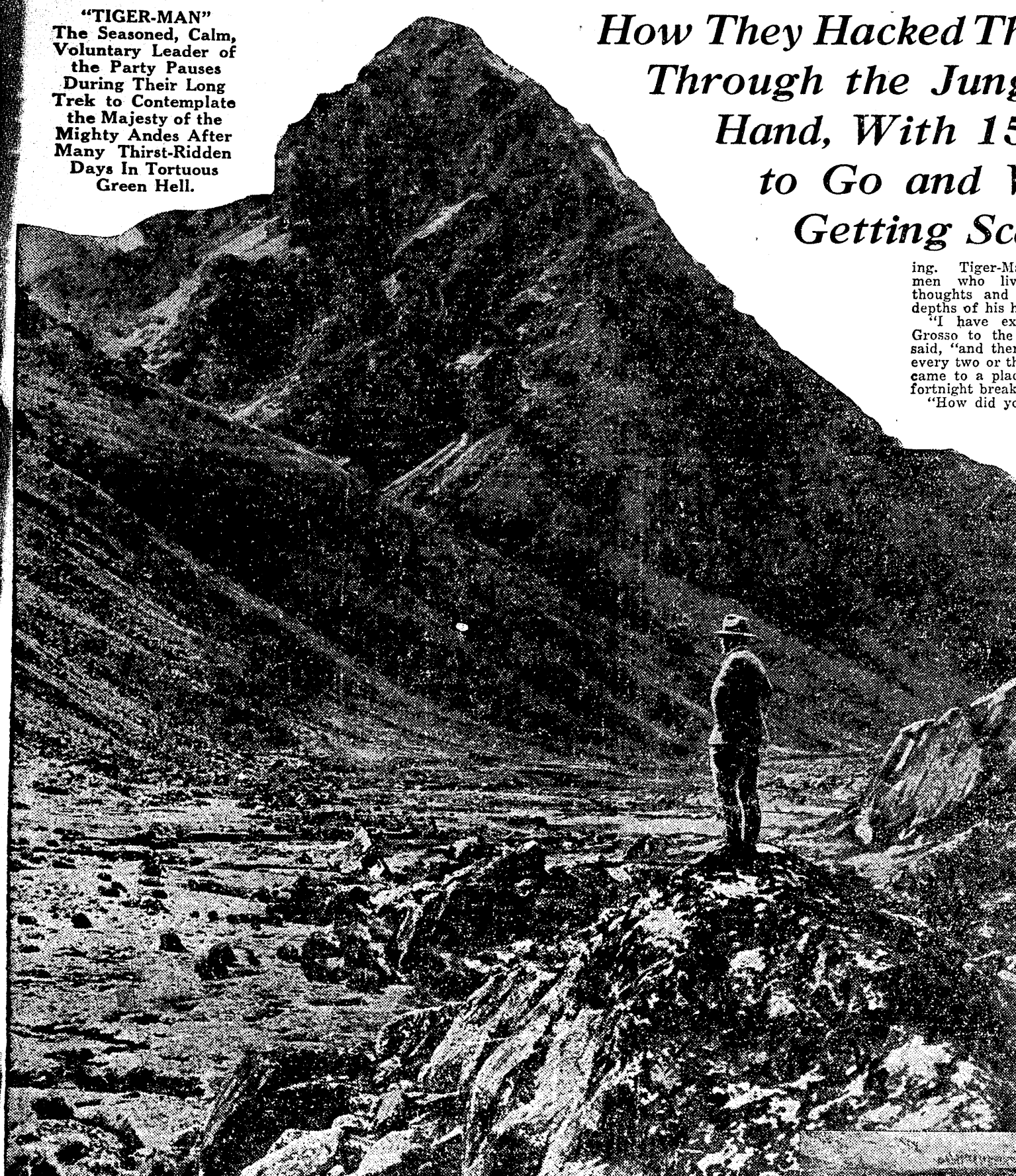
GREEN HELL



By JULIAN DUGUID
One of Four Men Who Walked With Death
Through the Mysterious Bolivian Inferno

"TIGER-MAN"
The Seasoned, Calm,
Voluntary Leader of
the Party Pauses
During Their Long
Trek to Contemplate
the Majesty of the
Mighty Andes After
Many Thirst-Ridden
Days in Tortuous
Green Hell.

How They Hacked Their Way Through the Jungle by Hand, With 150 Miles to Go and Water Getting Scarce



ing. Tiger-Man, with the facility of men who live alone, divined our thoughts and spoke lazily from the depths of his hammock.

"I have explored most of Matto Grosso to the north of Cuyaba," he said, "and there is generally a stream every two or three leagues. But once I came to a place like this and spent a fortnight breaking through the belt."

"How did you get water?" I asked, for Urrio and Bee-Mason were too proud to voice the question that touched us so closely.

"Waited till evening and followed the birds," said Tiger-Man cheerfully. "If darkness fell too soon I camped all morning and followed them then."

He cleared his throat and coughed. "There are one or two rules that help a thirsty man. Never take more than a sip at a time from your water bottle, and don't drink that. Rinse your mouth and spit. Never ride through the heat of the day. It is easier to be thirsty under a tree, and it saves the animals. Try to keep your thoughts on something cool, and above all never eat if you cannot see a drink."

Bee-Mason lit a cigarette from a flaming branch.

"How long can one do without water?"

"I once passed four days," said Tiger-Man quietly, "but I didn't like it."

We were up by four next day, shivering with the bitterness of the hour before dawn. The

strain of the bourracas. Spurs clinked against branches, and sparks sputtered out of the fire, and all the time we warmed ourselves and felt better. In under two hours the cargo was aloft, and we saddled the riding mules to the accompaniment of rattling bridles and the hollow plop of bits as they settled into the mouth, comfortably, behind the teeth. Gaily we mounted.

In every tale of tropical adventure the hero is certain sooner or later to "cut his way through forest." It is a perfect phrase, full-flavored and romantic, suggesting in five brief words a picture of indomitable men whirling polished axes in a dim green light, while gigantic trees topple off their roots like corn before the reaper. As a confirmed reader of such tales I had promised myself a glamorous time spitting on my hands and laying lustily through the brush while the bright chips flew, but after the manner of anticipation it was different.

There are, I believe, mahogany forests inland from Pernambuco where the trees grow so close together that a laden mule may not pass between. If so, I do not advise a muleteer to journey therein, for a mile a day would be exceedingly quick traveling. In more reasonable country the problem is quite otherwise, because a tree-trunk is the last thing to be struck. The barrier lies not in solid timber but in the network of parasitic growths that link the trees in a confused trailing mass, adhesive and irritating. It is not unlike cutting one's way through a strong elastic spider's web, whose strands will bear an almost unlimited strain, but yield quickly enough to a knife.

At first I tried riding straight through without cutting, but we soon changed our minds. Immensely powerful rope-weed, looped and springy, leaned from a great height and folded round the bourracas. The mules, feeling the check, pressed forward, but the weed held, with the result that the baggage strained against the cinches, reared up and became unbalanced, so that the trunks dragged along the ground. After this had happened once or twice we altered our procedure, the men were left behind with the animals, while Urrio, Tiger-Man, Bee-Mason and I rode in advance like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, wielding our machetes and moving forward in a solid line. In this way we managed to make good time, though our arms became so weary that we had to change hands every half-hour.

At intervals in the forest came patches of more open country, low bush, where for a while we could sheathe our machetes. We entered these suddenly as a rule, for the sharp, blue line of the horizon lay surprisingly far down the tree trunks, a phenomenon which caused us to expect a clearing for several miles before it came. Towards evening these clearings were an immense boon because the wind blew lightly through them, and we were able to sleep away from the musty, inclosing smell of the jungle, but in the daytime they were not by any means welcome, because they meant a return to the piercing white heat that blazed down from heaven gray with haze in a manner quite unknown under the green foliage; and thirst became a really vital problem.

In a thoroughly chastened spirit we paid heed to Tiger-Man's suggestion and imposed on ourselves a rigid water-discipline. No longer did we drink gaily whenever we felt the need, but after one sad look turned our thoughts to soothing channels and passed our tongues along dry lips. At noon we halted and lay under a strip of canvas without speaking, for even a word is a waste of saliva, and we had none to spare. The cook made as if to light a fire and stew some rice, but Urrio, after a quick glance at Tiger-Man, shook his head decisively. There was just enough water for one boiling for eight men, and we had not found the evening's supply. At night, under the influence of the breeze, we should be able to eat something without much water, but at midday it would be madness. So we lay quietly on the ground and listened to the busy voice of Green Hell.

When the heat had nearly passed, we arose stiffly and set about the business of the afternoon. The animals stood about in groups, knees sagging, heads down, tails switching with spasmodic energy. Tiger-Man approached and scanned them one by one. Five of the cargo mules had backs, old wounds that were rising again in great lumps, and which, when rubbed against the packs, broke and suppurated. It was serious as well as distressing, for we had no spare animals and San Juan lay 150 miles ahead, steering roughly by compass. In a great measure it was out of our control, because directly the saddles were removed, the poor beasts lay on their backs in an ecstasy of irritation, and even bit at each other's sores in order to ease the pain. We did what we could by retaining the

straw saddle-cloths until the sweat had dried, but the one sure alleviation was salt and water, a cure we had practised twice daily in the land of streams, but which was beyond our powers now. It was pitiful to see them. Now and again a mule, driven beyond reason, would drop down on the march and roll on top of the bourracas in an effort to scratch away the pain.

That afternoon Tiger-Man decided to ride ahead in search of water and took me with him, for I wished to savor every aspect of our varied life. We abandoned our machetes and cut long sticks, because a horseman can parry the rope-weed, turning it aside as a fencer parries a rapier. By degrees the noise of the mule train dropped behind, and we rode straight into the sun's eye, alone and silent.

Never shall I forget the appearance of Green Hell on that occasion. She wore a symphony in green, beginning with a dark hem in the undergrowth, and passing from every variety of shade as it rose toward the pale green of the tree tops. Bright purple orchids hung from the armpits of great trees, blue butterflies fluttered across our vision, and lizards peeped at us curiously and without fear. There was a certain irritating atmosphere, described by Urrio on the river as "looking lived in," which made itself severely felt. Everything seemed familiar and friendly, as though one might see smoke from a cooking fire at any moment.

I had the impression that no harm could come to us under the all-powerful protection of the leaves; and it took an immense effort of imagination to realize that a whole army might die and its bones whiten for years with nobody much the wiser. Hundreds of miles of jungle, rolling past countless horizons, league upon wooded league, each twenty yards promising to be the last, the spirit of Green Hell, merciless and indomitable, beckons the wanderer forward with a will-o'-the-wisp, tantalizing smile, hovering among the branches. I can quite imagine a traveler who was new to the game striding confidently onward, his palate tickled, and his fears lulled by the beauty of the place, while time passed like a cloud. It is all so green and luxuriant that it would never strike him that water might be hard to find, and then, growing thirsty, he would press a little farther, determined to bathe and rest; but the hours would pass and the sun would sink, and in the watches of the night a ghastly uncertainty would arise in his mind. Next day, he would settle down to business, his chin well out, his legs moving swiftly between the trees, and still the woods would mock him. Days would go by and his mouth would be a blistered hell, and his mind inflamed with a desire for water far beyond any desire for women. In the end he would lose his head, forget to steer by the sun, stagger in a great circle and fall hopelessly and madly on the second round of his own tracks.

As we rode along I studied Tiger-Man's face and thanked our beginner's luck for having secured him. He did not appear to be the least perturbed, no shadow of mistrust showed in his bright blue eyes as they ranged the forest for signs of water. There was an almost jaunty air about him, buccaneering, yet watchful, that seemed to laugh in the face of trouble. His mode of life during the last fourteen years had made him immeasurably superior to our town-bred sophistication. He seemed to be part of the forest, his skin and beard and clothes merged into the background as naturally as if he had been a tiger. His very being was alert with the quiet strength of a wild beast. He turned in the saddle, his feet loose below the stirrups, his hat thrust back from his forehead.

"This must seem very strange to you," he said gently.

Later in the expedition I should have admitted frankly that I was not enjoying myself but, at that moment I was forcing my imagination to behave itself, and I did not dare to consider the possibility of the failure to find water. I knew that in his eyes I was still unproved and, my pride rising on its hind legs, I told him it was just what I expected, that I rather liked it, and that anyway it was better than going to an office in London. Gravely, and without the suspicion of a twinkle, he agreed. For Tiger-Man was perhaps the greatest gentleman I have ever met.

At half past five, when the sun appeared to be almost level with our eyes, we were still without any trace of water. Birds were scarce, and those that we saw were vultures sweeping the sky in moody, somber circles. No tracks of tiger or tapir were visible in the hard-baked ground, and it really looked as though we should have to go thirsty to bed. A slight furrow appeared between Tiger-Man's brows, and he spoke shortly.

"We can last some days longer than the animals," he said. "If they go we shall have the choice of walking forward or back."

I thought of the odds of five to one offered against us in Gaiba, and found no pleasure in it. Suddenly with a loud sweeping of wings and a deafening, hoarse rattle, four huge macaws passed overhead, casting a thick shadow as they went. Simultaneously, Tiger-Man's mule threw back its head and sent a throaty whistle echoing through the trees. It was a pathetic sound, mid-way between the contralto of a horse and the soprano of a donkey, but it made Tiger-Man slip his feet into his stirrups and grin.

"Water," he called joyfully and lifted his hat.

(To Be Continued)

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CHAPTER XVI.

OUR departure for the unknown corresponded with that of an Indian who died at dawn that day. It was an unfortunate affair, for we met his funeral in the forest at a spot where we could not avoid it, and the grim suggestiveness of the ritual shook our men to the depths of their half-awakened souls.

The first sign of anything unusual was a dull, high-pitched screaming that rushed at us from the greenery ahead. It arose out of the silence in eerie waves, ebbing and flowing with terrible passionless monotony in a cadence of two weary notes. Even at a distance it was sadder and more divorced from hope than any sound I have ever heard. It was as though a sinner had returned to earth with positive tidings that the next life was one long agonizing pain.

Suddenly the dinner-bell, proud emblem of our eldest horse, ceased altogether, and as that awful voice drew nearer it broke into a wild clatter that was promptly followed by the hollow boom of bourracas, crashing against tree-trunks. Obviously the horse's nerve had failed. In an instant all the ears of all the mules stood up in rampant sympathy, and a ripple of terror swept quivering along the line of pack animals that stretched out of sight down the curling track. Tails switched, manes bristled, nostrils blew wide with fright, and it was evident that the slightest incident would send the whole caravan in one mad gallop through the jungle. Urrio rapped out an order, and Cosme and Adolfo, themselves trembling, leaped to the ground and roped each nervous animal to a tree. In this half-hearted manner, we witnessed a procession which, for sheer, stark significance, would have been hard to equal, especially to travelers with their backs to the haunts of men.

First, came three Indians, small, yellow, sad-eyed, each bearing an enormous candle whose naked flames stood upright in the stillness and gleamed dark and unnatural against the splendid background of green foliage. They were followed at a short distance by two haggard and wrinkled old women dressed in ankle-long blue garments, wide and girdleless after the fashion of night dresses. Coarse black hair tumbled over their shoulders in unbound disarray, and they twined their bony fingers in the ends. They walked with an erect dignity born of generations of water carriers, slow and solemn, eyes hollow and expressionless, hard and unfathomable,

like snakes. But for all the sinister repose of their demeanor it was their voices that caused the mules to strain at the ropes and the men to cross themselves in hurried fear. Harsh, untrained, immeasurably scratchy and dreary, they prayed for the dead man's soul in tones that showed quite plainly that they cared for nothing beyond the fees.

"Professional wailers," said Urrio. "We heard them practicing at Santo Corazon."

Whereupon, with a shuffle of naked feet, the principal actor made his bow. A silent, stiff figure, covered with a white cloth, he lay in a rough-hewn, open coffin, borne on the shoulders of six of his companions; and the tip of his nose pressed against the shroud, giving a rough outline to his face. Occasionally one of the bearers trod on a thorn and, when the body rolled with an odd sound against the boards, a certain volume of anxiety broke from a number of women who walked immediately behind. These women, like the wailers, seemed to be more concerned with the ritualistic aspect of the matter than with any human sorrow. They neither wept nor beat their breasts, and the peculiar glitter of unshed tears was absent from their eyes. Their very annoyance at the rolling body appeared to be a mixture of family pride in the proper conduct of a funeral and the desire to avoid unnecessary delay. Not one of them showed any regret for the dead man.

That grief for the departed was no more than skin deep we saw when we passed his house. There, before the low doorway, were a number of buxom maidens disporting themselves in Botticellian attitudes, drinking chicha and singing, while a small boy worked a cane press in a corner of the clearing. This primitive machine stood between palm trees, and consisted of two polished wooden rollers, upright and clogged at the ends, which crushed the cane stalks to pulp and squeezed the juice into a trough by the circular motion of a couple of bullocks yoked to a beam. The boy was enjoying himself intensely, swinging his rawhide whip about his head and crashing it with loud yells of derision against the patient flanks of his charges. A very old man, quite toothless, sampled the liquor as it drifted from the wheels.

"It's all rather horrible," said Urrio, soothing his mule which had not recovered from the whiff of the corpse.

It was more than that. It was an extremely interesting study of the results of Christian interference, for it represented a cross between barbarism and Christianity with the spirit fled from each. Gone was the grief of breast-

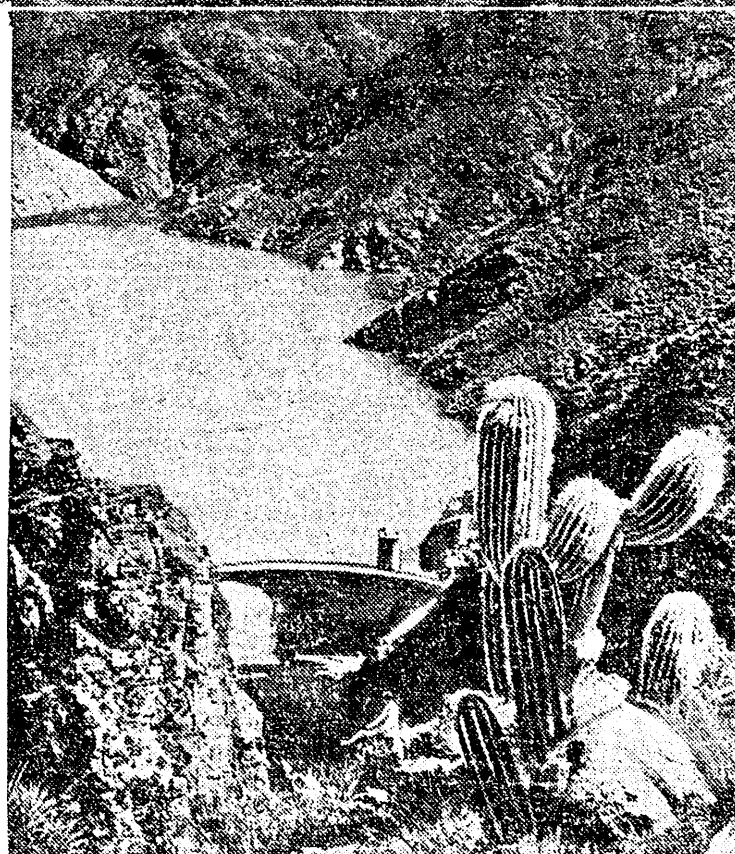
tearing that goes with savagery; gone, too, the calm majesty of sorrow with which a gentler faith consigns the dead to sleep. In this terrible procession I could see the stagnant soul of Chiquitos reaching back into the ages, far beyond the Jesuits to the forgotten voices of strange deities whose power had faded through neglect, and whose rites had degenerated into more senseless babble.

A league further on we encamped, for night was at hand and we had reached the end of a cul-de-sac. The path ceased abruptly and a wall of virgin forest rose sheer out of the ground. Exploration lay ready to our touch. Secretly, I believe, we were all a little awed now that we had come to the point. As we lay smoking in our hammocks after supper there was not quite so much conversation as usual. We just stared into the golden heart of the fire and gave ourselves up to meditation.

Green Hell, ominous and menacing, loomed above our heads, blocking a large slice of the star-studded sky. A vast silence that was no silence at all, but a holding of breath, warned us against the undertaking. The memory of the funeral returned to us, not as a terror so much as a solemn example of what might happen, and I reflected that we should be spared the honor of professional wailers. For if we did it would be from thirst and hunger, not singly but together. I glanced at the men. They were sitting in a little clump, uneasy and superstitious, looking over their shoulders from time to time as though some spirit of the forest mocked them.

"I feel rather like a new boy on the first day of term," said Urrio suddenly. "It's a great life," said Bee-Mason, determined that none should read him. "Eat when you're hungry, drink when you're thirsty and sleep when you're tired."

This argument in a country where water is scarce and game scanty was so open to criticism that we said nothing.



WATER!
And Plenty of It Here in the Small Reservoir at the Tin Mines Near Patino, Situated on the North Western Borders of the Great Bolivian Jungle Where Water Is Rarely Found for Days.

embers of the fire were still aglow, and we fed them heartily, fanning them into flame with our broad-brimmed hats; but it was an eerie business ever after the yellow tongues shot up and chased away the shadows.

A brooding grimness hung over Green Hell, as though she felt the cold as much as we and grudged us the heat. Massive, gloomy, incredibly overwhelming and near, she placed her formidable bulk in our path; a living barrier between us and San Juan, 150 miles to the west. The men felt her presence keenly. They grumbled in undertones and kicked sullenly at the mules, with one eye on the trees. Soon, however, the discomfort departed, and the air was full of little reassuring sounds. Mules stamped and snorted, leather fittings creaked as the cinches pulled tight and the straps took

When the heat had nearly passed, we arose stiffly and set about the business of the afternoon. The animals stood about in groups, knees sagging, heads down, tails switching with spasmodic energy. Tiger-Man approached and scanned them one by one. Five of the cargo mules had backs, old wounds that were rising again in great lumps, and which, when rubbed against the packs, broke and suppurated. It was serious as well as distressing, for we had no spare animals and San Juan lay 150 miles ahead, steering roughly by compass. In a great measure it was out of our control, because directly the saddles were removed, the poor beasts lay on their backs in an ecstasy of irritation, and even bit at each other's sores in order to ease the pain. We did what we could by retaining the

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Incident that was yers, all good and Page Two)

CAROL BAXTER'S pretty lips were drooping wearily as she climbed the steps of the cheap boarding house which had served as her home during the two weeks of her stay in San Francisco. With lagging steps she reached the door of her little room, but before she could enter she heard her name called from behind. She turned to see Jennie Sanderson, a merry-eyed little shop girl who occupied the adjoining room.

"Well, kid," greeted Jennie, with her usual breeziness, "what luck today?"

"None at all," replied Carol despondently. "And it isn't a question of my work, either. It's something they don't like about me. I can tell it by the way they look at me. I wish I knew what is the matter."

Jennie glanced at her oddly. "I'll tell you what it is—I've been wantin' to all along, but I was scared you'd get sore. You're too-standoffish, I guess comes natural to you, but the guys in this town want girls they can kid along in their offices. That is, most of 'em do. You've got 'em afraid of you."

"It ain't your looks," she went on, cocking her head critically on one side. "Lord knows, you've got more'n your share, but they ain't the right kind for Market Street. If you was out in Hollywood maybe they'd grab you off for a princess part, but you've got to warm up a bit to land a job in the places you've been tryin'."

Carol's face had flushed at first, but now she nodded forlornly.

"You're right, I do look rather chilly. I've been told that before, but it never worried me. But it's all on the outside, Jennie. I'm really human, but if no one will believe it I suppose I'll have to go back to Coldale and be a librarian all the rest of my life. But I don't want to, for everything will remind me of my father. He was a dean in the college there, you know."

Jennie patted her shoulder comfortingly.

"You listen to me, kid. Let me fix you up and you won't be worryin' about goin' back anywhere."

"Fix me up?" repeated Carol, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Rig you out different," explained Jennie. "Now don't get mad. I'm not knockin' your style up. It's got class, and you sure can wear swell duds like they ought to be worn, but they're too quiet. You need somethin' brighter. I've got a sport outfit that's just the ticket. An' I'll buff your hair like this—see? Then some of this new rouge that's all the rage, an' some more color on your lips. You just wait till I get through, an' see if you don't knock 'em dead 'stet thing out. But you'll have to tie a can to your lingo. It's too smooth, maybe, but I'll fix these duds you're tryin' to rope in. Snap it up, an' you won't be afraid to get a strangle hold on the King's English."

A glow had come into Carol's eyes.

"It sounds wild, and I suppose that's the way I'll look, but I'll do it! After all, I don't know anyone here, and it can't hurt me."

"That's the stuff," agreed Jennie enthusiastically. "Don't forget about your talkin'. I'll wise you up and we'll practice some tonight. The rest'll be duck soup. You wait and see."

IT WAS a different Carol who left the dingy walls of the boarding house next morning. At first the knowledge of her striking attire and highly rouged cheeks gave her a slight sense of panic, but as no one appeared to notice her she became calmer. In a few minutes she began to enjoy the masquerade, for it gave her an odd feeling of freedom.

She had hardly begun to check over her "help wanted" columns before her attention was drawn to a large advertisement in bold-face type:

"Unusual opportunity for single girl who is free to leave the city at once. Must be not over 24 years old. Call in person at 615 Ormeau Building, before 11 o'clock."

That was all. There was no description of the work, no mention of references, nor other enlightening details. Though it was probably a catch, she decided to investigate.

It was only nine o'clock when she reached the office mentioned in the advertisement, but already there was a crowd of at least fifteen girls ahead of her. A sour-faced clerk silently pointed out a chair and she sat down. She did not have to wait long. In a few minutes an inner door opened and two men came out. The first, a stout, middle-aged man of about forty, seemed to be in charge, but it was the second on whom Carol's eyes rested with sudden interest.

Even without his erect figure and broad shoulders he would have still been distinguished, for the expression of quiet authority on his aristocratic face compelled recognition. Though there were slight patches of gray at his temples, she guessed his age to be not more than thirty-three. While his companion spoke in a low tone to the clerk, she saw keen blue eyes pass swiftly about the room, hesitating a fraction of a second upon her. But even in that brief instant she sensed a rapid analysis of her entire being. She

THE QUEER MRS. FARNSTONE

by Donald E. Keyhoe

thought she even saw an amused contempt in his eyes, though his grave expression had not altered. In a moment he turned and began a conversation with the stout man.

CAROL felt a sharp regret that she had followed Jennie's advice. This was evidently no ordinary selection that was being made. Doubtless she would be eliminated at once because of her appearance. But to her surprise she saw the stout man look surreptitiously at her, and immediately her hopes soared. The tall man entered the other room, and in a minute Carol found herself following, while the stout man brought up the rear.

The latter indicated a chair and then seated himself at a desk in front of her. The other had placed himself at one side, where he could watch her face.

"Your name?" asked the stout man curiously. When she answered he made a brief introduction. "Miss Baxter—Major Farnstone."

The man he had called Farnstone bowed silently. Carol, in keeping with her assumed role, nodded with easy familiarity. She had quite apparently been chosen account of her attire and make-up, and she would not jeopardize her opportunity by revealing herself to be other than she seemed.

"Unmarried?" the stout man went on rapidly. "Free to leave the city for at least six months—during which time you would be away from this country?"

Carol's breath caught but she managed a breezy reply.

"Sure. I'm my own boss," she retorted, with an inward shudder at the ease with which the phrase seemed to roll from her tongue. "What's the rest of the story?"

A peculiarly grim light shone in Farnstone's eyes for an instant and he nodded to himself almost imperceptibly. The stout man toyed nervously with a document on his desk and then turned abruptly toward Farnstone.

"Hugh, for the last time I beg you to give up this—"

Farnstone stopped him with a single gesture.

"There is no use in going over that again," he said calmly. "And now, if you will leave us alone for a moment, I'll ask Miss Baxter to consider the offer."

The stout man made a motion of helpless surrender and went out. Farnstone hesitated for a second.

"I have an unusual proposition to make," he began at last. "Please remember that it is strictly business, with nothing personal at all. Otherwise you would have ground for offense."

He paused to light a cigarette. Carol waited uncertainly. What lay back of this elaborate preparation?

"Briefly, I have been ordered to the command of a small Army flying post on the island of Balato, about half way down in the Philippines. It is an out of the way spot, a tiny world in itself. There are about twelve other officers there, most of them married. Now, please do not misunderstand me. I have no desire to be married, but I have strong reasons for not going there alone. So that between now and transport sailing time tomorrow noon I must find someone who will consent to sign this contract—to go as my wife in name only."

Carol had risen angrily, but at his last words she sat down again, staring at him.

"It is purely business, as I have said," Farnstone went on rapidly. "I shall not trouble you in any way, but of course you will have to pretend sufficiently to deceive observers. However, I have already arranged a separate stateroom on the transport, and shall see that any embarrassing details are attended to. If you agree, the ceremony will be performed at once. You will have until tomorrow noon to make up your mind. In the meantime I shall see that you are equipped for the voyage. You can buy additional clothing for the tropics in Honolulu, or at Manila."

But for the grave, impersonal manner in which he had uttered this remarkable proposal, Carol would have fled from the room in indignation. In spite of the incredible thing he planned, she believed him to be sincere. But a business marriage! To cut loose from her world and cross half the world with a man she could not call husband, though nothing but a mockery of words bound them together.

"My reasons are private, and would probably not interest you much," Farnstone proceeded, as she did not speak. "As for the financial details, you will receive three hundred dollars a month, providing you agree to stay at least six months. You may leave then if you desire, and I shall complete your bargain with a payment of five thousand dollars, with the understanding that you return suit for divorce on your return to the States."

"It sounds crazy," said Carol, glad of an opportunity to hide her trembling voice with the hard tone she had adopted. "You can't be given all that for nothing."

Farnstone stiffened.



"I've got a treat for you, Mrs. Wade," Carol said with a patronizing smile. "I've put you right next to an old friend of yours."

"There is nothing more than I have mentioned. If you can not take my word, that is unfortunate. You will not have cause to complain of any dishonesty. And if it is a question of the money, I may inform you that I have a private income, so that you will be taken care of without difficulty."

It was impossible, of course, she told herself. And yet, why not? Who was there to care what she did—or where she went? But could she trust him? She looked at him again, searching, and he met her eyes without flinching. Suddenly she knew she was not afraid of this man with the clear blue eyes and firm, but not ungentele mouth.

"I'll go," she said simply.

THE island steamer *Romero*, on her first night out of Manila, rolled gently under the tropical moon. Carol Farnstone leaned idly upon the starboard rail and pensively contemplated the rippling water. Tomorrow the little ship would reach Balato, and the last part of the long voyage would be over.

She was still in the dark as to Farnstone's purpose, though from the very first he had lived up to his agreement. But in spite of his grave courtesy she had been acutely unhappy. She had found it difficult to maintain the pose of artificiality, and there had been moments when she had locked herself within her stateroom to hide tears of humiliation at the punishment she had imposed upon herself.

Farnstone had not seemed to notice the covert ridicule of their fellow passengers, but to Carol it had been a horrible nightmare from which she seemed destined never to awaken. He had spent much of his time to himself, leaving her free to enter into light flirtations with the junior officers aboard if she had so desired, but she had preferred solitude. At Honolulu she had overheard a conversation which showed her that the "queer Mrs. Farnstone" was a common topic among the wives of the officers. And at Manila matters had been worse, until she had been glad to board the *Romero* and escape the disdainful smiles she detected on every side.

She had thought of giving up the masquerade, of asking him to send her back to the United States, but her sense of honor made her adhere to what she had promised. Farnstone had not explicitly asked her to conform to his crude mannerisms, but she knew that he did not dream she could be different.

THE steady beat of the ship's engines broke in on her meditation, bringing a realization of the ever increasing distance between her and the land that had been her home. Overcome by a loneliness which was only intensified by the beauty of the night, she dropped her head into her arms with a sob. Oblivious to all but her misery, she failed to hear the sound of footsteps. Farnstone's quiet voice was the

first warning she had of his presence.

"Surely not tears? I did not suppose the lighthearted Carol ever was troubled with such things. What is the matter?"

Carol's heart seemed to leap to her throat. Not for the world would she let him know how she longed to be treated as a companion, instead of a human figure. She shook the tears away and forced an indifferent smile to her lips.

"Oh, just got the blues for a second," she said with a careless shrug. "Don't worry. I won't pull the cry-baby stunt before any of your friends."

He winced at her words, to her surprise.

"I am sorry that you are unhappy," he replied in a tone she had never heard him use. Then his voice changed to a sudden briskness. "I have something to tell you before we land tomorrow, and this is as good a time as any. From the very start I want you to remember that you are absolutely mistress of the post. I expect you to emphasize this whenever necessary. There is at present a Mrs. Wade on the island. Her husband has been temporarily in command, and of course she has been 'first lady' there. I do not anticipate any great familiarity between you, for you are rather dissimilar. In your tastes, but I hope you will see that she understands the situation thoroughly."

Leaving her completely bewildered, he turned to go but swung back for a moment.

"By the way—would you mind wearing that orange dress you bought in Manila when we land tomorrow?"

And hardly waiting for her reply he added a brief good-night and disappeared. In a maze of mixed emotions she went below to her own stateroom. What was the meaning of his request that she snub the unknown Mrs. Wade? And why was he always requesting her to wear certain dresses, most of which he had the orange dress, for it was cheap in appearance in spite of its cost.

Nevertheless, when morning came she donned the gaudy thing and went on deck. Balato was already on the horizon and within a few hours the *Romero* dropped anchor in the tiny harbor. Ten minutes later she and Farnstone stepped to the dock from their ashore. An officer who had been awaiting them stepped forward with what Carol thought was a rather embarrassed smile and saluted. Farnstone returned the courtesy unemotionally.

"How are you, Wade? Sorry to take your command, but it was no design of mine. I asked for Manila—but got four day orders. How is Marion?"

The other man flushed slightly.

"She's fairly well, thanks. The heat's bothered her a little—it's always worse on blonds, you know. We're expecting you to dinner, of course. Your quarters and their wives made the

ters are ready, but I thought your wife would want to pick her own cook and the house-boys."

HE looked curiously at Carol. Farnstone introduced them briefly, and after leaving directions with the launch crew for disposal of luggage, indicated his readiness to proceed. Wade led the way along a palm-shaded road to his home, pointing out the airplane hangars and other objects of interest as they went. Carol heard nothing of this, however, for her mind was busy with a new problem. The manner in which Farnstone had inquired about Wade's wife, and Wade's expression at that moment, could mean but one thing. Sometimes not long past Farnstone had known the woman he called Marion. Probably had cared for her deeply. But did he still care? She stole a look at his face but it was impassive. Surely not, for he would have never married anyone else, even only in name. Besides, his request of the evening before hardly indicated anything of the sort.

They had by this time reached the wide, screened veranda of Wade's quarters. As a step sounded within, Carol braced herself firmly and curbed her lips into their usual careless smile. In another moment she was looking straight into the cold eyes of Marion Wade, a pretty, but rather pettish little woman, whose once delicate beauty had already been marred by the piteous tropical sun. But in spite of this, Carol's heart sank, for she perceived that the other woman possessed the very quality she had disclaimed by her acceptance of Farnstone's offer. In an effort to maintain her customary airiness, she found herself almost stumbling before this quiet, composed woman with the haughty, contemptuous face.

She drew aside with glad relief as Farnstone spoke in easy greeting. Had she been watching closely she might have seen an odd look upon his face, but her mind was in a swirling torment. All at once it had come to her why she had been brought to Balato, and a wave of chagrin and heart-sickness swept over her. He had chosen her because of her apparent crudity, her uncouth manner, to inflict upon Marion Wade for a reason she could easily guess. Doubtless there had been some twisted love affair—and this was his chance for revenge.

She was only a puppet, a tool in his cruel game. His purpose now stood out brutally clear.

The hour that followed was torture for her. Strive though she did, she could not resume her gay demeanor, and when Wade suggested an inspection of the available Tagalog houseboys she assented eagerly, thankful to escape from the eyes of the woman she was supposed to humiliate during the next six months.

THE following two days were repetitions of her bitter experience in Manila. The other

usual official calls but she could see that only her position as Farnstone's wife was responsible for their polite speech and respectful manner. Wearily she went through her now hated masquerade, wondering how long it would be before she would break under her increasing mental anguish. Farnstone was absent most of the day, acquainting himself with the details of his new post. She busied herself as much as possible in arranging her home, and instructing the native servants.

But slowly the hurt she had been caused grew unbearable. The memory of Marion's mocking eyes haunted her, but worst of all was the knowledge that Farnstone believed her to be a creature devoid of all feeling. Her resentment soon developed into an almost savage desire to make him feel some pain equal to the burn of her wounded heart.

Her opportunity came on the fourth day after their arrival. She held it to her chest, waiting to three officers and their wives, including Wade and Marion. This was the first of the official functions which Farnstone said were customary in a post of that size. Early in the afternoon, after all her orders to the houseboys had been given, she was sitting in her bedroom, contemplating a despicable blue evening gown which she knew Farnstone expected her to wear, when the idea came to her in a flash.

She rose swiftly and went to her closet. Hidden behind the dresses Farnstone had bought was an exquisitely designed gown of old rose, the one prized object she had kept in memory of the far off days in Coldale. She held it up against her body, mentally contrasting the image in the mirror with the picture she would make attired in the other dress. With a short little laugh she returned it to the closet and locked the door.

When her guests arrived that evening she wore the blue gown, and her cheeks had even more than their accustomed rouge. She met each one with some easy banter, deliberately accentuating her breaks in grammar. Farnstone was watching her as Marion Wade drew near and her husband. She took a deep breath to offset the rapid beating of her heart.

"I've got a treat for you, Mrs. Wade," she said with a patronizing smile. "I've put you right next to an old friend of yours. Some wives might think that was pretty dangerous, eh? But I'm not scared."

IN the silence that followed she laughed loudly, while Marion bit her lips until they were white. Farnstone faced at her, his eyes blazing.

"Now if you'll excuse me," she went on, as though unaware of anything unusual in her words, "I'll see how things are comin' on."

Passing through the dining room to the rear veranda, she dodged hastily into her bedroom. Tearing the blue dress from her with a single movement, she snatched up a jar of cold cream.

Five minutes later she returned. So quietly did she enter the room that for an instant no one noticed her. Then a strange look came into her eyes, as if she caught sight of her. For in the serenely beautiful girl who stood in the doorway there was hardly a trace of "the queer Mrs. Farnstone." Gone was the flashy attire, and in its place was the white gown, its rose shade reflected faintly in the delicate color of her cheeks. The dusty hair had been deftly transformed into a fitting crown for the quietly cultured face beneath. Her softly curving lips, revealed for the first time in unadorned perfection, held a cool smile as she met the eyes of her husband, who was staring in un concealed amazement.

"I must ask you to overlook my rudeness in leaving you," she said tranquilly. "I have not been myself—for some time after another."

With a graceful inclination of her head, she placed her hand within the arm of her dinner partner and led the way into the dining room, the others following in almost sheepish bewilderment.

She never forgot the triumph of that hour. The stricken look in Marion's eyes more than made up for the nights of misery she had passed. As for Farnstone, he had lost his accustomed poise and seemed dazed. She felt his eyes constantly upon her throughout the dinner, but gave him no satisfaction of a return glance. With the exception of Marion, the guests took their cue from her composed manner and repressed an astonishment with which admiration was clearly evident.

BUT when the last one had departed there was a moment of reprieve. She found herself a-tremble, though not from fear. Then the memory of Farnstone's cruel plan strengthened her and she faced him a trifle defiantly.

"I may as well admit I don't understand," he said, with painful slowness. "Of course, it was all a game of pretense, I see. And very clever, too, for I never suspected, though the night you cried made me wonder. But why did you do it?"

"Does it matter?" returned Carol quietly. "You did not tell me your motives. Do you think I would have come here if I had known I was part of your revenge on Marion Wade?"

"Revenge?" he repeated amazedly. "I don't—what do you mean?"

"My—my cheapness," replied Carol bitterly. "To cut her with the knowledge that she could not fight back. I know—you thought I had no feeling, that I would not catch their insults."

He put his hands out protestingly.

"You thought that? I never dreamed of such a thing. I cared for her once, as you probably supposed. There was a misunderstanding, and she married Wade. It was common talk in the Army. When I was ordered here I was afraid to love her, and it would make trouble. My first glance at her proved that a mistake. But my strongest reason for my pride. People would think I had deliberately followed her, and had obtained this post to have an advantage over her husband. That is why I made that offer."

"But—but your insisting on those horrid clothes, and wanting me to act so common!" said Carol.

Farnstone flushed slightly. "I knew how lonely this place would be. I was afraid to bring too attractive a woman here, for fear I'd fall in love with her. That would have been a disaster. But I just wanted to be free to carry on my work. So I picked you because—"

"Because there wasn't any chance of falling in love with such a vulgar person," Carol finished for him, as he stumbled for a word. She smiled whimsically, though her heart was leaden. "Well, you need not worry any longer. I shall leave on the next month's ship. Of course, I shall see that you are divorced as quickly as possible. And you may have your checks—all I ask is to be returned to the United States."

He took a step toward her. "Carol," he began pleadingly, "how was I to know? I see now that I was a fool—that I was all wrong. But I did not dream I was hurting you."

"Now that it is over I find it rather amusing," she said coolly. And then, to hide the quivering of her lips, she turned and walked into her bedroom. Mechanically undressing, she threw herself upon the bed and lay there for a long time, fighting back the scalding tears. Finally weariness overcame her and she fell asleep.

IT was late in the morning when she awoke. As she ate breakfast the headboy told her that Farnstone had gone to the hangars. If she wished anything, she was to send him a message.

For a while she sat upon the veranda and watched the planes circling overhead. At last she decided to walk to the flying field, for she had a natural curiosity to see the workings of the station, and commonsense told her that it was foolish to remain away because of Farnstone's presence.

As she came around the edge of the first hangar she saw him standing with Wade, a few yards from a plane which roared loudly in preparation for taking the air. Both men had their backs toward her and therefore did not see her. While she hesitated, deciding whether or not to retreat, the pilot leaned out and shouted a direction to the waiting mechanics. Away went the blocks which had stood before the wheels, and before Carol could realize what was happening the plane was pivoting swiftly about toward her.

ABOVE the roar of the motor came a shout, as the man holding the pivot wing saw her, and tried to attract the pilot's attention. She gave a helpless scream as the flashing propeller bore down upon her. Then as she closed her eyes she felt herself swept into powerful arms and hurled to the ground. With a hissing screech the menacing blades shot by her head, just as she slipped down into a merciful faint.

When her eyes fluttered open she was lying upon a hastily improvised couch. Farnstone was kneeling beside her, incoherently muttering her name.

"Carol—Carol!" he cried huskily, as she wonderingly raised her eyes to him. "If anything had happened to you, dear—"

For a long moment she lay there, almost unable to believe what she saw in his face.

"You really would have—"

"Carol," she whispered.

"Carol? Don't make me think of—that. When I saw you there—"

"But nothing happened to me," she said gently. "You were so quick. I thought it was all over."

He leaned close to her, and she saw that his hands were shaking.

"Carol, I think something inside of me must have known all along. For last night I was sure."

"You did it well," she answered, but her eyes were shining.

"I have been a brute," he told her humbly. "Can you ever forgive me, dear?"

"I may as well admit I don't understand," he said, with painful slowness. "Of course, it was all a game of pretense, I see. And very clever, too, for I never suspected, though the night you cried made me wonder. But why did you do it?"

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Page Two)

FRENZIED FOR FLOOD

Boats Needed
Mississippians
Surround

GLENDORA, With from two to four feet of water rising in hundreds of marshy backwater areas, pouring water calls were sent to remove the end of funds and food.

The full force of the water was felt in Tallahassee, minor plantations coming to blow off the levee. Bayou bend with Glendora up and Swan Lake.

Miss Eleanor I. W. Williamson, Parishman prison boat through the flood was the only one who has ever known. She said practically held that the levee until tomorrow rest of the water.

"Most of the water is hopeless," said a story for a few in sight, but heavy changed all the 2,000 negro plan citizens and com-

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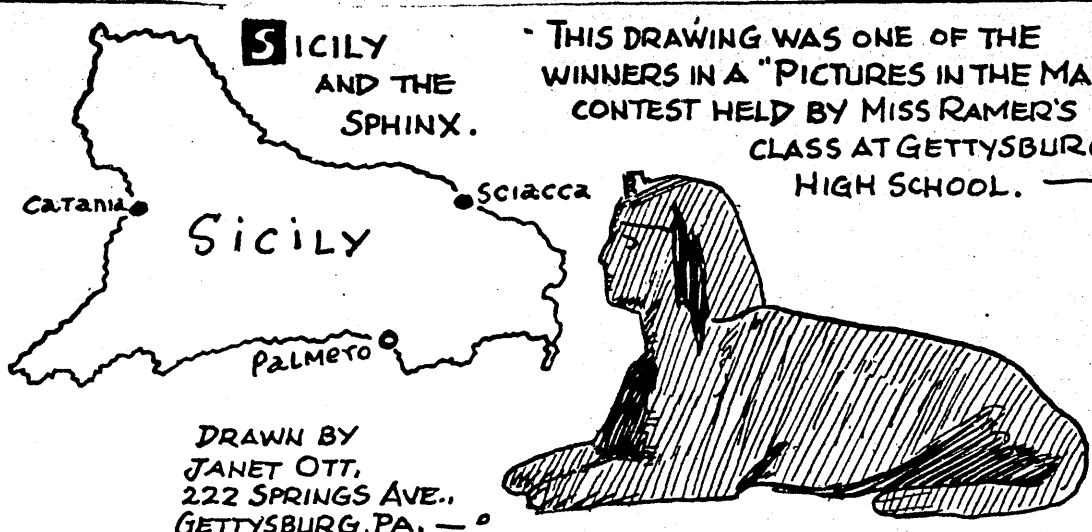
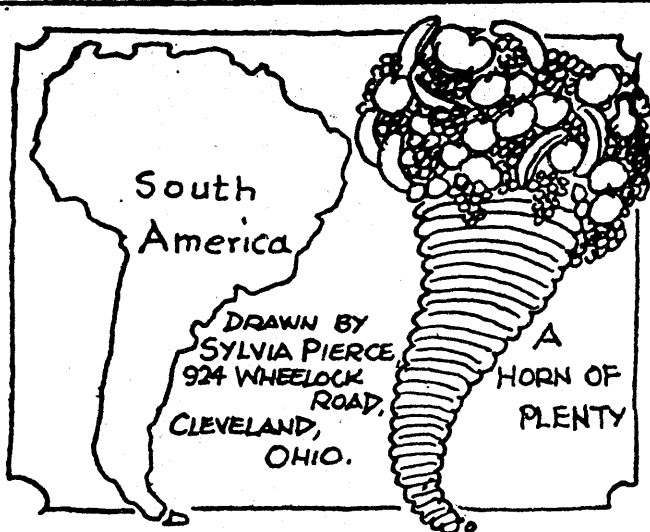
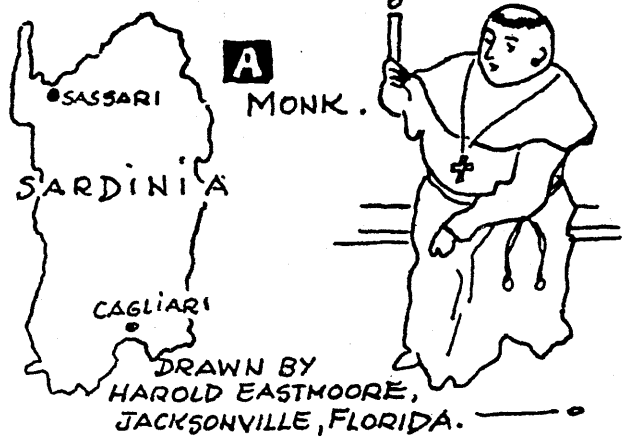
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PICTURES IN THE MAP.

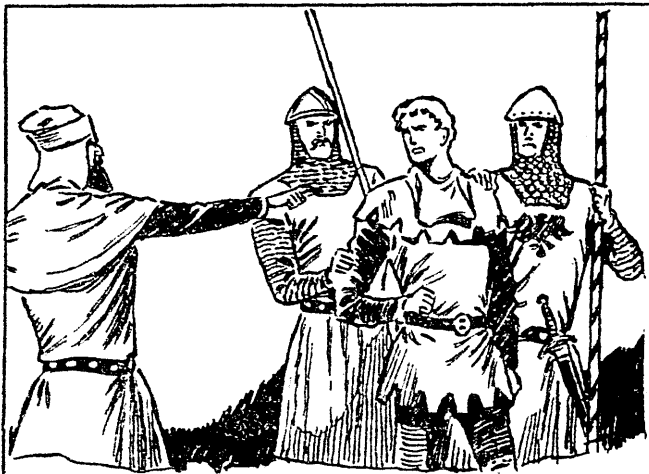


THIS DRAWING WAS ONE OF THE WINNERS IN A "PICTURES IN THE MAP" CONTEST HELD BY MISS RAMER'S CLASS AT GETTYSBURG HIGH SCHOOL.

HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY

Heroes of Switzerland — Part III William Tell

By J. CARROLL MANSFIELD



AFTER ACCOMPLISHING THE FEAT OF SHOOTING AN APPLE FROM HIS SON'S HEAD, AN ORDEAL TO WHICH HE HAD BEEN SUBJECTED BY GESSLER, THE AUSTRIAN BAILIFF, WILLIAM TELL BOLDLY DECLARED THAT HAD HE FAILED IN THE TEST HE WOULD HAVE AVENGED HIS SON BY SLAYING THE BAILIFF. GESSLER HAD PROMISED TO RELEASE TELL, BUT NOW ORDERED HIM THROWN INTO PRISON.



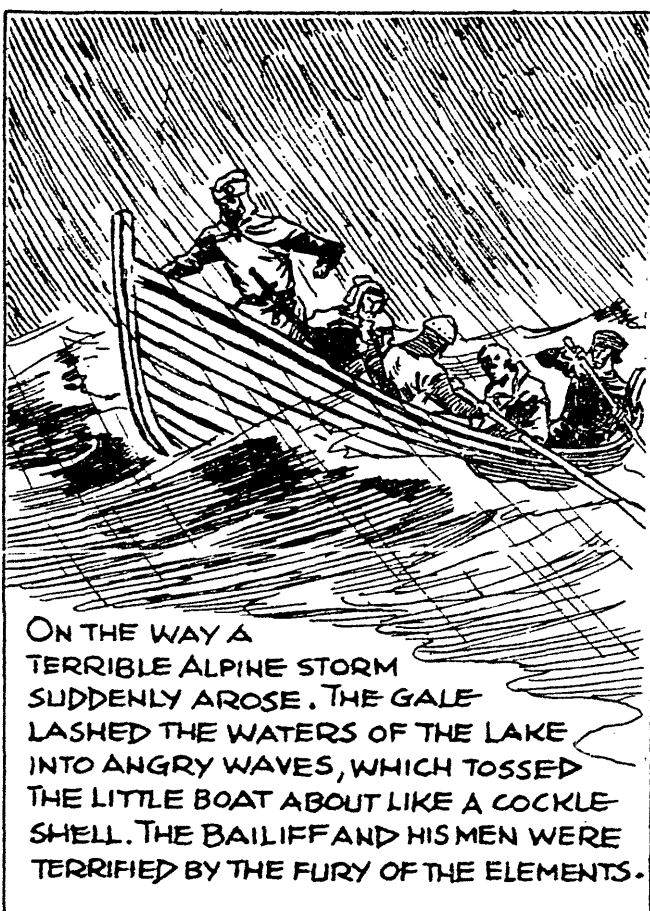
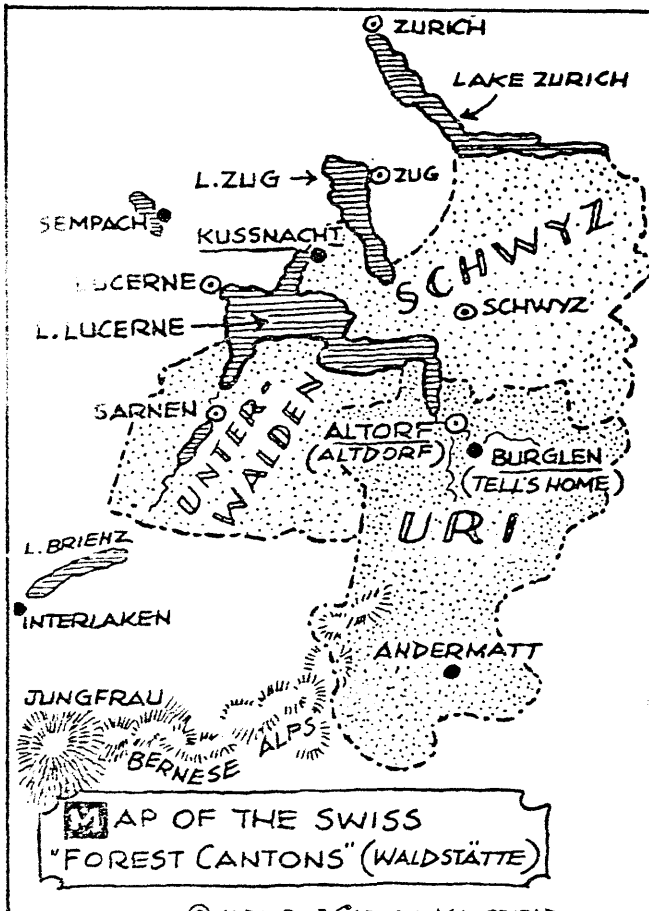
AS TELL WAS LED AWAY AN ANGRY ROAR ROSE FROM THE CROWD, WHICH SURGED FORWARD, JOSTLING THE GUARD OF AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS AND HURLING DENUNCIATIONS AT THE TYRANT.



THE CROWD CLAMORS AND MAY ATTEMPT A RESCUE! UM-MM, — PERHAPS WE'D BETTER TAKE HIM ACROSS THE LAKE WHERE THEY CAN'T REACH HIM.



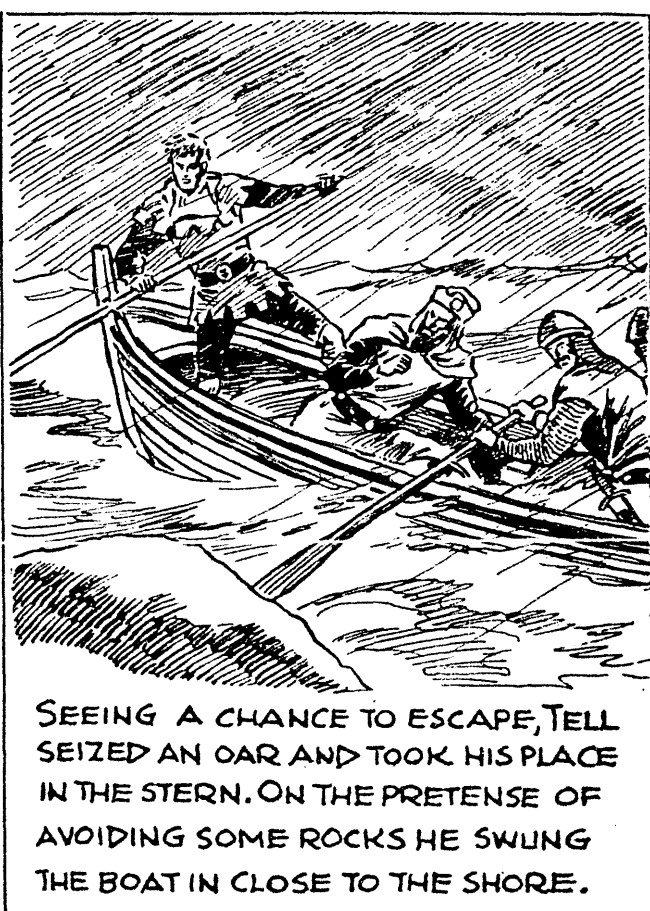
WITH THE UNHAPPY TELL SECURELY SHACKLED, THE BAILIFF AND A FEW OF HIS HENCHMEN EMBARKED IN A SMALL BOAT AND STARTED ACROSS THE LAKE.



ON THE WAY A TERRIBLE ALPINE STORM SUDDENLY AROSE. THE GALE LASHED THE WATERS OF THE LAKE INTO ANGRY WAVES, WHICH TOSSED THE LITTLE BOAT ABOUT LIKE A COCKLE-SHELL. THE BAILIFF AND HIS MEN WERE TERRIFIED BY THE FURY OF THE ELEMENTS.



TELL, YOU ARE A MIGHTY MAN AND KNOW THESE WATERS. STEER US SAFELY PAST THE ROCKS AND WE WILL LIGHTEN YOUR PUNISHMENT!



SEEING A CHANCE TO ESCAPE, TELL SEIZED AN OAR AND TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE STERN. ON THE PRETENSE OF AVOIDING SOME ROCKS HE SWUNG THE BOAT IN CLOSE TO THE SHORE.



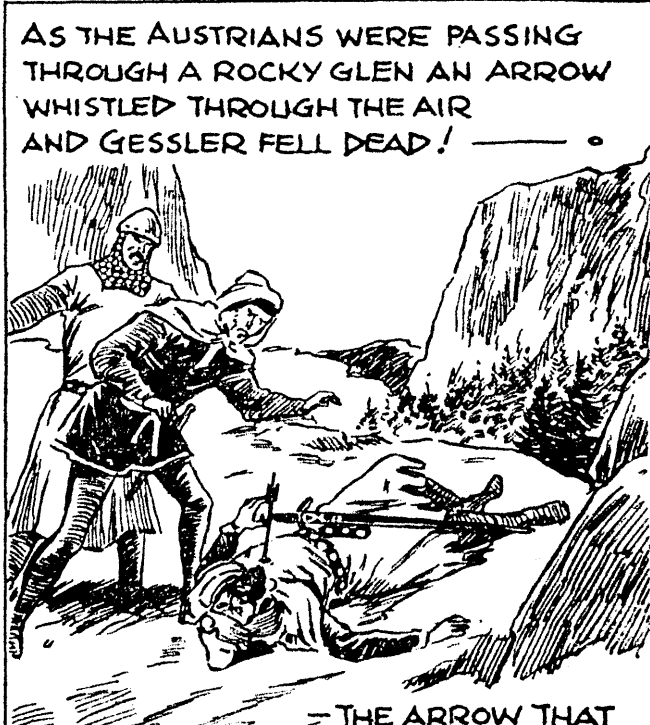
THEN, BEFORE HIS CAPTORS COULD STOP HIM, HE RECOVERED HIS CROSSBOW AND QUIVER OF ARROWS, WHICH LAY IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT, — MADE A DARING LEAP AND GAINED A FLAT ROCK!



AS TELL JUMPED, A SUDDEN SQUALL CARRIED THE FRAIL BOAT AWAY FROM THE SHORE. THE LAST THE BAILIFF AND HIS MEN SAW OF TELL HE WAS CLAMBERING UP THE STEEP MOUNTAIN SIDE AS NIMBLY AS A CHAMOIS.



THE STORM PASSED AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD ARISEN. — LANDING ON THE SHORE OF THE LAKE NEAR KUSSNACHT, GESSLER AND HIS MINIONS, DEEPLY CHAGRINED BY TELL'S ESCAPE, SET OUT FOR URI ON FOOT.

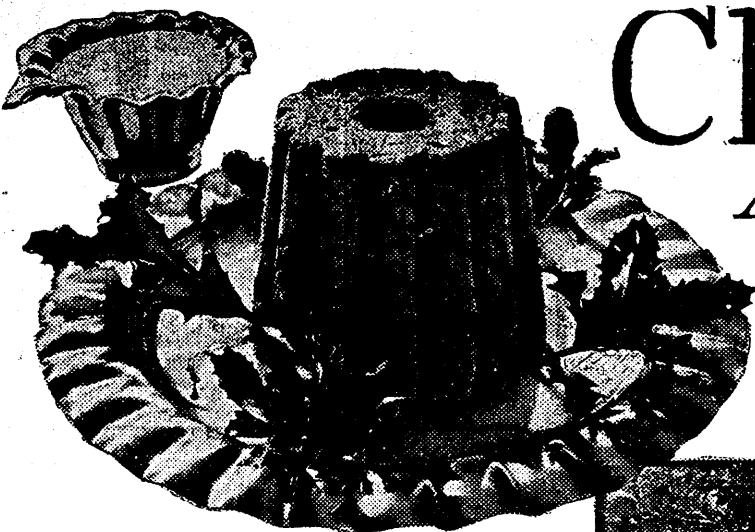


AS THE AUSTRIANS WERE PASSING THROUGH A ROCKY GLEN AN ARROW WHISTLED THROUGH THE AIR AND GESSLER FELL DEAD! — THE ARROW THAT — HAD PIERCED THE TYRANT'S HEART — STRONGLY RESEMBLED THOSE USED BY WILLIAM TELL! — TO BE CONTINUED.



Christmas Dinner

A Complete Menu with Some
New Recipes to Vary
the Traditional Feast



Christmas Dinner Will Not Be a Complete Success for Many People Unless a Steaming Plum Pudding Is Served for Dessert. Delicious Ones of Different Kinds Can Be Purchased from Your Grocer in Airtight Tins, If You Haven't Time to Make Your Own.

CHRISTMAS DINNER—what a gathering of the family it brings! Everybody is home for it: the boy from college and the newlyweds of last June, cousins and aunts, and the small grandchildren here for the Christmas visit. The house overflows with chatter and laughter and excitement. From the kitchen comes the savory smell of turkey and the rich, spicy steam of the plum pudding. For dinner is the great event of Christmas Day—and the Christmas table a lovely center for the gathering.

In the Institute, the Christmas table takes on an unusually festive and colorful air this year! For table linen we have chosen a snowy white damask cloth with a pattern of waving palm leaves and a deep border of soft green. Our centerpiece of long pine needle branches, intermingled with sprays of holly, is arranged in a large shallow pewter bowl. Pewter candlesticks grace this centerpiece on either side, and the light from their tall red candles making the soft green glass dinner service and bright silver at each cover fairly gleam. And what good things there are to eat! First there is Cream of Peanut Butter Soup garnished with flecks of parsley green. This has been a holiday favorite of ours for years—perhaps you would like to serve it too.

PEANUT BUTTER SOUP.
4 cups bottled milk or 5 cups evaporated milk and 2 cups water
1 small onion, minced
1/2 teaspoonful salt
Dash paprika
1/2 cup peanut butter or margarine
1/2 cup flour

Combine the milk, peanut butter, onion, salt, paprika, and pepper, and heat in the top of a double-boiler. Meanwhile melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and stir until smooth. Add the milk mixture gradually after it has been strained, stirring constantly all the while. Heat and serve, garnished with a little minced parsley. Serves eight.

But you may want another choice. Why not an Oyster Soup? Oysters are at their best right now. And here is just the recipe—recently tested in our Institute kitchens:

OYSTER SOUP.
1 quart oysters
1 small onion, minced
1 stalk celery
2 blades mace
Dash paprika
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup flour

Combine the milk, onion, salt, paprika, and pepper, and heat in the top of a double-boiler. Meanwhile melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and stir until smooth. Add the milk mixture gradually after it has been strained, stirring constantly all the while. Heat and serve, garnished with a little minced parsley. Serves eight.

How to Wash Pillows
IT is not difficult to wash pillows at home, but there is a right way of doing it. Wash the feathers and ticking separately. To do this, transfer the feathers from the pillow to a muslin bag larger than the pillow, by sewing the openings of the bag and the pillow together and pushing and shaking the feathers into the bag. Do not put so many feathers into the bag that it is stuffed tightly. Then sew the bag tightly and put it into your washer. The ticking may be washed at this time too. In washing use lukewarm water, about 100 degrees F. and enough

mild soap to make abundant suds. Five minutes should be long enough to wash them. Rinse thoroughly in two or three waters and dry quickly.

It is best to hasten the drying of the pillows as much as possible, so dry them in the wind if possible. Shake and turn them often so that the feathers will dry evenly. Be sure they are perfectly dry before you put them into the ticking or they will become musty. In transferring the dry feathers to the ticking, do this in the same way that you may be washed at this time too. In washing use lukewarm water, about 100 degrees F. and enough

When Daughter Entertains
WHEN the daughter at school returns for the holiday with guests and her home friends do likewise, there is sure to be a round of parties, bridges, teas and similar occasions which will bring them all together. Many girls will be accepting responsibility as a hostess for the first time, and they will welcome suggestions for entertaining to advantage. Here are two unusual recipes which form the main dishes for the menus given in the box at the right.

CREAMED STUFFED EGGS.
8 hard cooked eggs
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 cup minced onion
2 1/2 cups medium white sauce
3 tablespoons minced pimiento
3 tablespoons deviled ham

Shell the hard cooked eggs, cut in halves lengthwise, and remove the yolks. Mash the yolks and



Dinner Is the Great Event of the Day and the Festive Table, Beautifully Set, Makes a Lovely Center for the Gathering of Family and Guests

DINNER MENU
Cream of Peanut Butter Soup
Stuffed Roast Turkey
Sweet Potato Balls
Creamed Onions
Celery Carrots
Pecanelli
Plum Pudding
Assorted Crackers
Crystallized Ginger
Coffee

Add the milk, salt, pepper, minced onion, melted fat and beaten egg yolks to the rice and sweet potatoes. Shape into balls about 1 1/2 inches in diameter, using one heaping tablespoonful for each. Then roll the balls in finely sifted, dried bread crumbs, next in beaten egg (use 1 egg and 2 tablespoons water beaten together), and then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat at 350 deg. F. until golden brown and done. Makes 15 balls.

Onions make a true Winter dish, and after all, nothing gives a better flavor to the dinner than tender white onions, served with a creamy white sauce. Add a bit of minced pimiento or a dash of paprika to the sauce for color if you wish.

SCALLOPED SPINACH AND TOMATOES.
6 pounds spinach
7 tablespoons fat
3 teaspoonfuls salt
1/2 teaspoonful pepper
No. 3 can tomatoes
1 bay leaf
1/2 cup sugar
1 whole clove
1/2 cup minced onion
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup flour

Clean, wash, and cook the spinach until tender. Drain and season with 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 teaspoonful of salt, and 1/2 teaspoonful pepper. Meanwhile combine the tomatoes with the bay leaf, 2 teaspoonfuls of salt, the sugar, clove, minced

onion, chopped green pepper, 3 tablespoons fat, and the flour. Mix well and simmer about 30 minutes. Remove the bay leaf and the whole clove, then arrange alternate layers of the prepared spinach and tomato sauce in a casserole, having tomato sauce on top. Top with the bread crumbs, which have been combined with 1 tablespoonful of melted fat. Bake in a moderate oven of 350 deg. F. until the crumbs are golden brown. Or place under

the broiler heat to brown. Three cups canned tomato sauce and 4 cups seasoned canned spinach may be arranged in layers and baked as above. Serves eight.

The relishes to be served with our Christmas dinner include celery hearts, ripe and stuffed olives, piccalilli and cranberry jelly circles. All of these relishes can be prepared the day before the Christmas feast and chilled.

For the Celery Hearts, select the desired number of bunches of club celery, discarding the coarse outer stalks of each and cutting off the top part of the stalks, which are likely to be stringy. Keep the inner hearts of each bunch whole, not separating the stalks one from another. Scrub thoroughly with a vegetable brush, trimming the root neatly. Cut each small bunch of unseparated heart stalks through the center lengthwise and, if the halves are large, divide again in the same way. Crisp in ice water, drain, and serve.

Cranberry Jelly. Circles suggest a new way of serving cranberry jelly. Turn out a glass or can of cranberry jelly (you can buy excellent jelly). Cut it crosswise into slices one-half inch thick. Then cut each slice into circles, using a cutter about 1 1/4 inches in diameter. Pile the circles neatly one on top of another and serve in a glass dish.

Because the first course of our Christmas dinner was soup, we have selected a Pear Salad for the salad course. Pears are at their best just now—and you can be sure of getting the crisp juicy kind. Canned pears are al-

ways good, too. Be sure and prepare the lettuce greens and chill them and the French dressing the day before. Here is the recipe:

PEAR SALAD.
4 large jolly pears
1 head lettuce
1 cup French dressing
1/2 teaspoonful minced pimiento
1/2 teaspoonful minced green pepper

Put the pears, cut them in halves, and remove the core. Arrange eight individual beds of lettuce on a large salad plate, and place one pear half in the center of each. Combine the French dressing with the minced pimiento and green pepper, and place a spoonful in the cavity of each pear. More dressing may be served if desired. Serves eight. Bottled French dressing of excellent quality is now on the market.

Many people do not consider Christmas dinner a success unless they have plum pudding for dessert. In the article "From One Hostess to Another" in our November Good Housekeeping we included the recipe for Plum Pudding which is illustrated here. Placed in a pewter dish, red and green holly encircles it.

Of course you can buy your pudding in tin cans, too, if you wish. As for the Sterling Sauce and Yellow Sauce which make every mouthful of the plum pudding so tempting, these are the recipes we use:

STERLING SAUCE.
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup brown sugar
4 tablespoons thin cream
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

YELLOW SAUCE.
2 eggs
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoonful vanilla
Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs and beat the yolks until thick. Then add one-half of the sugar gradually while beating. Next beat the egg whites until stiff and add the rest of the sugar to them. Combine the mixtures by folding them together carefully. Add the extract and serve.

Perhaps the best part comes with the festive conversation over the coffee cups. For this important course we have chosen to serve an interesting assortment of cheeses with crackers, and crystallized ginger. Of course, any plan may be used for arranging the cheeses, but we discovered a "tidbit service" which is just perfect for this course. As you will see from the illustration, the service on the lower shelf contains a section each of Camembert, Roquefort, cream cheese, and of American cheese, while slices of crystallized ginger add interesting variation to the slices of pimiento and Swiss cheese. Above are the crackers in a wide variety of shapes and tastes. This course will prove a novel change. Any platter or silver tray can carry a decorative arrangement of cheese and crackers, with cheese on one half, slices of ginger through the center, and crackers laid in fancy pattern on the other half.



This Tid-Bit Service Is Just Perfect for the Cheese and Cracker Course Served in the Living Room After Dinner. In the Wreath Below Is the Dinner Menu.

DINNER MENU
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Stuffed Roast Turkey
Sweet Potato Balls
Creamed Onions
Celery Carrots
Pecanelli
Plum Pudding
Assorted Crackers
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No. 3 can tomatoes
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1 whole clove
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1/2 cup brown sugar
4 tablespoons thin cream
1 teaspoonful vanilla extract

YELLOW SAUCE.
2 eggs
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1 teaspoonful vanilla
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The household articles are supervised by the internationally recognized Good Housekeeping Institute, which is conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine. In their fully equipped, modern laboratories types of household devices are tested by a corps of scientifically trained men and women. Furthermore, new cooking methods are constantly being evolved to save steps, time and labor to housekeepers. All recipes are tested and standardized and will always work if directions are carefully followed. Recipes printed on this page serve six people unless otherwise specified.

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Crabmeat the Year 'Round
THERE is nothing more delicious than crab meat, fresh or canned. At certain times of the year fresh crab meat is not easy to buy. But canned crab meat is always to be found on the grocer's shelf, ready for immediate use. If you haven't yet discovered its usefulness in planning your every day meals, here are two new crab meat dishes for you to try.

CREAM CRAB SAVORY.
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
3 tablespoons butter, oil or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoonful mustard
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 teaspoonful pepper
1 cup canned tomato juice
2 packages grated cheese
1 egg slightly beaten
1/2 cup slightly beaten eggs
1 cup canned crabmeat

Cook the green pepper in the fat in the top of a double boiler until tender. Then add the flour and seasonings and when brown add the tomato juice, cheese and beaten egg which have been combined. Cook until smooth, then add the scalded milk, while stirring constantly. Next fold in the crab meat. Serve on rounds of crisp crackers with grated cheese sprinkled on top. Serves six. Canned fish may be substituted for crab meat.

CREAMED CRAB MEAT AND GREEN PEPPERS.
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
1/2 cup chopped green peppers
2 cups milk
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/2 teaspoonful pepper
1/2 cup canned crabmeat

Melt the butter, add the chopped green peppers, and cook until the peppers are tender. Then add the flour, stir until smooth, and add the milk gradually. Next add the salt, pepper and crab meat and heat until thickened. One teaspoonful minced onion may be added. Serves 6.

Things to Do the Day Before Christmas
Much Time and Worry Is Saved by Going Over Your Work on Thursday; and Don't Forget Your Basket for the Less Fortunate

WHEN we were very young, the high tide of the Christmas festivities came with the first hint of dawn on Christmas morning, as we tiptoed breathlessly downstairs for a glimpse of the bulging stockings and the revealing outlines of the packages around the tree. But for most of us, big or little, the first "feel in the Christmas air" comes the afternoon before, when the last baskets are being packed and the tree is being dressed, and friends are dropping in to bring Christmas greetings and leave gay packages on the hall table. It is then that all our preparations seem to work up to a blissful climax.

Yet, as home-makers, we wish to enjoy it all, without fatigue or worry. How can we manage it? Simply by including in our Christmas preparations a plan for Christmas housekeeping. This means planning the menus well ahead for Christmas week. It also means making up shopping lists, one general list for staples, and another for the perishables needed on specified days. Give a thought, as well, to the emergency shelf for unexpected entertaining; and, besides the Christmas cake, have on hand cakes and cookies with good keeping qualities.

In planning the menus for Christmas week, it is wise to give preference to meals that can, for the most part, be prepared right after breakfast and put away in the refrigerator, ready to cook and serve. Mixed grills, casseroles, and meat loaves, all lend themselves to these refrigerator meals.

With a good plan ready for the holiday week, the afternoon before Christmas will be free for helping the children with their

share in the Christmas preparations. After all, Christmas revolves around the children, yet we too often make the mistake of shutting them out from the fun of dressing the tree. If father helps with the higher branches, even the younger children may decorate the rest of the tree.

You will save trouble and disappointment if you try out all your lighting sets well ahead of time. Any bulbs that have been damaged or burned out can be replaced then more easily than at the last minute on Christmas Eve. In series sets, remember that if one lamp is defective, none of the lamps in the set will light. You can locate the trouble by trying a good lamp in each extra lamp on hand.

Our Institute tree this year is a growing one set in a tub. We found that it sets of lights that

were very easy to fasten securely to the tree. They have bell-shaped bulbs in various colors, and there are small wooden balls through which pass the wires from the sockets. The branches were slipped between the wires, and the balls were then pulled up close to each socket to fasten the light in place.

When the children have finished trimming the tree, let them hang the holly wreaths and help to arrange other decorations. They may also wish to help deliver Christmas packages, and pack the baskets for less fortunate neighbors. This year, more than ever, the contents of each basket should be selected with the needs of the individual family in mind. There should be staples, such as rice and other cereals; cheese, dried fruits, potatoes; a roast, a fowl, or a small ham; and a selection of suitable canned foods. There should be Christ-

mas goodies too; perhaps a steamed fruit pudding wrapped in transparent moisture-proof paper. Put in some oranges, and don't forget rosy red apples and some candies for the little people. Your children may wish to contribute last year's toys that are in good condition. Dress each basket with holly and evergreens, and let the children go with you to deliver them.

For a Christmas remembrance to friends who have a fireplace we gather pine cones and put them in bags made of gaily-colored netting. A few cones, used when laying the fire, add materially in starting it, and give forth a delightful blaze.

A glass of jelly of your own making will be a welcome gift to the sick friend. To make it look "Christmasy," put a six-inch paper doily over the top and tie with a pretty cord or ribbon about one-half inch from the top of the glass. Then draw up the remainder of the doily that is below the cord so that it stands out like a ruffle. A doily with a plain center and a lacy edge makes an attractive cover. Instead of a doily, gaily-colored paper could be used. A Christmas seal on the glass gives an additional holiday touch.

A Support for a Small Tree
"LAST Christmas, through accident, I made a discovery which I want to pass on to others. At the last minute, and hurriedly we purchased a Christmas tree. We had no stand for it and no present was arranged to make a substitute. So we had to use a large, deep paragon for a stand. It was a disaster. The tree was closed, and the tree was left. Months later, when we returned home, I found the tree as fresh as when we bought it, and no dried pine needles on the floor. This was a satisfactory fact that I shall use the idea again."

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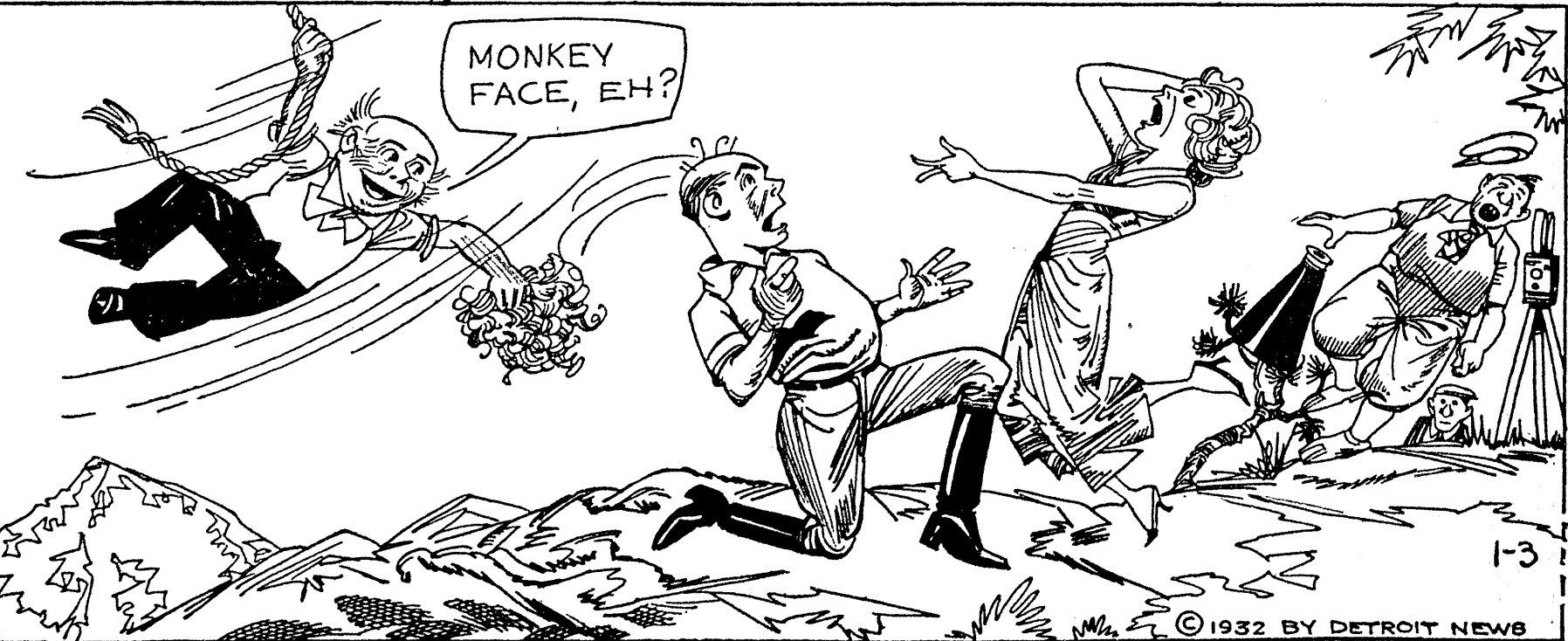
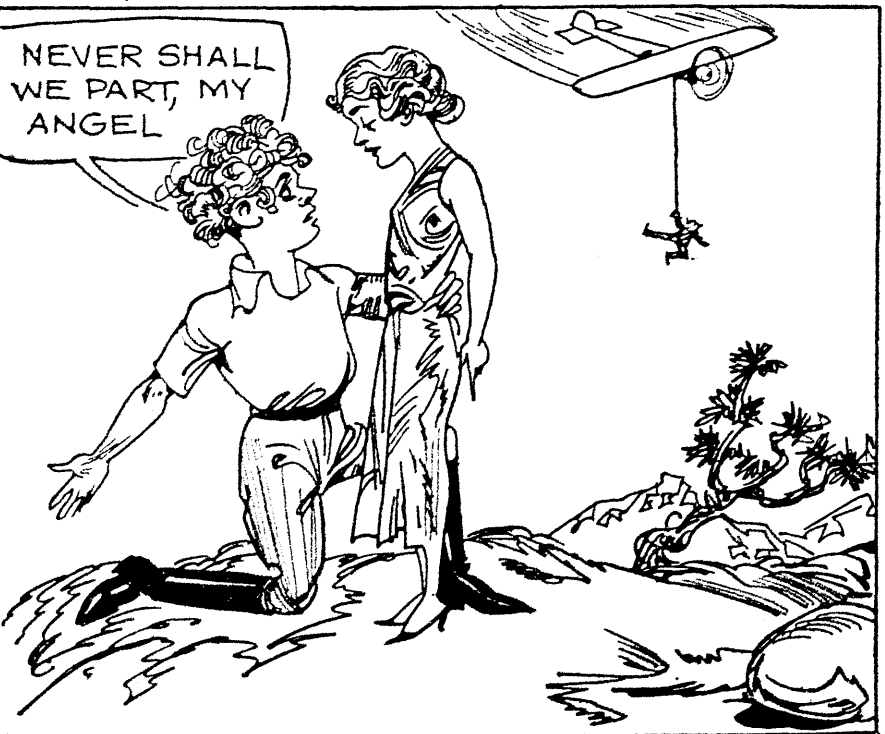
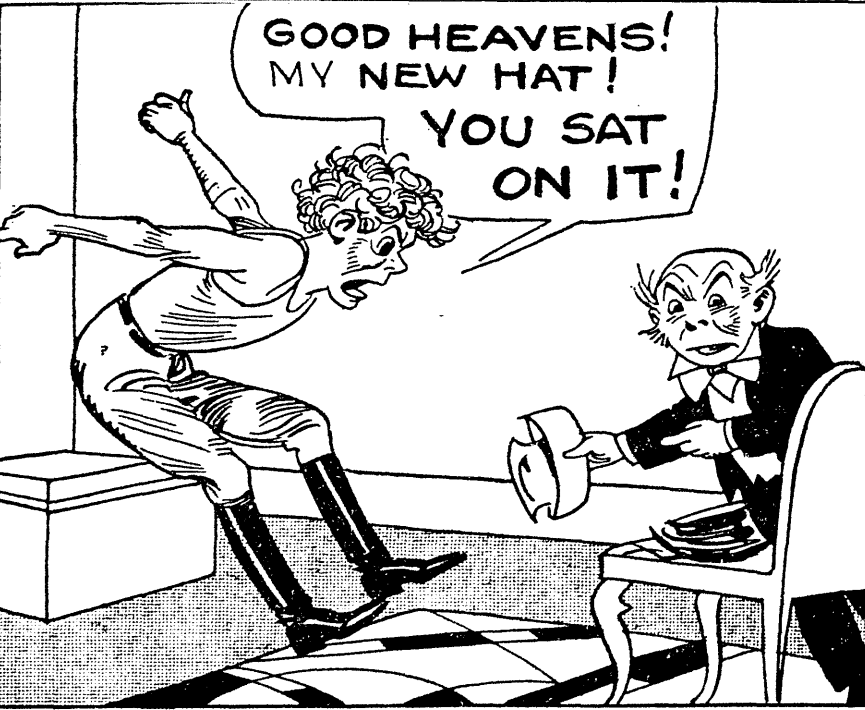
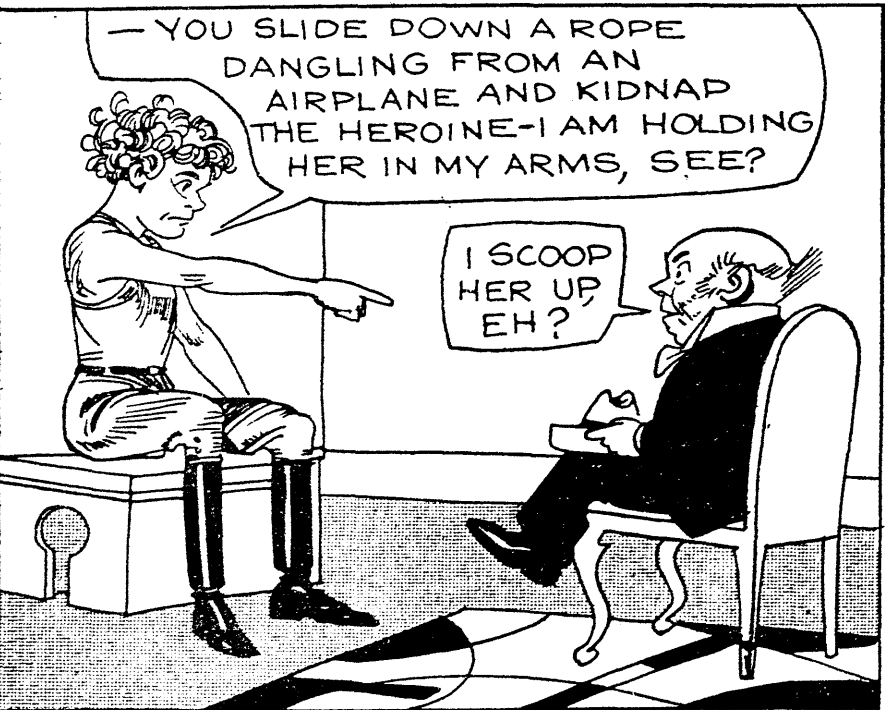
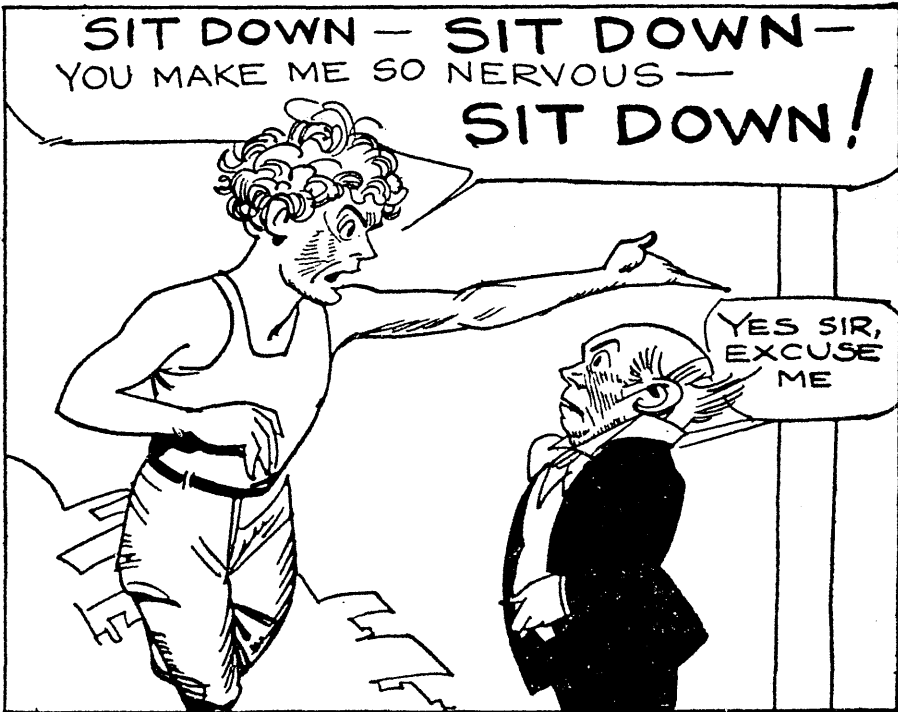
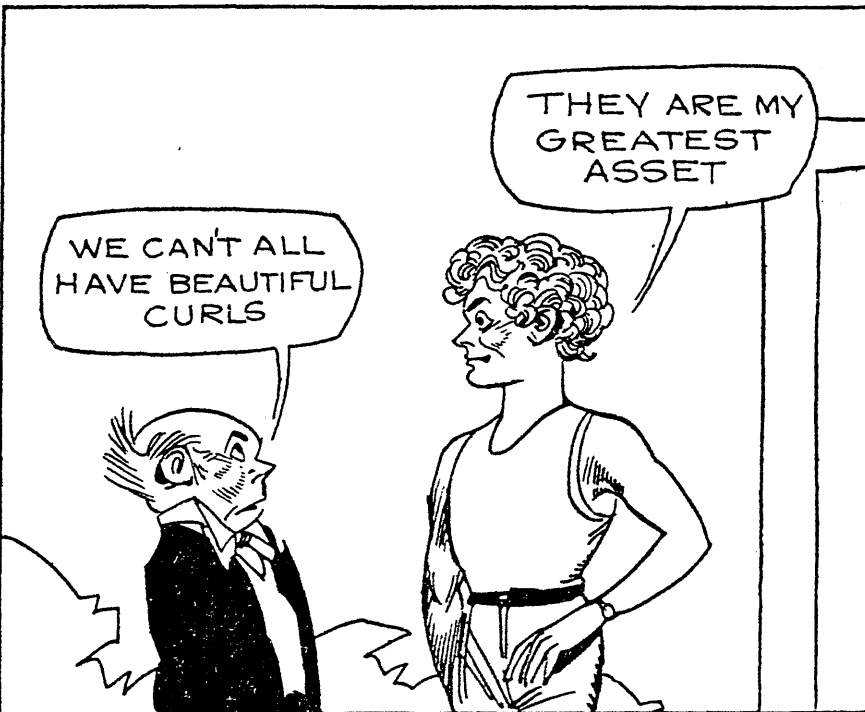
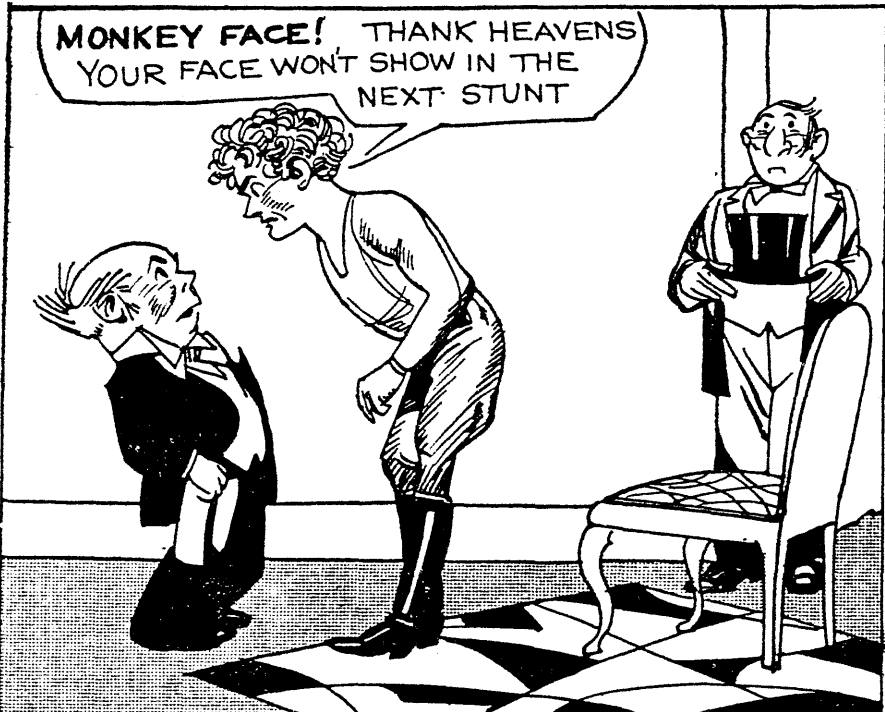
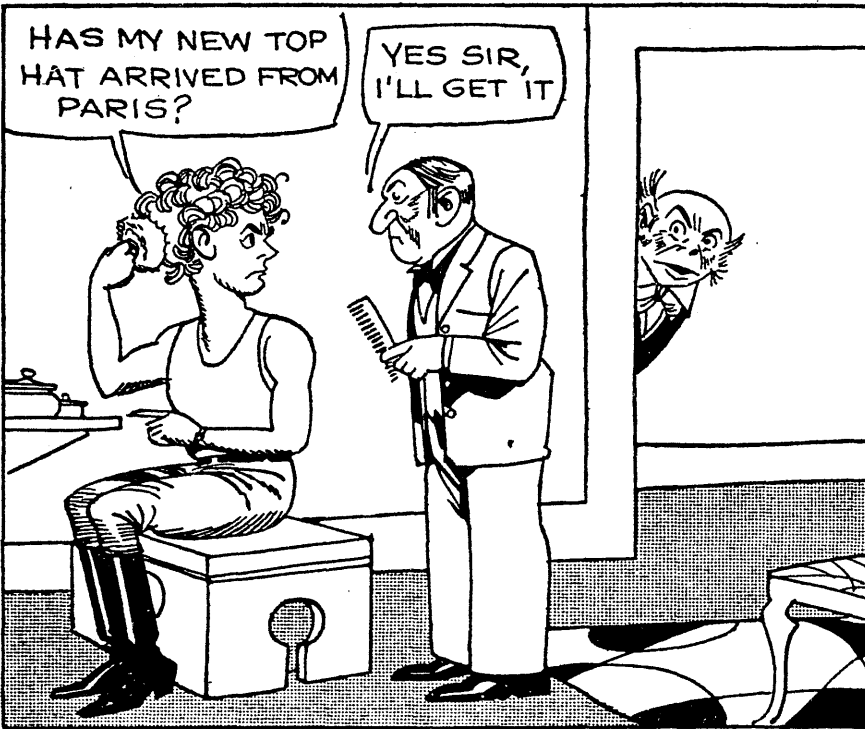
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MR. STRAPHANGER

by Thomas

A HAIR RAISING THRILLER



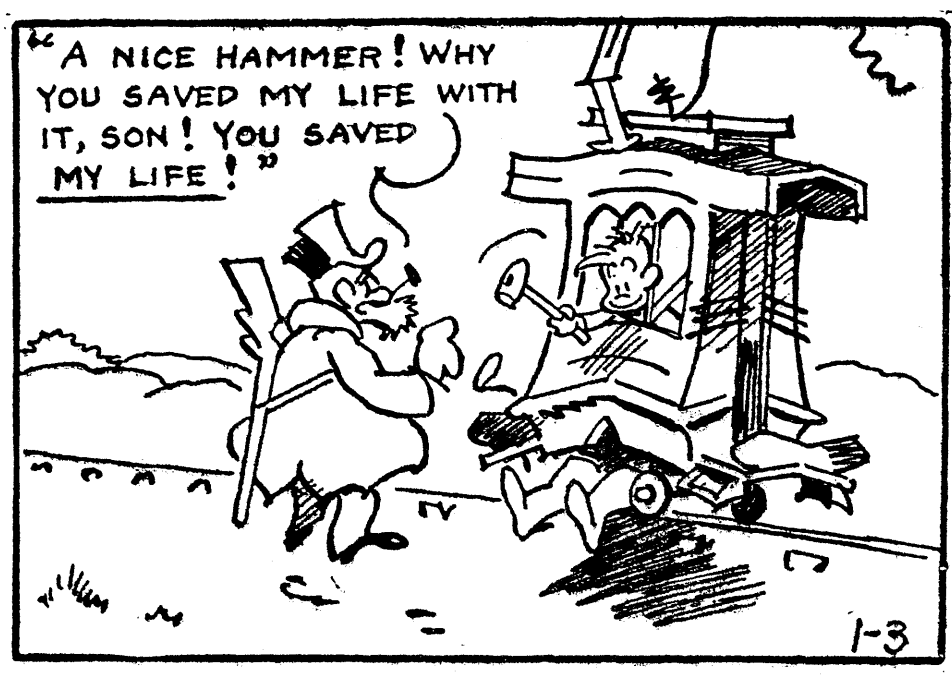
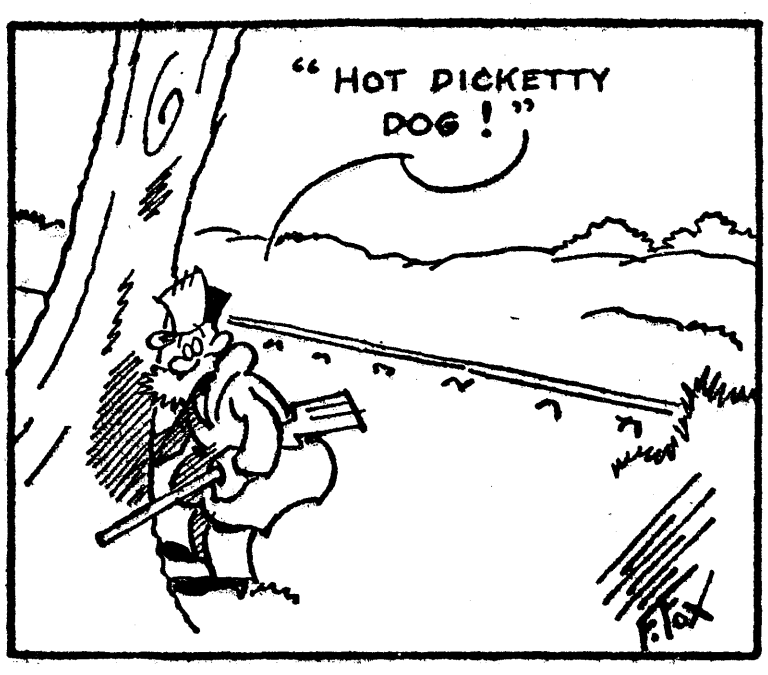
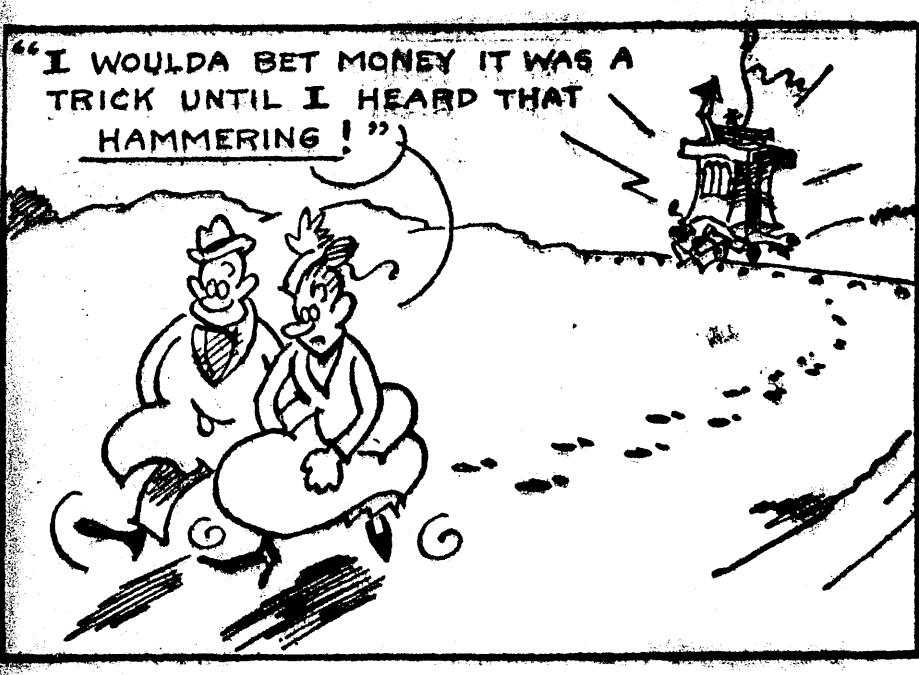
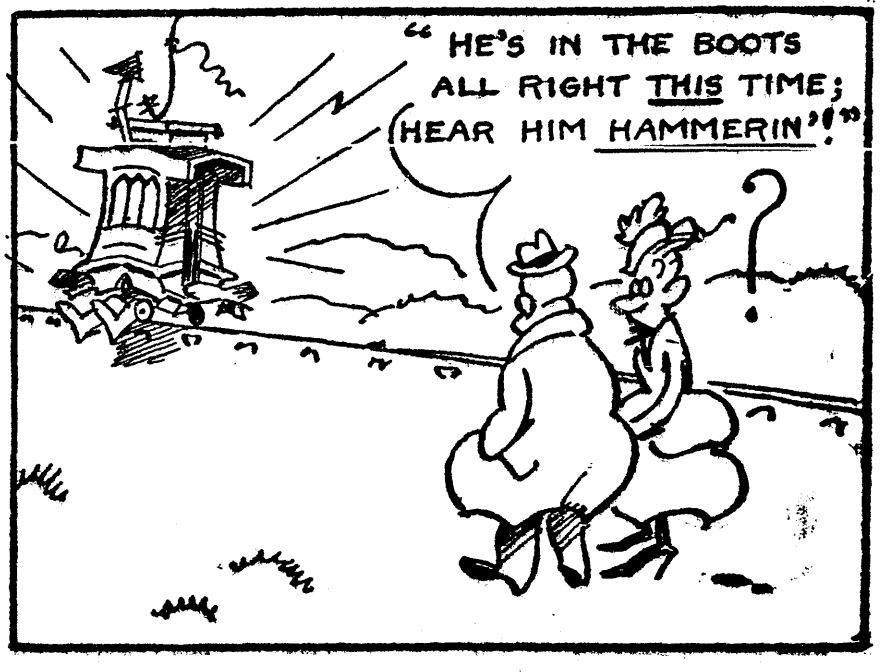
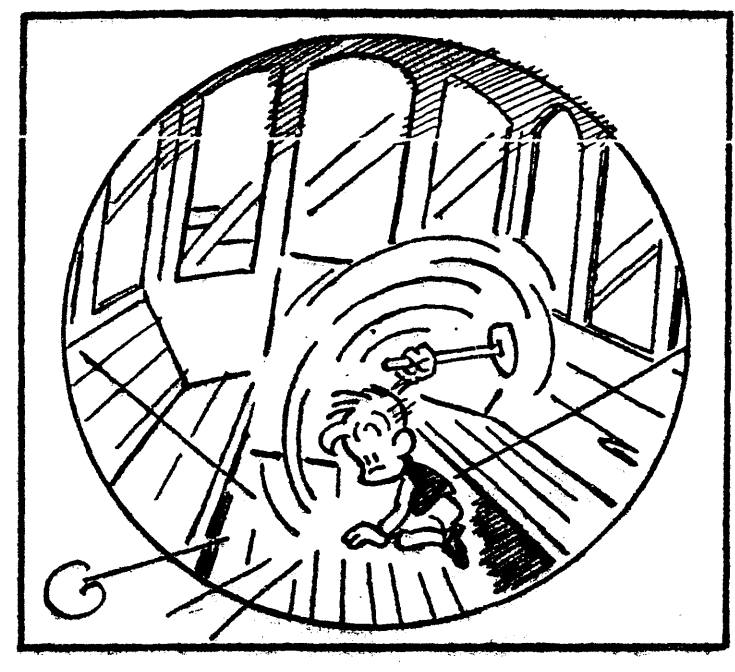
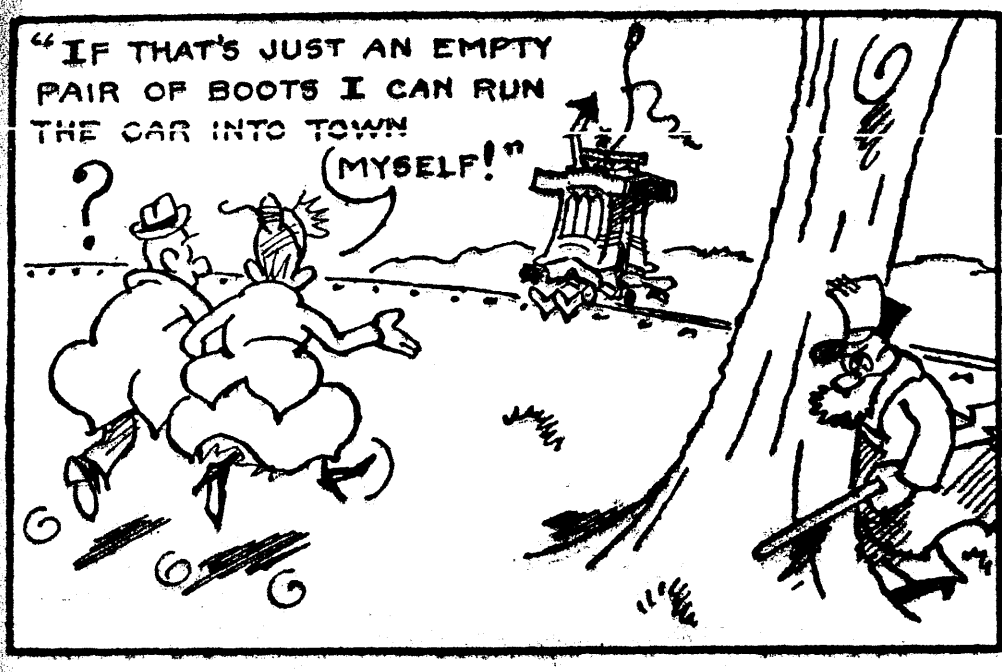
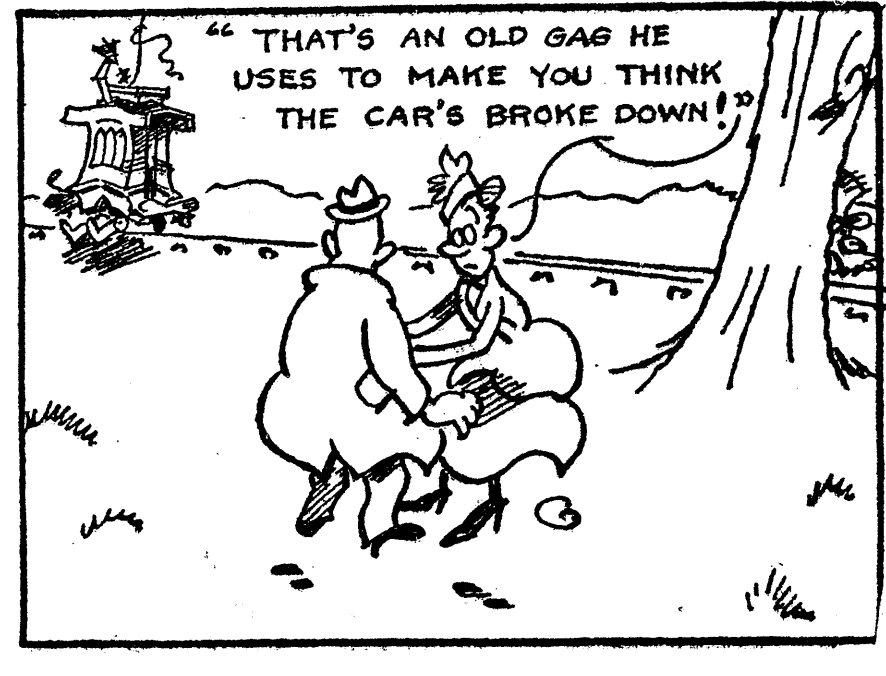
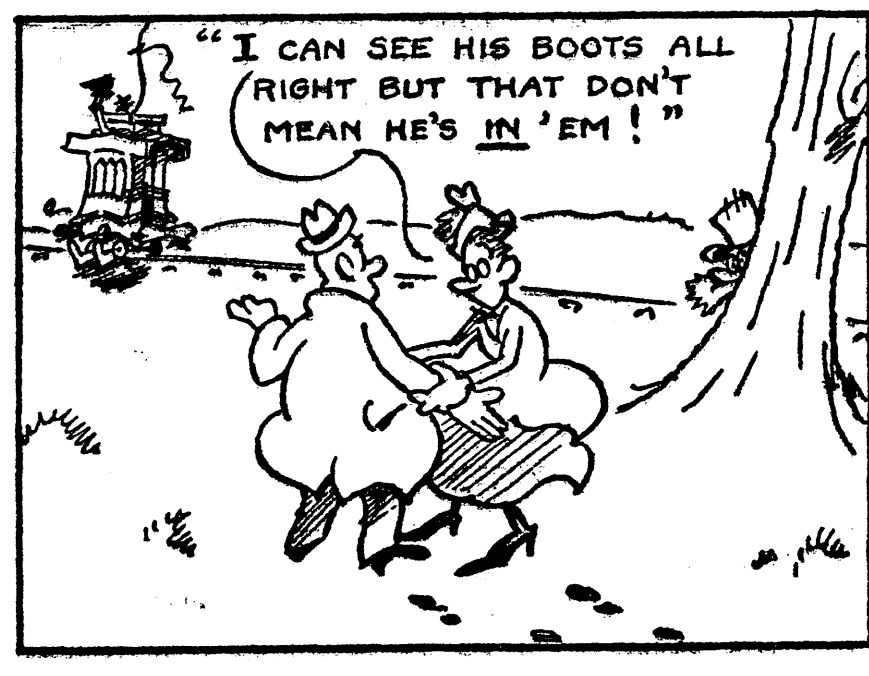
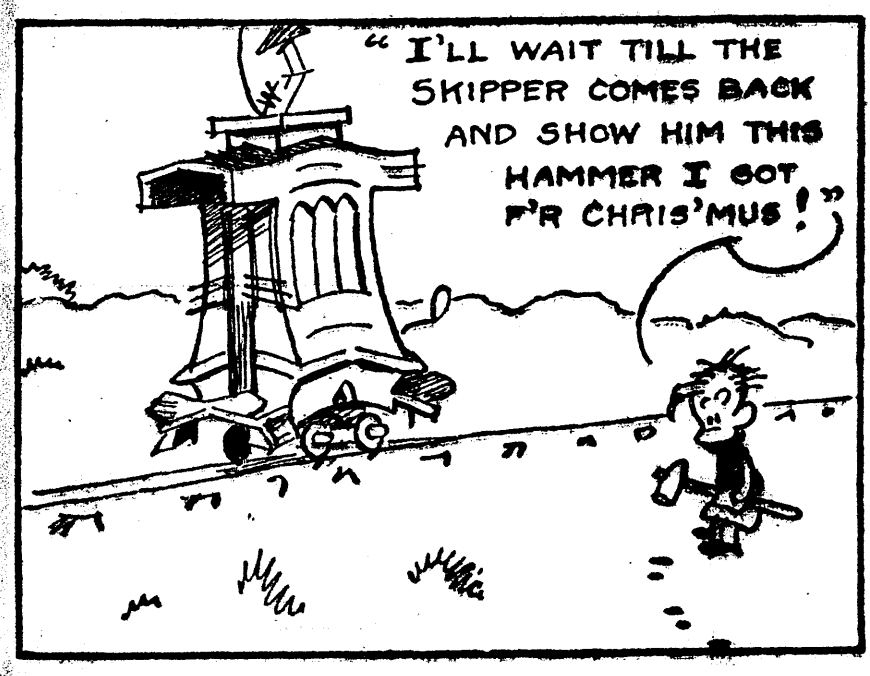
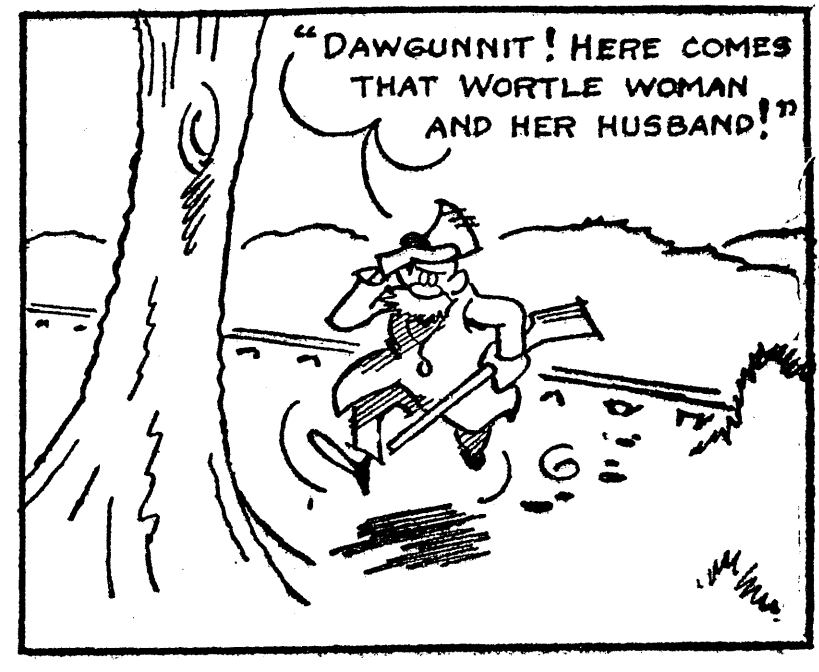
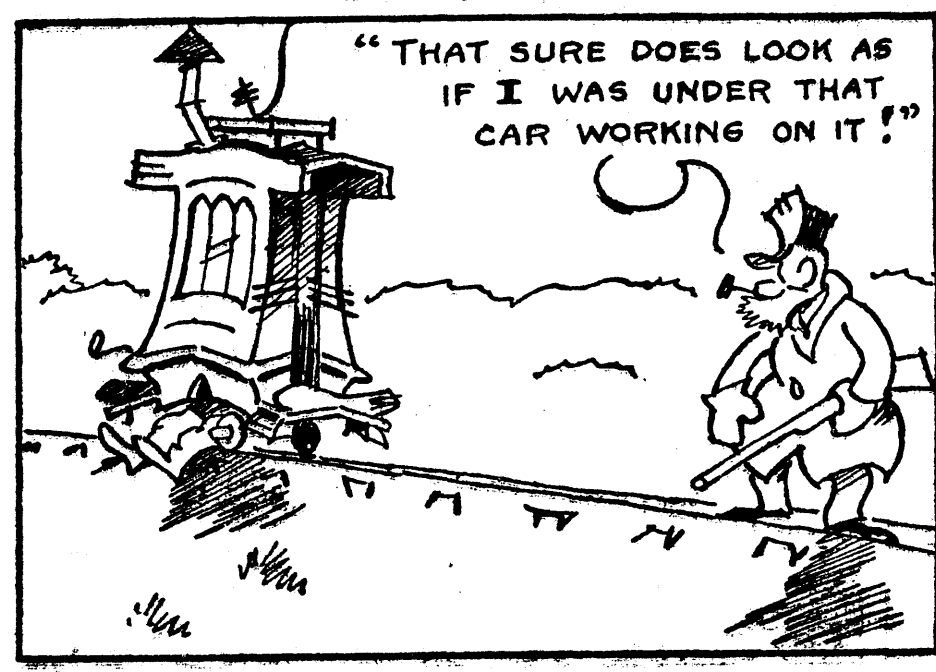


TOONERVILLE FOLKS BY FONTAINE FOX

TOONERVILLE FOLKS

The Skipper Gets A Break

Fontaine Fox



LATHER
warmer in east port-
ay rain, colder in
fresh to strong east-
ds on the coast.
warmer in east por-
cloudy, rain in east,
rest portion.

FIVE CENTS.

KEN

ram
ONSUL
NBADLY
IREEMEN

on Is Being
By Japanese
fficial
ED ATTACK
n Has Been An
Diplomat For
Years

Jan. 4.—(P)—
into the assault and
of Culver B. Cham-
United States vice
Japanese soldiers in
streets of Mukden
begin today by S.
anese consul.
on the young Amer-
so badly beaten his
he bone in two places
mediately to the Jap-
by American Consul.
Myers here. Myers
se official the assault
provoked."

was formerly of Kan-
been a member of
vice for 10 years. He
den Saturday on the
where he recently had
following a vacation
ad States.

in the American com-
which displayed an
and coat of arms, on
station to catch an
rain for Harbin. The
halted at the border
railway town by
soldiers apparently
it.

lighted from the car
diplomatic passport,
status in Chinese,
cs fluently. One of
said, showed a knowl-
se and Chamberlain
Japanese.
ters quickly began to
heir fists and he re-
side of the car. They
id continued to beat
ffeur finally got the
Chamberlain returned
later continuing his
in.

Chinchow was com-
t on Page Two)

inclair and
Oil Is Revealed

Jan. 4.—(P)—It was
h authority here to-
ig-awaited merger of
Solidated Oil Corpor-
Prairie Oil and Gas
airie Pipe Line Com-
agreed upon and will
thin three weeks.
n came from a bank-
an executive of the
Corporation, the new
ged firms.

at Press
Editors

court had dismissed
r."
controversy reached
er and a demurrer
order, signed by 17
practicing attorneys,

Robertson was quoted

to sit here and sub-
oppression as that,
yers coming in here
taking a fool of the

n the judge also was
ding "our newspaper
the road is making

ed the argument on
d in the same issue
appeared this letter,
well;

all News,
us incident that was
awyers, all good and
on Page Two)

FRENZ FOR FL

Boats Need Mississippi Surrou

GLENDORA, With from two water rising hundreds of ma hatchie count pouring water calls were sent remove the end funds and food The full force hatchie basin f be felt in Talla ing minor plant ching to blow hatchie levee s Bayou bend Gledora up e and Swan Lake Miss Eleanor W. Williamson Parchman pris boat through d flood was the g ley has ever le She said prac held that the l until tomorrow est of the water "Most of the is hopeless" s tory for a few in sight, but he changed all t 2,000 negro pl citizens and cc

Lear Certified Cult ber of Cub Studio Mrs. F. Ros

ANNO Change The Flow Formerly ow Mrs. Leo Val chased by M in future wil

VII BLOSS Virgin Shop Pho 1179

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D1 Boi \$5.00 All mate included worth m price.

\$1

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Just D1 Bc \$12.5 These di shown h terials, t here in

\$4

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SUNDAY, JANUARY 3, 1932



JOE JINKS

Trade Mark, 1931, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By Vic

